# SONGS of the TABERNACLE

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# SONGS OF THE TABERNACLE

FOR CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL,
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES,
AND EVANGELISTIC
SERVICES

**Nellie Sharpe Anderson**
COMPILER

HYMNS, SONGS, SOLOS,
AND CHORUSES FOR
GOSPEL MEETINGS

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THE TABERNACLE PUBLISHING CO.
BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO

# Songs of the Tabernacle

is a compilation of songs that have been tested by large choruses and great congregations, and have won their way into the hearts and lives of the people. There is no padding in this book, but every song can be, and is being used effectively in Gospel Work. Each song bears a message.

¶ While this book, as its name implies, was compiled in the midst of Evangelistic meetings, and planned to encourage the spirit of Evangelism, I have not forgotten that it will be used in hundreds of churches, Sunday Schools, and Young People's Societies, and have chosen songs and hymns for all occasions.

¶ I trust that these songs, like the songs of the ancient Tabernacle and Temple, may be a help and an inspiration to you, as you make the journey of your life.

—*Nellie Sharpe Anderson*

# Songs of the Tabernacle.

## 1 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'n-ly train.
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re- lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me tri - umph ov - er death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
5. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di- vine, Had I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

# Hyfrydol.

Dedicated to Mrs. B. E. Sunny.

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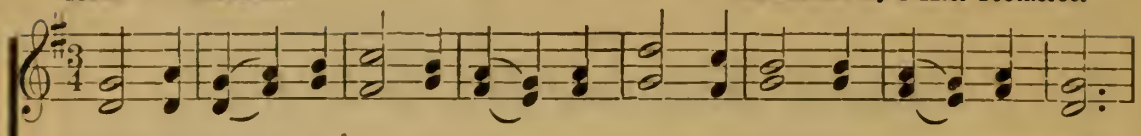
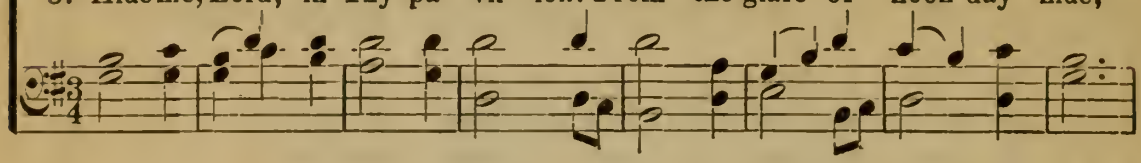
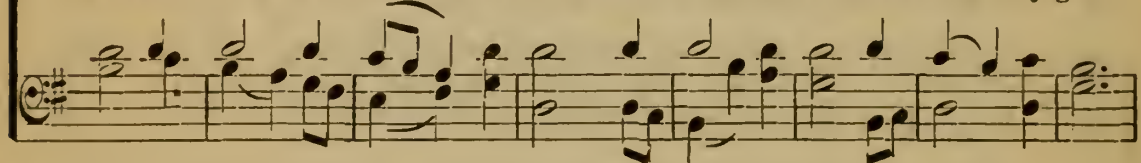
Frank W. Gunsaulus. Welch Air, Harmonized by Daniel Protheroe.



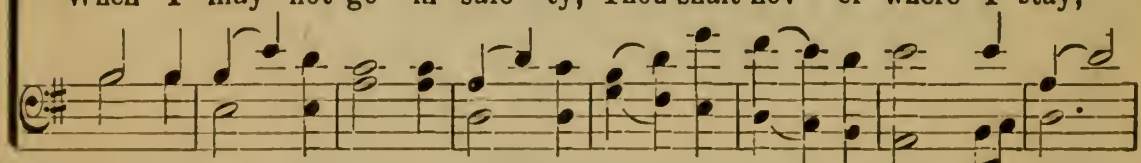
1. Hide me, Lord, in Thy pa - vil - ion! From proud men Thy serv - ant hide;
2. Hide me, Lord, in Thy pa - vil - ion! From men's tongue's Thy serv-ant hide;
3. Hide me, Lord, in Thy pa - vil - ion! From the glare of noon-day hide;



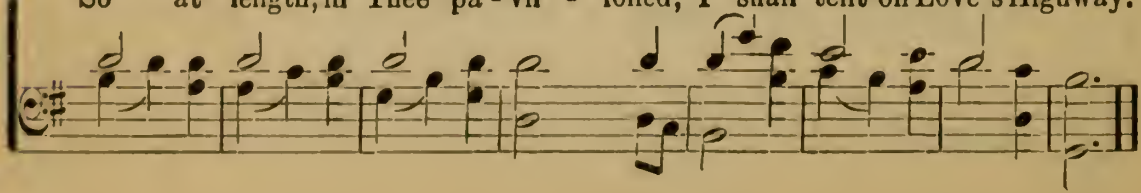
In Thy tab - er - nac - le's se - cret Let my soul by grace a - bide.
Still their strife and my con - fu - sion In love's calm and might - y tide.
And from fear of cloud and dark - ness With Thine hand of mer - cy guide.



When my cords are strained to break-ing, And my cur - tains riv - en far,
Whan a - cross my hush of won - der Falls the ter - ror of the flood,
When I may not go in safe - ty, Thou shalt hov - er where I stay;



Be my tent, and in Thy cov - ert Keep me from the tempest's war.
Stretch Thy love— a tent with cur - tains Set for - ev - er-last-ing good.
So at length, in Thee pa - vil - ioned, I shall tent on Love's Highway.



# That's What He Did for Me.

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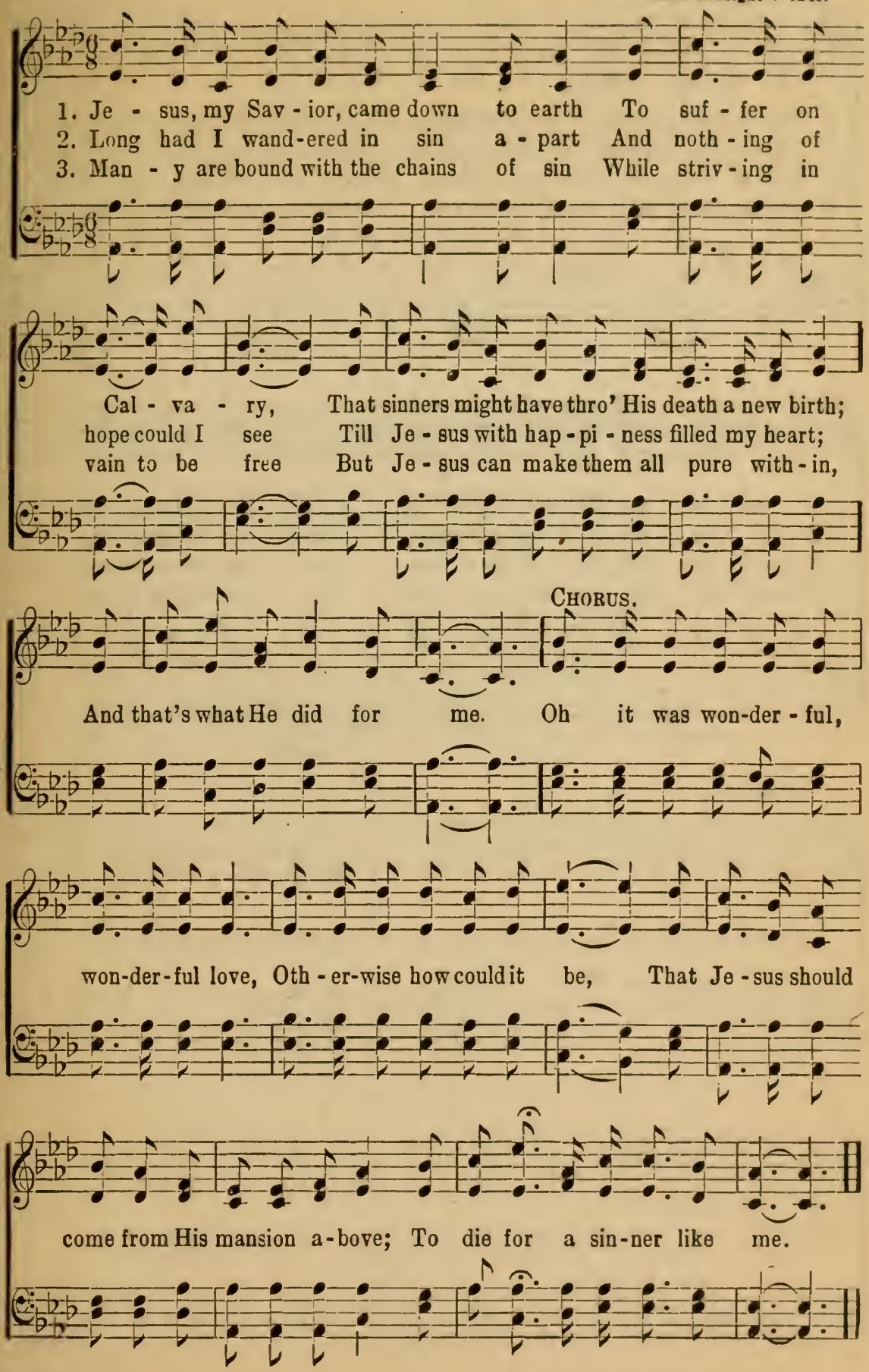
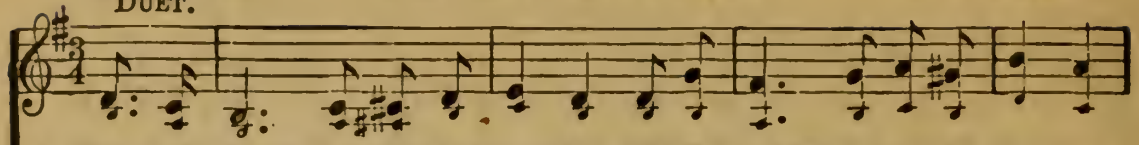
Nellie Albright Weber.



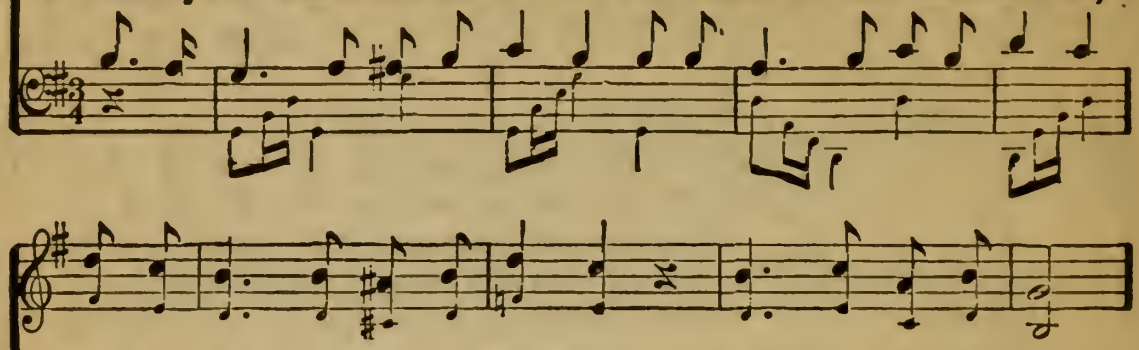
# Jesus Thinks of Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

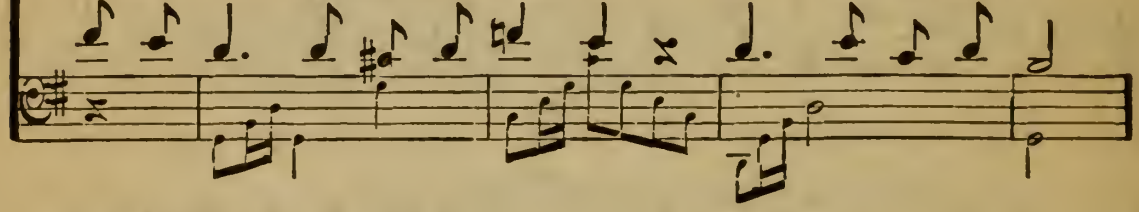
DUET.



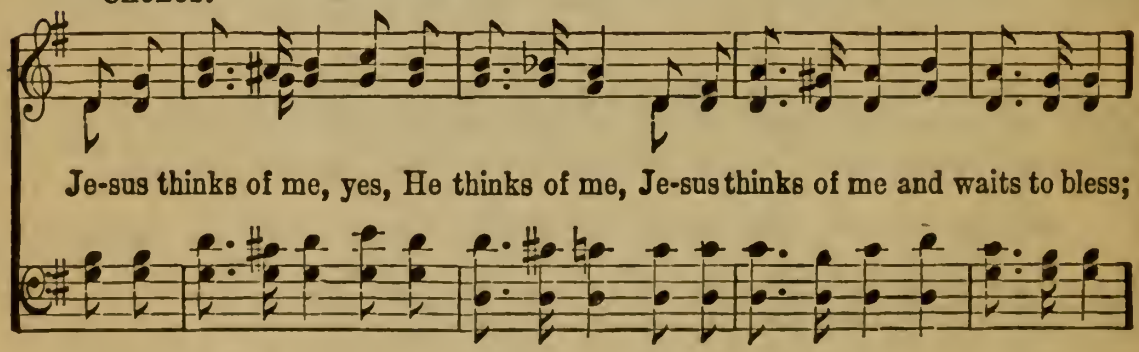
1. This I know, when storms are sweeping, This I know, when worn by reap-ing,
2. When sweet com-fort I would borrow, Strength and cour - age for the mor-row,
3. This I know, when foes as - sail me, Or when e - vil pleasures hail me,
4. When my soul shall reach the riv - er And from loved ones I must sev - er,



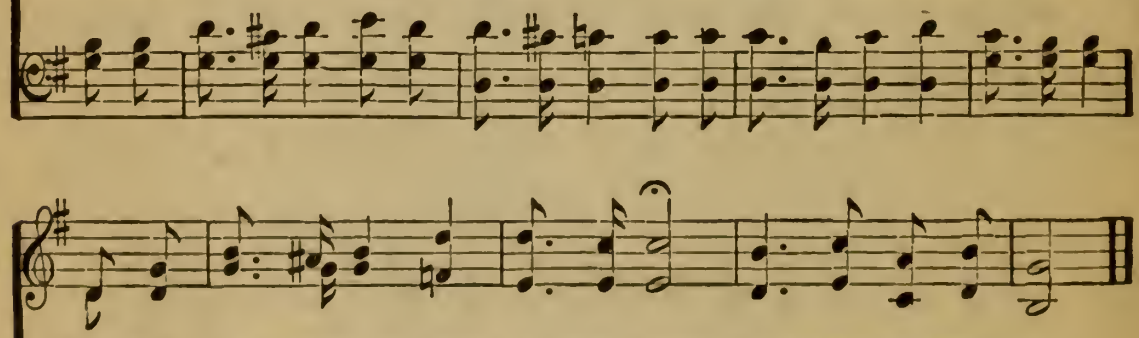
I am in my Sav-ior's keep - ing, And He thinks of me.
Read-y to re - lieve my sor - row, Je - sus thinks of me.
Grace di - vine will nev - er fail me, Je - sus thinks of me.
This will be my com - fort ev - er, Je - sus thinks of me.



CHORUS.



Je-sus thinks of me, yes, He thinks of me, Je-sus thinks of me and waits to bless;



This will be my com - fort ev - er - more, Je - sus thinks of me.

# Saved to Serve Others.

Copyright, 1915, by Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

N. S. A. NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

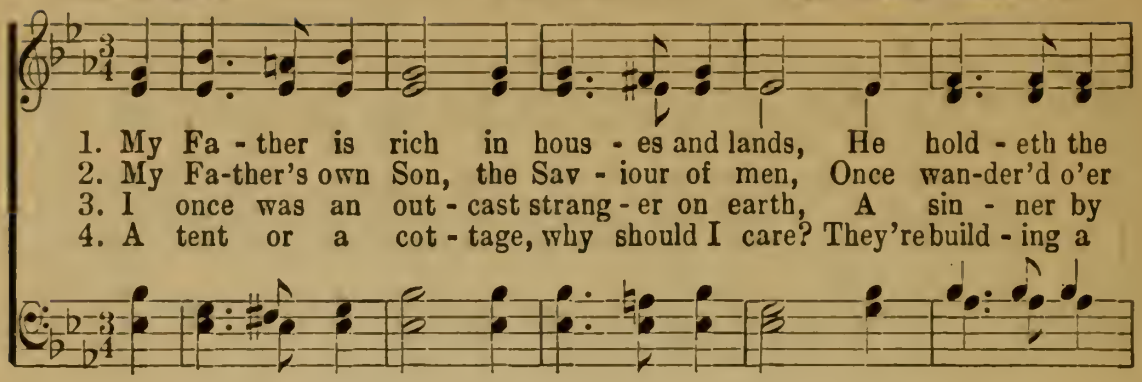
1. The Mas-ter has called me a - way from my sin. And bade me His serv - ice of love to be - gin; The an - gels are look-ing and longing to bring,
2. The Lord of the heav - ens has come to my door, And ten - der - ly called me to leave house and store; To give of my substance, my time, and my love,
3. This, then, is my call - ing, None oth - er shall share, The task which Christ Je - sus, en-trusts to my care; Its weight may be heav-y, its burdens bear down,

CHORUS.

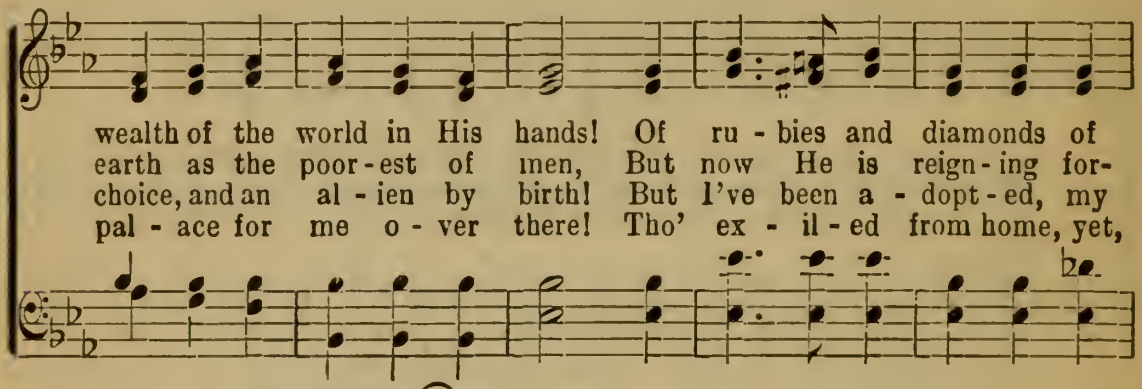
The mes-sage which Je-sus has bid - den me sing.
And help make this earth like the heav-en a-bove. Saved to serve oth-ers; how bless - ed the tho't, Saved to serve others, for this we were bought; Saved to serve oth-ers; the sin-ner is sought, that Christ may re-deem him to serve.
But on - ly by serv-ing we mer - it the crown.

# The Child of a King.

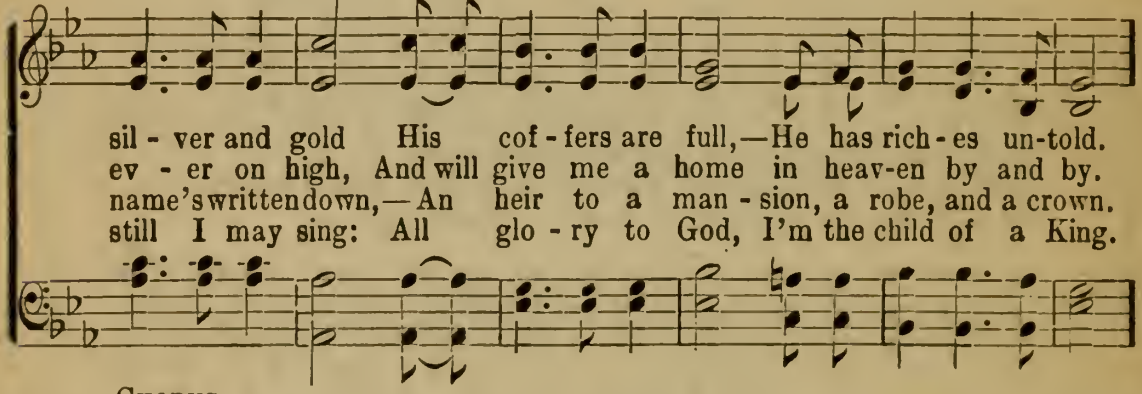
Hattie E. Buell. PERMISSION SECURED. Rev. John B. Sumner, Arr.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan-der'd o'er
3. I once was an out - cast strang - er on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build - ing a

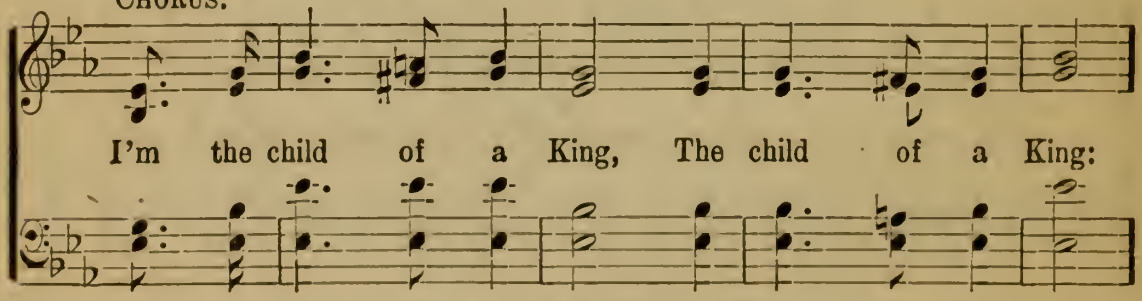


wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds of
earth as the poor - est of men, But now He is reign - ing for-
choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - il - ed from home, yet,

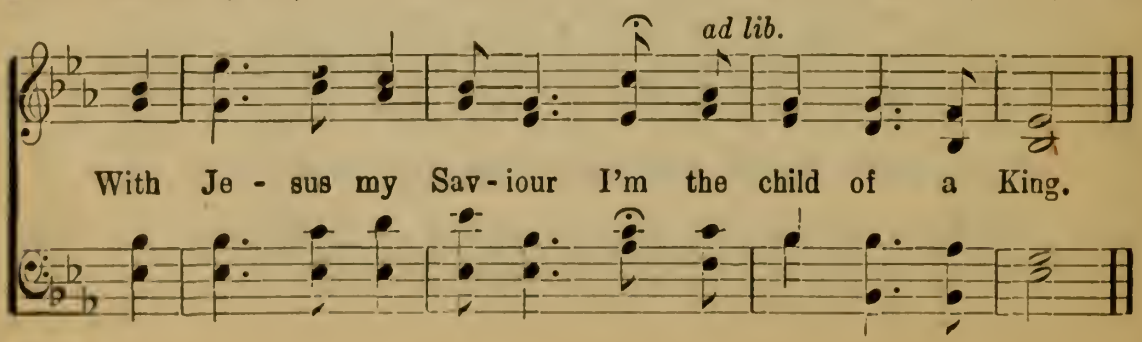


sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full,—He has rich - es un-told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav-en by and by.
name's written down,—An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.



I'm the child of a King, The child of a King:




With Je - sus my Sav - iour I'm the child of a King.

# Sun Of My Soul.

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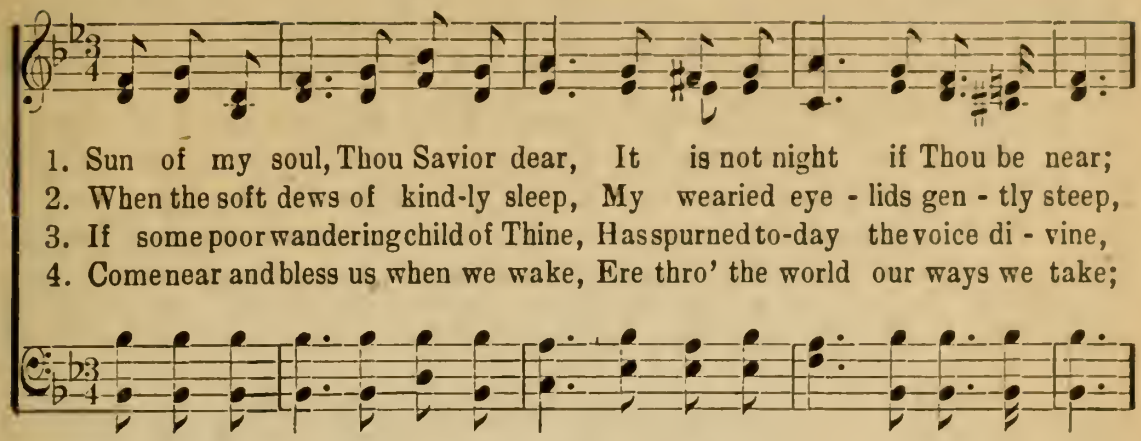
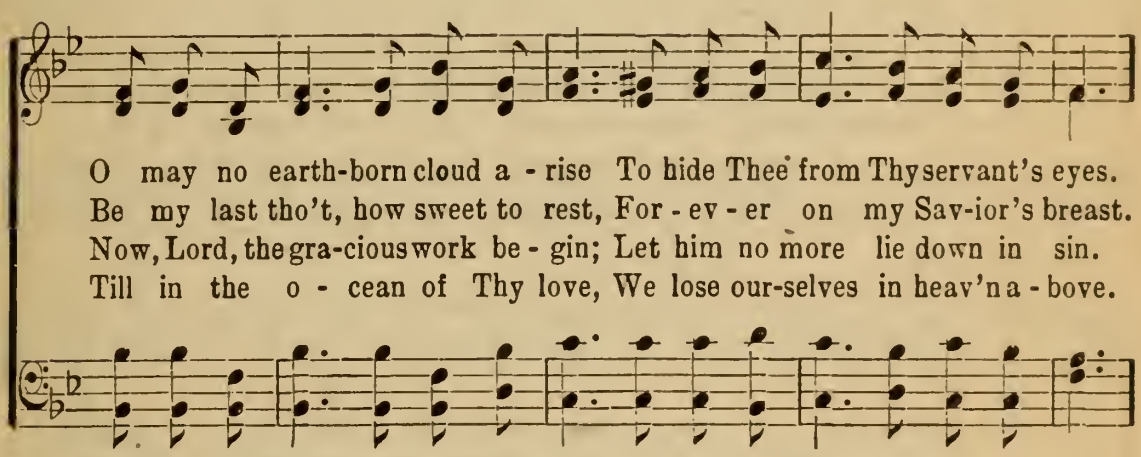
John Kepler. Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

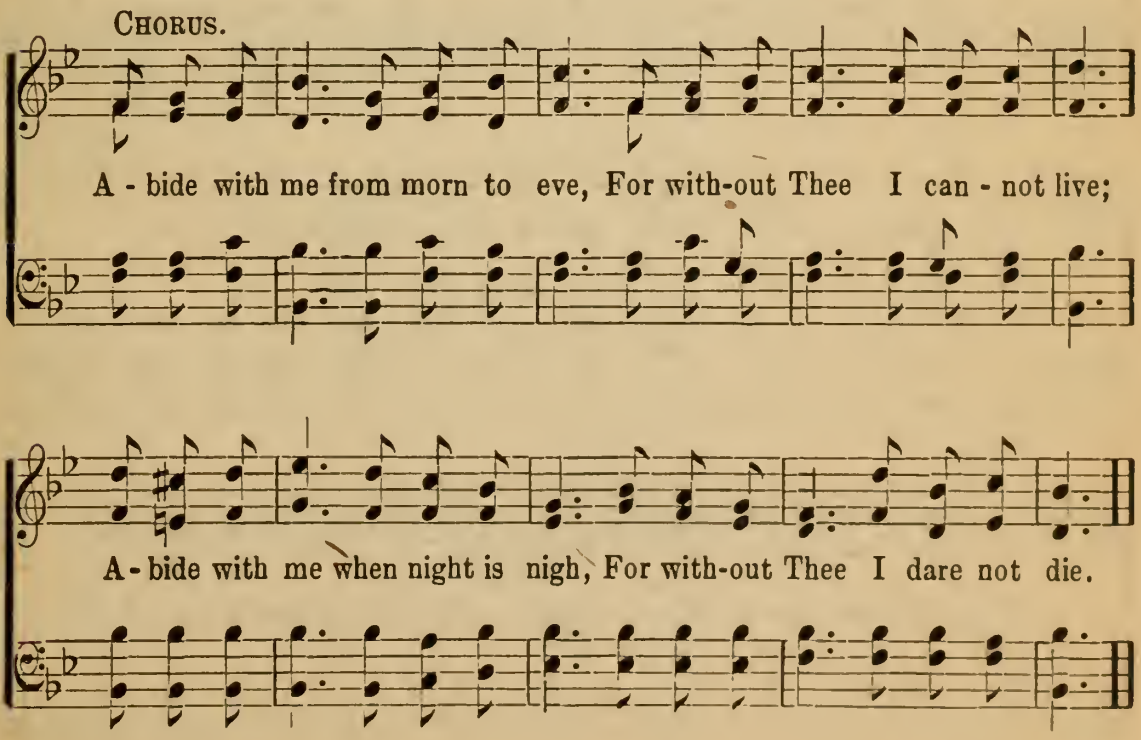


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep, My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. If some poor wandering child of Thine, Has spurned to-day the voice di - vine,
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our ways we take;



O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest, For - ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast.
Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.



A - bide with me from morn to eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.

# Sunshine in the Soul.

COPYRIGHT 1887. BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an - y earth-ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - shine, bless - ed sun - - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace - ful, hap - py mo-ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;

When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

# 9 If Jesus Should Call You Today.

Author of words unknown. COPYRIGHT, 1916, NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.
Arr. by N. A. W. Nellie Albright Weber.

*Tenderly.*

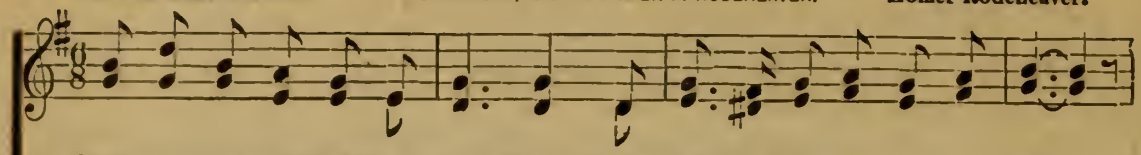
1. If Je - sus should call you to - day, dear friend, To stand at His judg-ment seat, And you knew that this hour your life should end,
2. If Je - sus should call you to - day, to - day, Oh what would your an - swer be? Could you with re - joic-ing His voice o - bey
3. Oh may you be read - y, dear friend, to - day, To wel - come the Mas-ter's call; For Je - sus your Sav-iour has shown the way

*a little slower.*

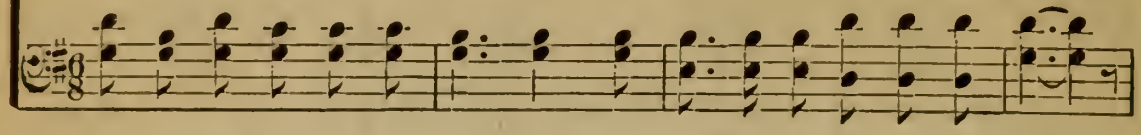
Would the sum - mons be sad or sweet? If Je - sus should call you to - day, dear friend, Would the summons be sad or sweet?
Be glad His dear face to see? If Je - sus should call you to - day, to - day, Oh what would your an - swer be?
Let Him be your all in all, Then if Je - sus should call you, dear friend, to - day, You will wel - come His lov - ing call.

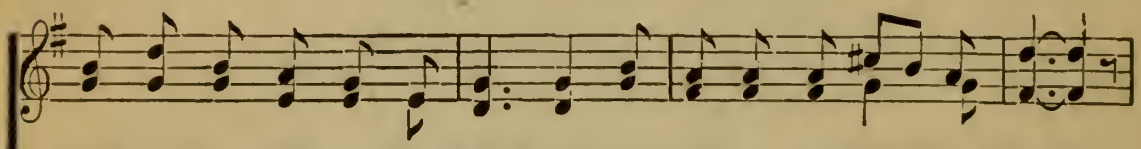
# Somebody Cares.

Fannie Edna Stafford. COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Homer Rodeheaver.

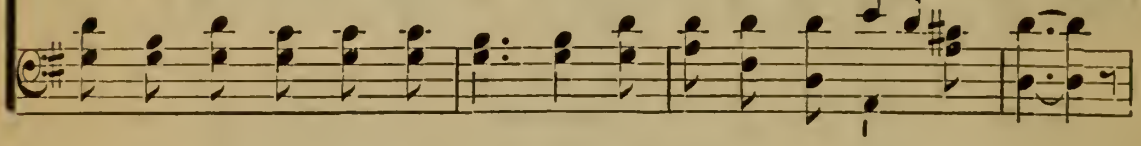


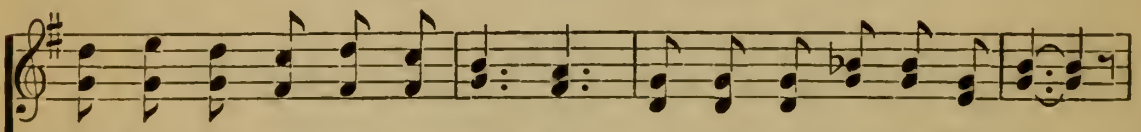
1. Some-bod-y knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-bod-y cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows diz-zy and dim;
3. Some-bod-y loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;



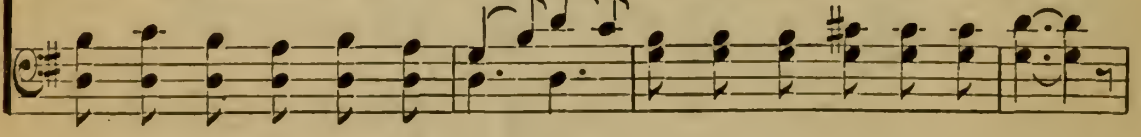


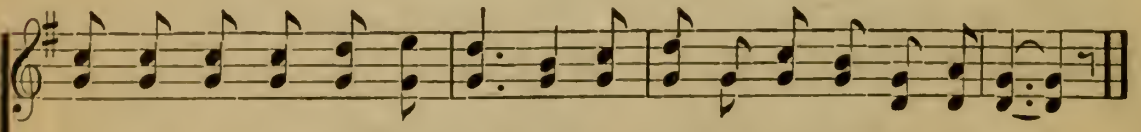
Some-bod - y knows when the shad-ows Need chas-ing a - way with song;
Some-bod - y cares when you're weakest, And farth-est a - way from Him;
Al - ways is wait - ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng;



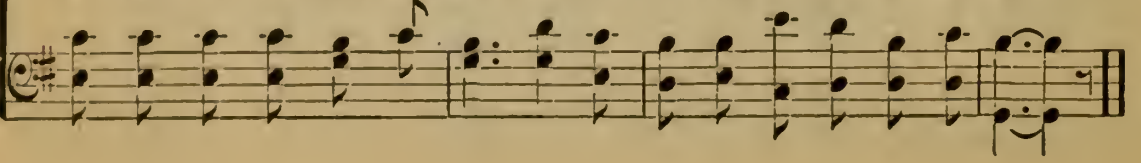


Some-bod - y knows when you're lone-ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod - y grieves when you're fall-en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need - ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true;





Some-bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some-bod - y waits for your com - ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus; He loves ev - 'ry one, He loves you.



# 11 God Will Take Care of You.

*Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.*

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.

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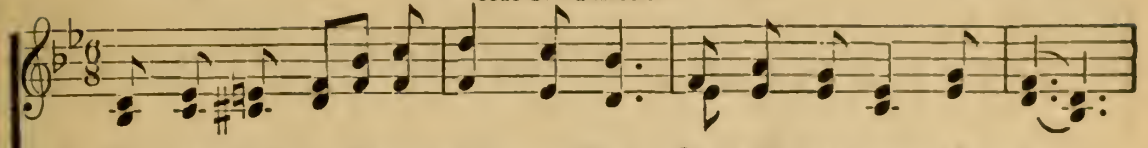
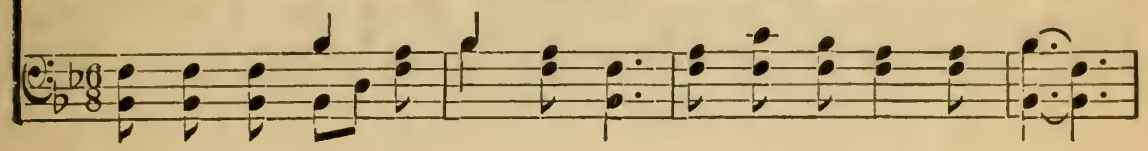
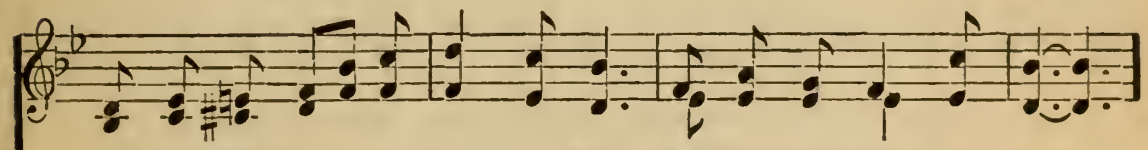
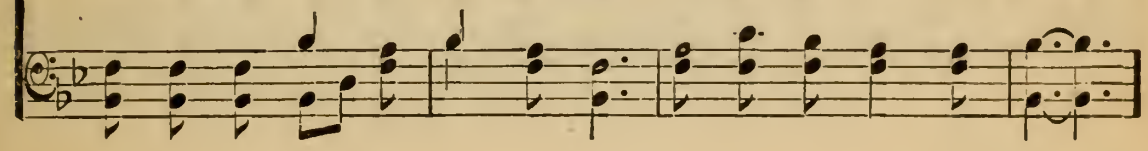


1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

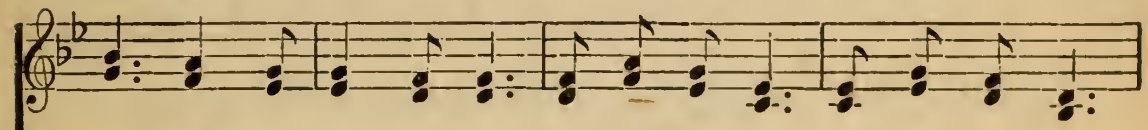




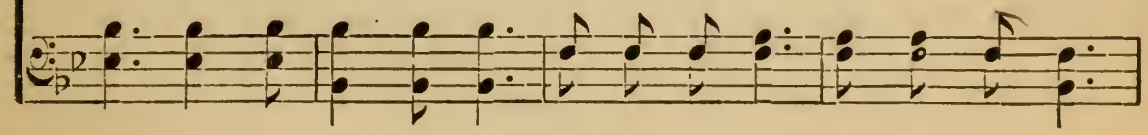
Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

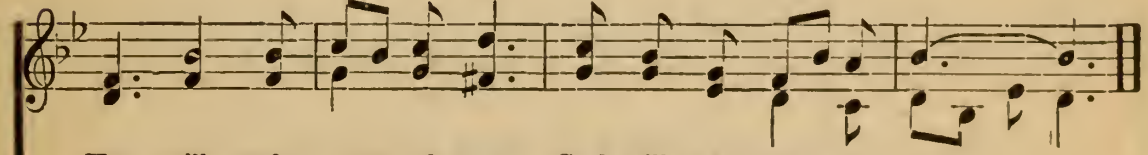


CHORUS.

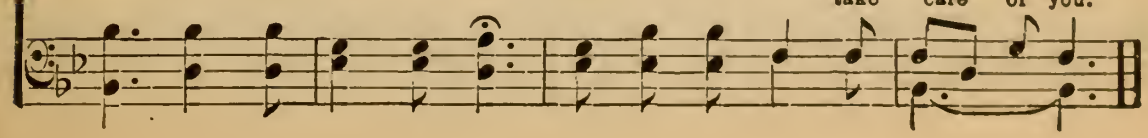


God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;





He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.



# When Our Hosts to Battle Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1898. BY J. B. HERBERT,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Psalm 108. J. B. Herbert.

*With strong accent.*

1. Be Thou a - bove the heavens, Lord, Ex - alt - ed ver - y high,
2. That Thy be - lov - ed peo-ple may From bondage be set free;
3. O who is he will bring me to The cit - y for - ti - fied?
4. Help us from troub-le, for the help Is vain which man sup-plies;

And far a - bove the earth do Thou Thy glo - ry mag - ni - fy.
O do Thou save with Thy right hand, And an - swer give to me.
O who is he that to the land Of E - dom will me guide?
Thro' God we'll do great acts; He shall Tread down our en - e - mies.

CHORUS.

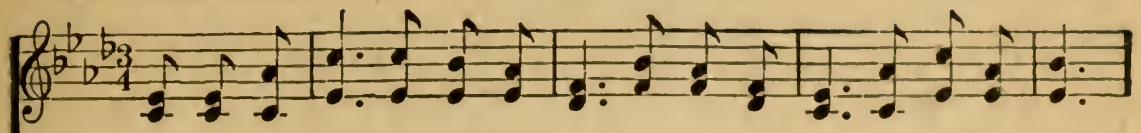
When our hosts to bat-tle go, When our hosts to bat - tle go,
When our hosts to bat - tle go,
When our hosts to bat - tle go, When our hosts to bat - tle go,

O God, do Thou our Lead-er be, When our hosts to bat - tle go.

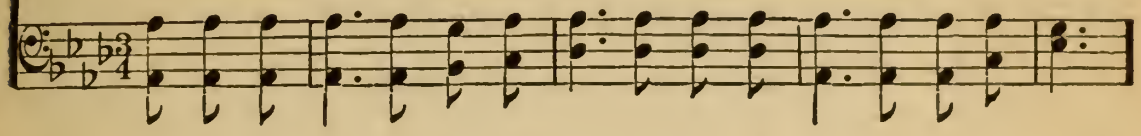
# Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER.

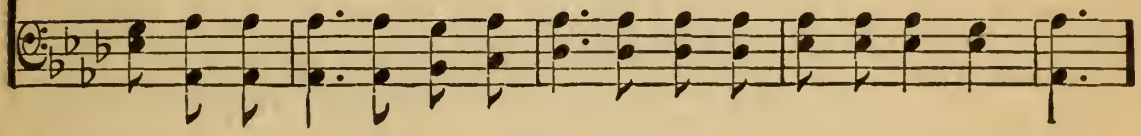
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.



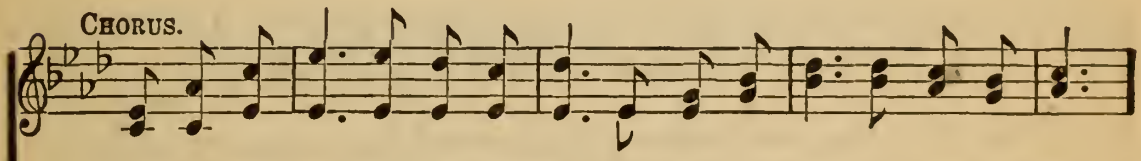
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;



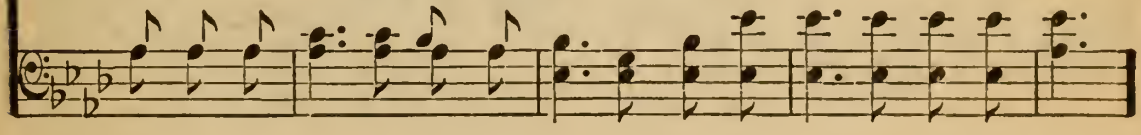
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground.



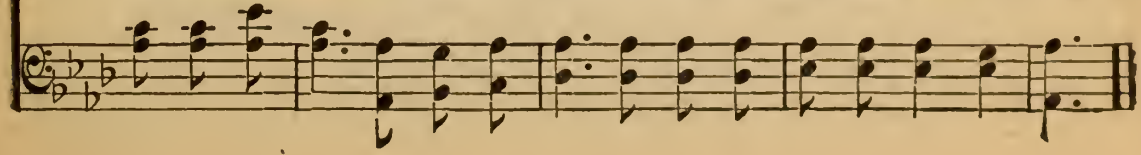
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land;



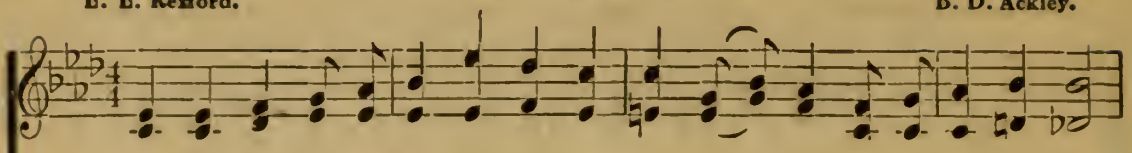
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.



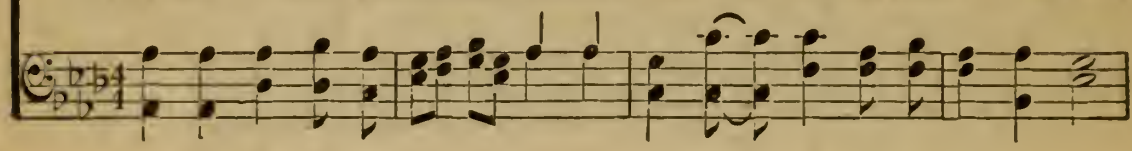
# How You Will Love Him!

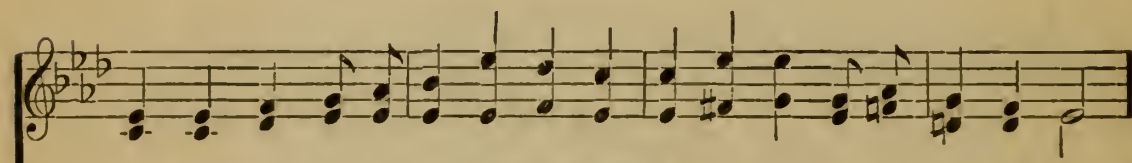
COPYRIGHT. 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

E. E. Rexford. B. D. Ackley.

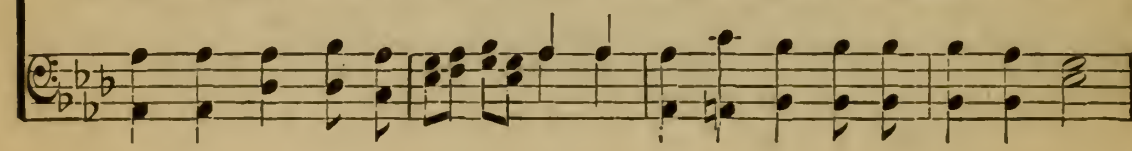


1. Ye who wander, of sin grown weary, Lonely and far from the safe home-fold,
2. Come, and coming, find peace and pardon Wait-ing for you at the place of pray'r;
3. You should know of this love so tender, Love that is steadfast, and deep, and true;
4. Come, and find that you cannot fathom Love like Christ's till you taste and see;

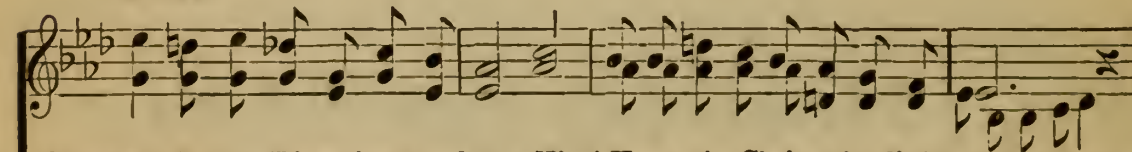




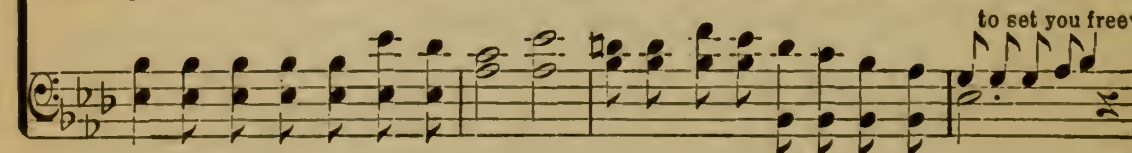
Come and learn what the love of Christ is, Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Kneel and ask for a soul for-giv-en, Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come and share in its sweetness with me, Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
Height and depths of the love of Je-sus No man knows till it sets Him free.

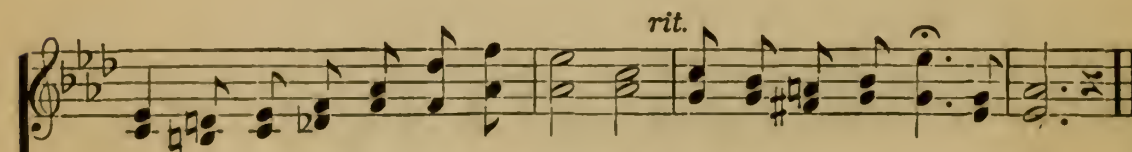


CHORUS.

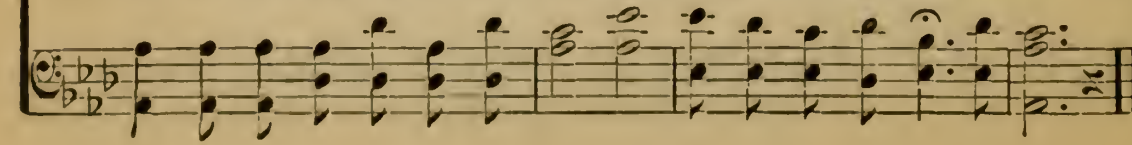


O, how you'll love Him when you know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free;




On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro-ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!



# 15 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of Death now for me. Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je-sus came

in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a-way
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap - py as on - ward I go.

CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came

heart Since Je-sus came in - to my heart. Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in came in-to my heart

soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

# Wonderful Power.

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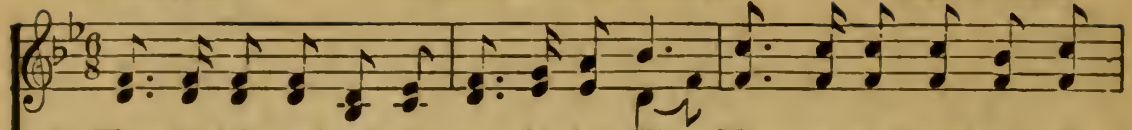
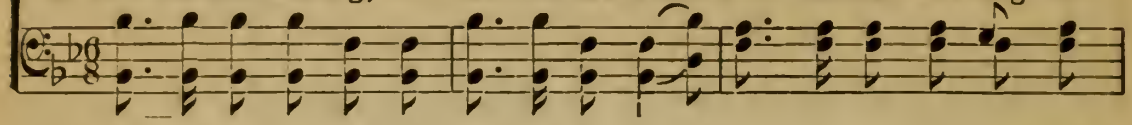
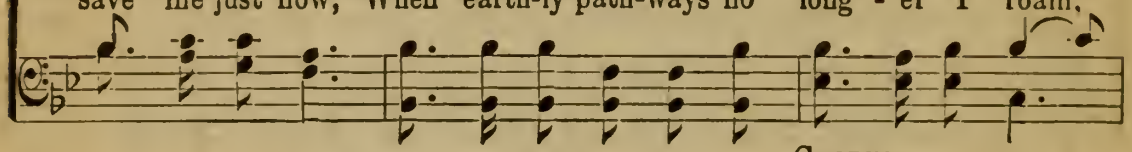
E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Won-der-ful pow'r of my won-der-ful King! Mer - cy un-bound-ed, I
2. Won-der-ful pow'r of tho pray'r-hearing Lord; Tri - als a claim on His
3. Won-der-ful pow'r that will guide me a - right, Lead from the shad-ows to
4. A - ble and will-ing, O Sav - ior art Thou! A - ble and will - ing to



grate - ful - ly sing; From all the bil-lows that round me may roll,
grace will af - ford; On my dear Sav - ior I cast ev -'ry care,
mar - vel-ous light; In fierce temp-ta-tions, my ref - uge and stay,
save me just now; When earth-ly path-ways no long - er I roam,



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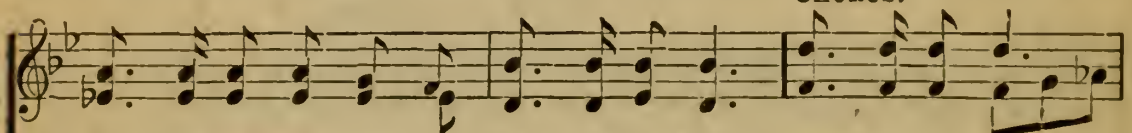
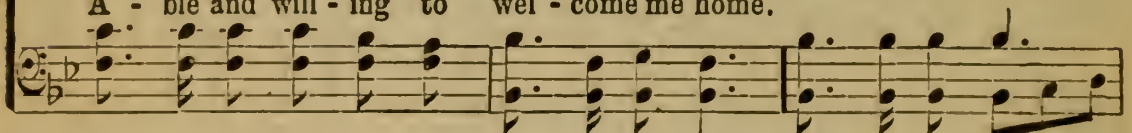
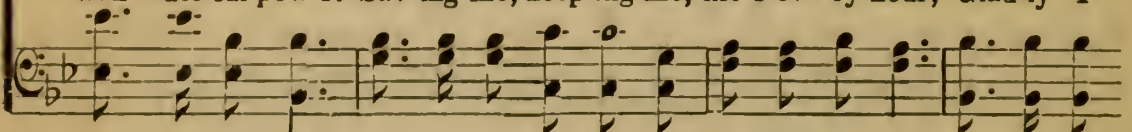


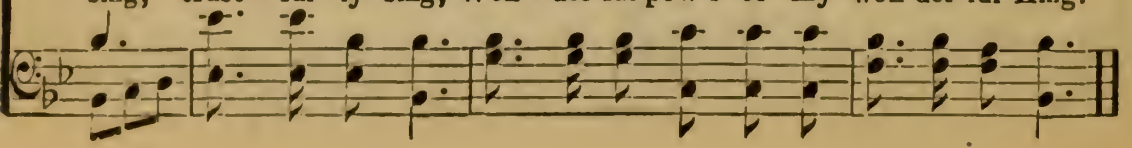
A - ble and will - ing to res - cue my soul.
A - ble and will - ing to an - swer my prayer.
A - ble and will - ing to keep me each day. Won - der-ful pow'r,
A - ble and will - ing to wel - come me home.



won - der-ful pow'r! Sav-ing me, keep-ing me, life's ev -'ry hour; Glad-ly I



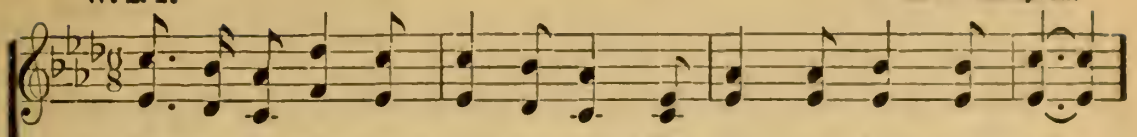
sing, trust - ful - ly sing, Won - der-ful pow'r of my won-der-ful King.



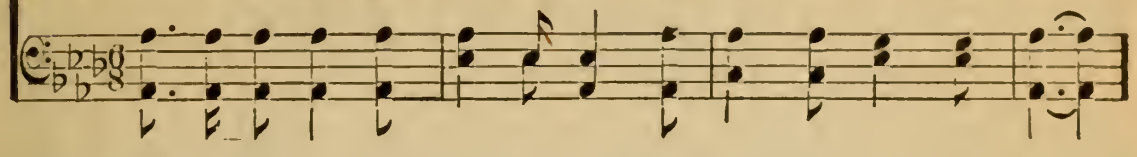
# 17 Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

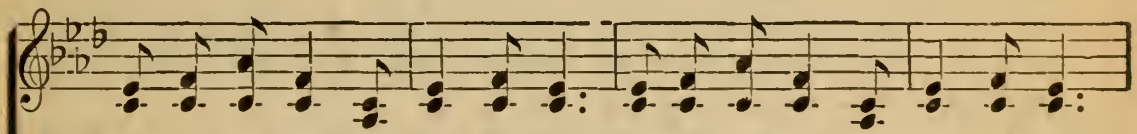
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.



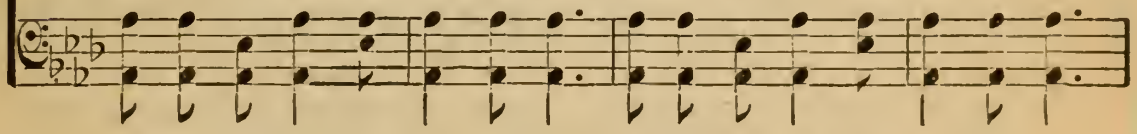
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

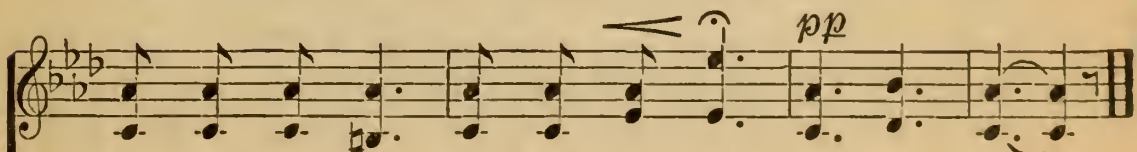


He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall;
I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er;
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end;



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti-ful life that has no end;



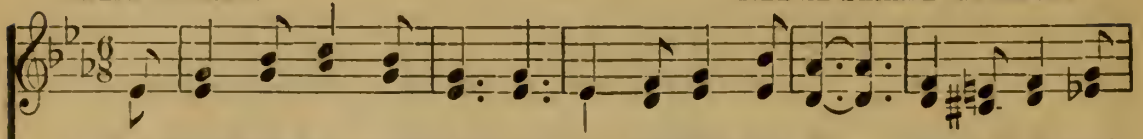



When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

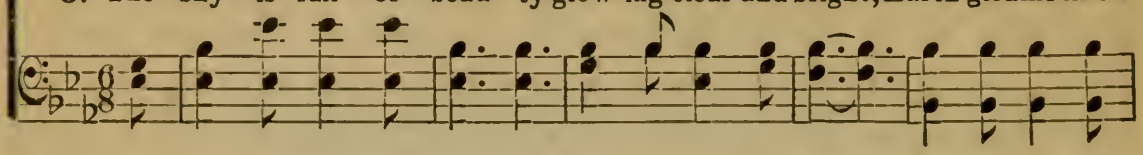
# 18 The Whole Wide World Needs Sunshine.

Copyright, 1915, by Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

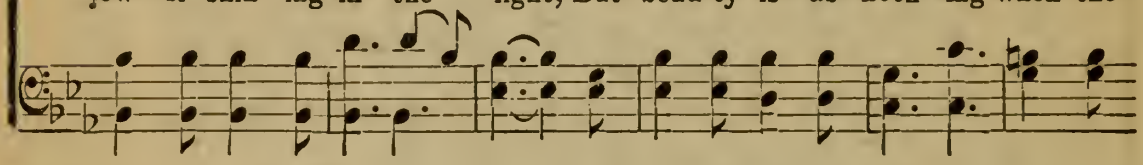
RALPH BUNSEN. NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.



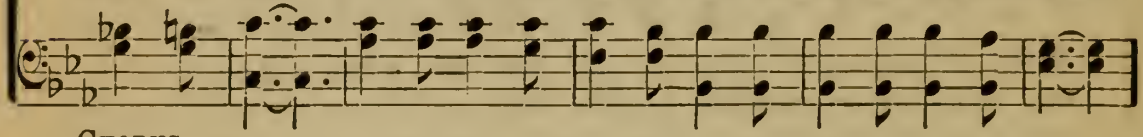
1. The whole wide world needs sunshine, for the gloom of sin Casts a darkened
2. The wea - ry world needs com-fort, trou-ble still a - bides, Shadows dark with
3. The sky is full of beau - ty glow-ing clear and bright; Earth gleams like a



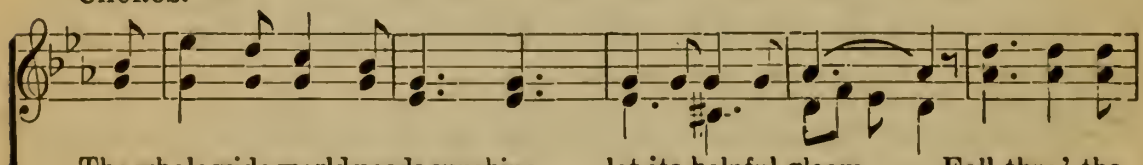
shad-ow o'er the lives of men; The sky a-bove is cloud-ed, fill - ing
sor - row ev - 'ry bless-ing hides The sun-light of the heav-en mocks the
jew - el shin - ing in the light; But beau-ty is as noth - ing when the



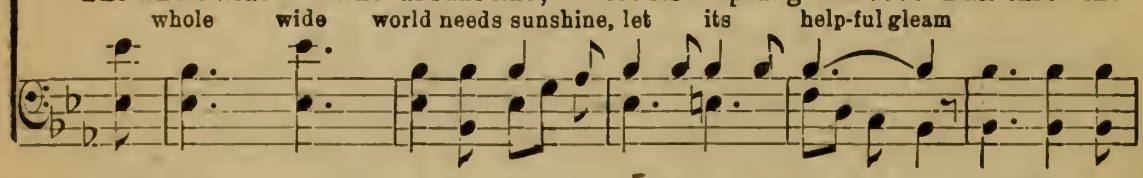
hearts with fright; Wea-ry souls are wait-ing for the com-ing of your light.
one who weeps; Has-ten then to tell him of the love of God that keeps.
heart is sad; On - ly love and ten-der-ness can make this old world glad.



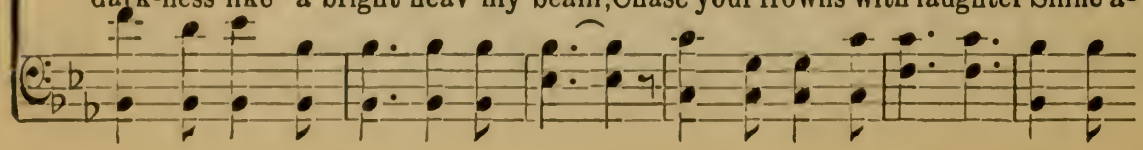
CHORUS.



The whole wide world needs sunshine, let its helpful gleam.... Fall thro' the
whole wide world needs sunshine, let its help-ful gleam



dark-ness like a bright heav'nly beam; Chase your frowns with laughter Smile a-



## The Whole Wide World Needs Sunshine.

way each tear For the whole wide world needs sunshine, the sunshine of good cheer.

## 19 I Know That Jesus Lives.

Copyright, 1915, by Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

N. S. A. NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives Who once on Cal - va - ry,
2. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, Who dwelt in Gal - i - lee;
3. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, That from the tomb He came,
4. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, I've o - pened wide the door;

Laid down His life a free - will gift That I might pardoned be.
He treads the wave, my soul to save, And qui - ets ev - 'ry sea.
With heav'n-ly grace to save a race; To - day He's just the same.
He's en-tered in, and saved from sin; I'm His for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I know, I know that Je - sus lives; He's reign-ing in my heart;

I heard His call, I yield - ed all; I know that Je - sus lives.

# Sweeter As the Years Go By.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My theme shall ev - er be.

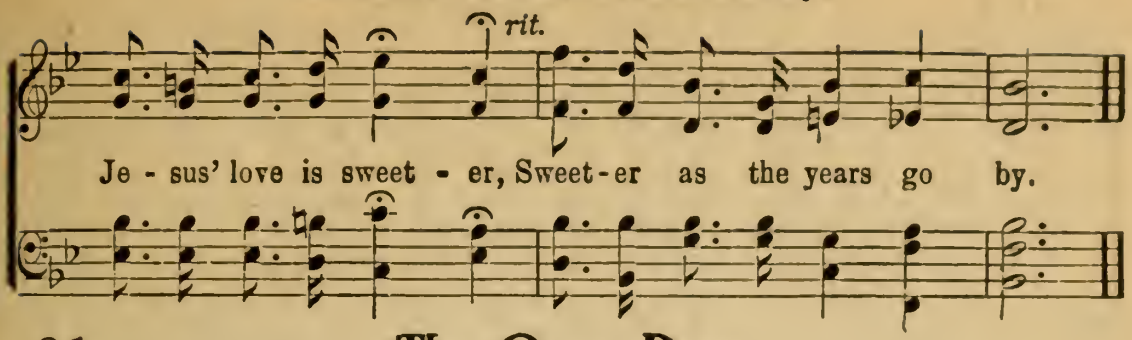
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple throng'd a-bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro - ken-heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In love for e - ven me.

3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss—To bear with-out a mur - mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints re-deemed in glo - ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With our Re - deem - er's praise.

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full - er, deep - er,
sweet - er as the years go by;

## Sweeter As the Years Go By.




## 21 The Open Door.

Dedicated to Melvin E. Trotter.

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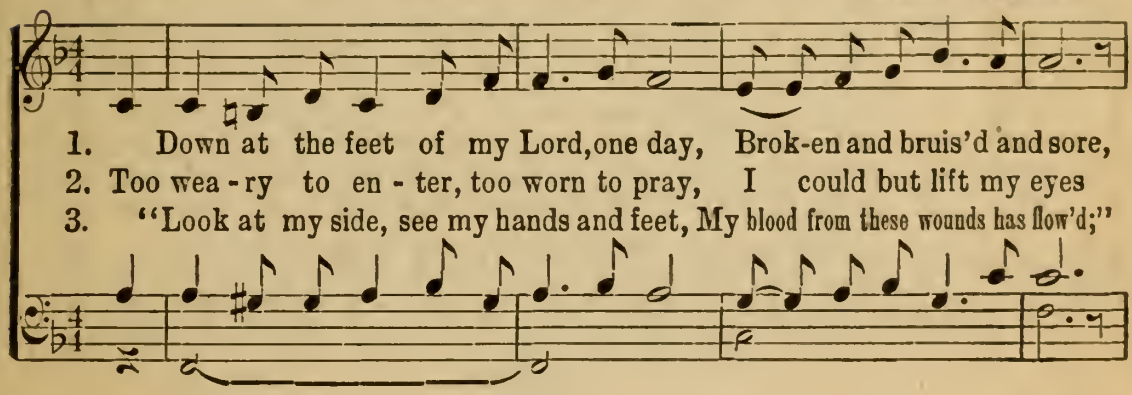
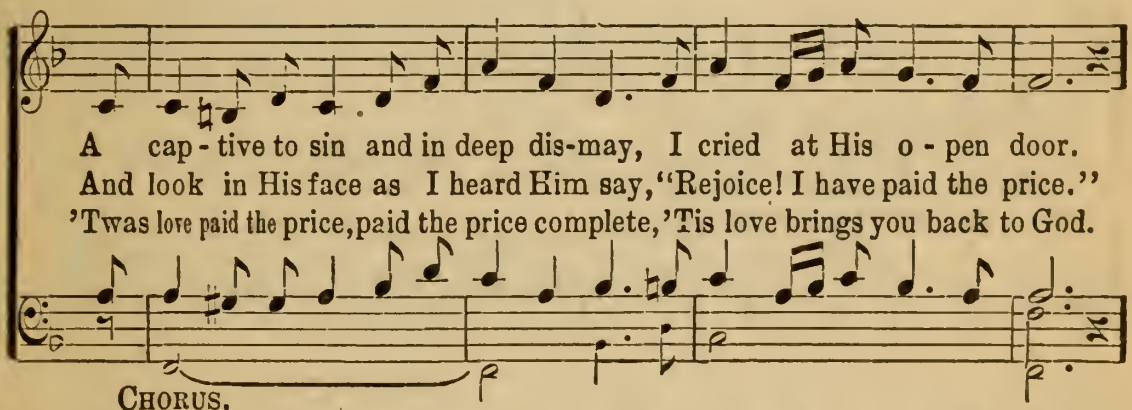
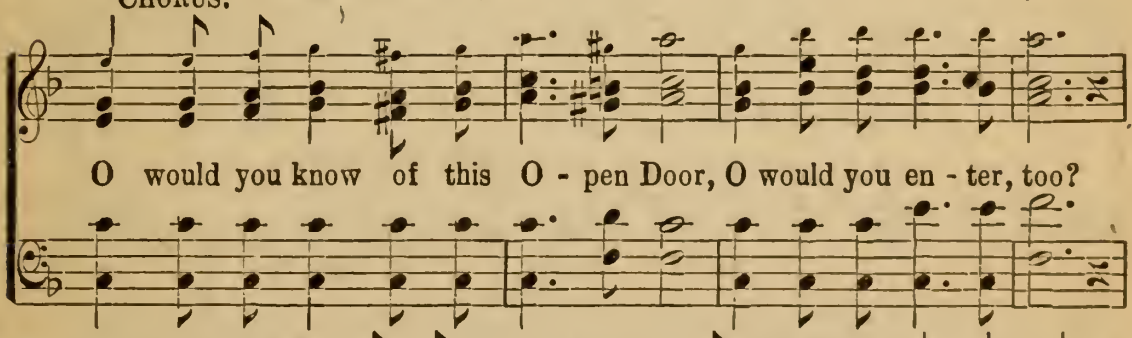
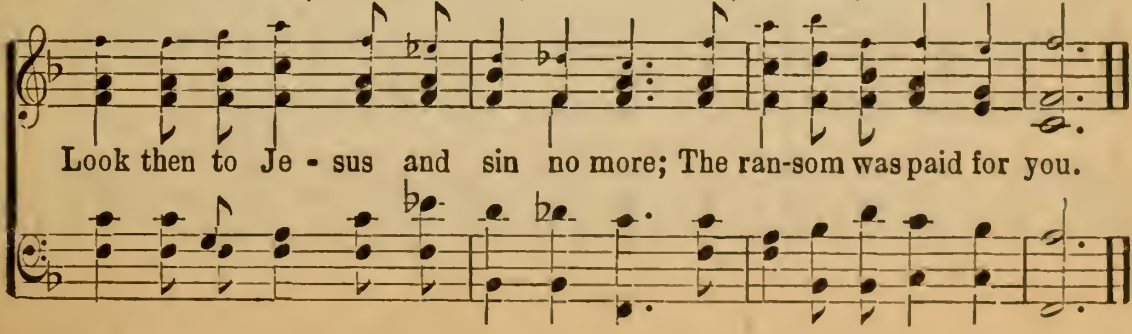
F. S. P. Florence S. Parkhurst.




CHORUS.



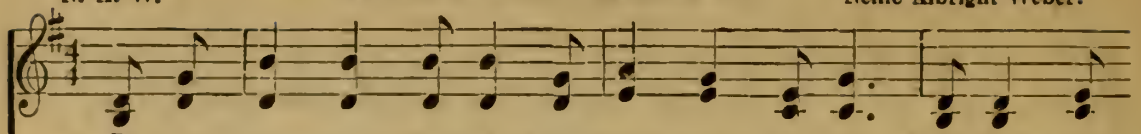



# Jesus Will Give You Rest.

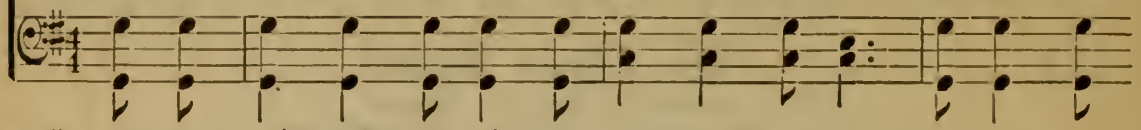
N. A. W.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

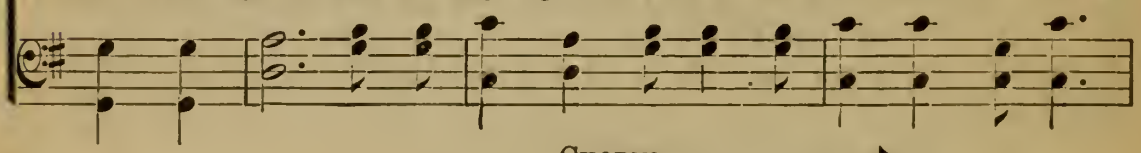
Nellie Albright Weber.



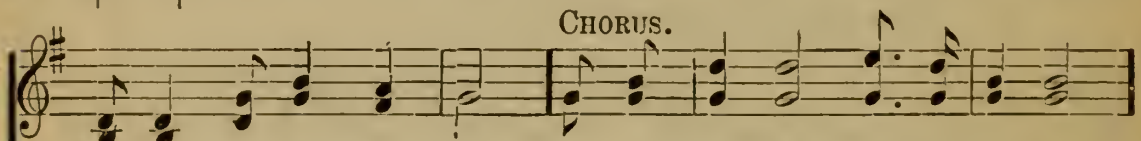
1. Is your life so drear-y, your heart so wear-y, Bear-ing your
2. Is your soul be - gin-ning to tire of sin-ning, Grop-ing for
3. If you'll cease from stray-ing, His call o - bey-ing, Leav-ing the
4. He will turn your sad-ness to joy and glad-ness, If you make



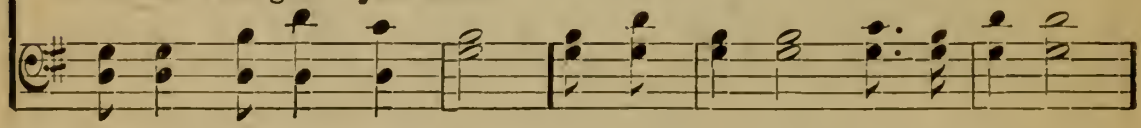
load of sin? If you'll come to Je-sus, your Friend and Sav - ior,
truth and life? If you'll now re - ceive Him and just be - lieve Him
path of sin; He will walk be - side you, His love will guide you,
Him your guest; And to - day's great sor - row will fade to - mor - row,

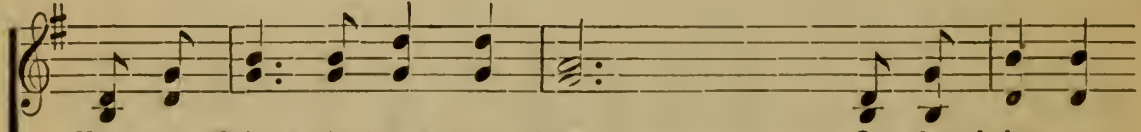


CHORUS.

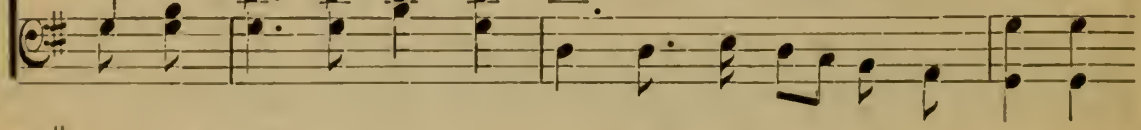


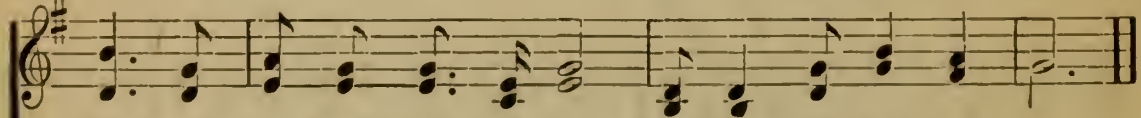
He'll give you peace with - in.
Je - sus will give you rest. He is wait - ing to re-ceive you,
And keep you pure with - in.
For He will give you rest.



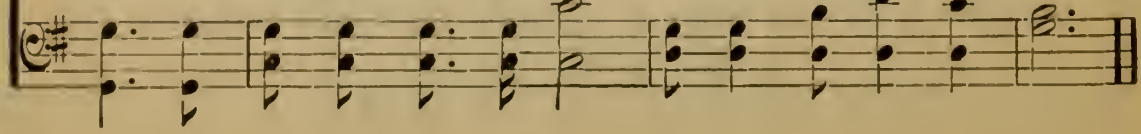


Tru - est Friend who loves you best, On - ly bring to
loves you best,





Him your heav - y load, of sin, And He will give you rest.



# Pentecostal Power.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might-y works for Thee pre-pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With ear-nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be - lieve,

With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Lord, send the old-time pow'r, The Pen - te - cos-tal pow'r! Thy floodgates of

bless - ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the

Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sin-ners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri-fied!

# Walking and Talking With Jesus.

Copyright, 1915, by Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

N. S. A. NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

1. The path - way of life is so pleas - ant, When Je - sus is close to my side, No des - ert but blos-soms with ro - ses,
2. The morn - ing is bright with His prom - ise, The ev' - nings a- glow with His smile, Each mo-ment He gives me as - sur - ance,
3. I fol - lowed the path-way of e - vil, I suf - fered be- cause I did wrong, Re - pent - ing I came to the Sav - ior,
4. Each sin - ner that fol - lows the path - way, That leads towards the shad-ows of night, May find that the Sav - ior is read - y,

CHORUS.

No shad-ows of gloom can a - bide.
He'll stay by my side all the while.
I'm jour - ney-ing now with a song.
To lead him to footpaths of light.

I'm walk-ing with Je-sus my (1) a - bide.

Sav - ior, I'm walk-ing and talk-ing with Him, The path - way is bright, His serv - ice is light, I'm walk-ing and talk - ing with Him.

# The Shepherd Song.

G. W. A.

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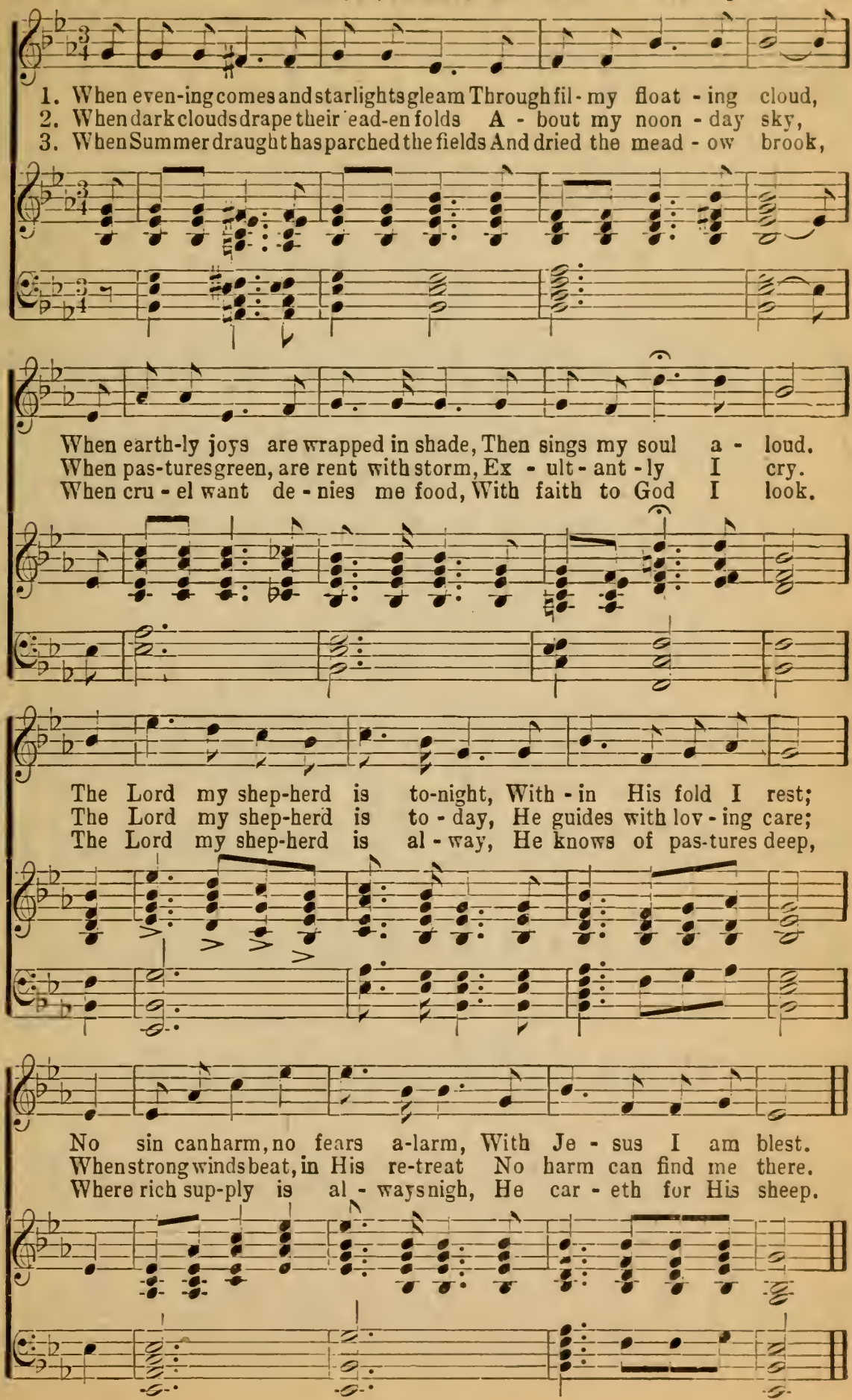
Nellie Albright Weber.



# My Heart is a Kingdom.

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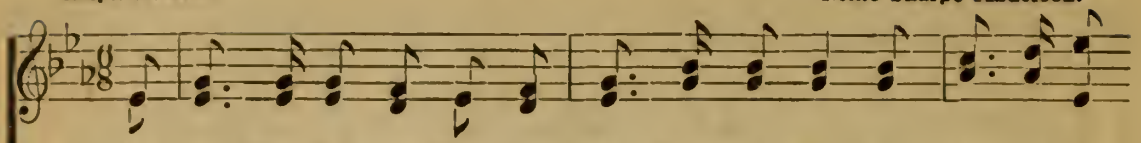
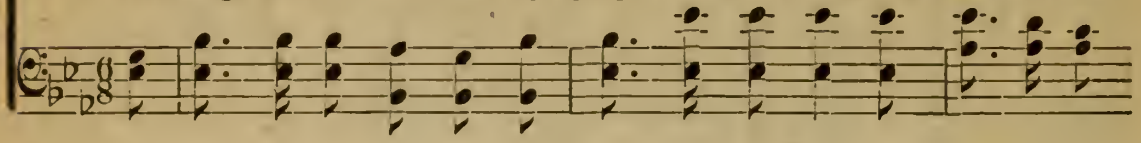
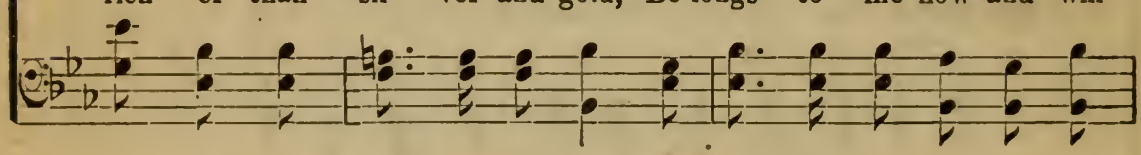
Ralph Bunsen. Nellie Sharpe Anderson.



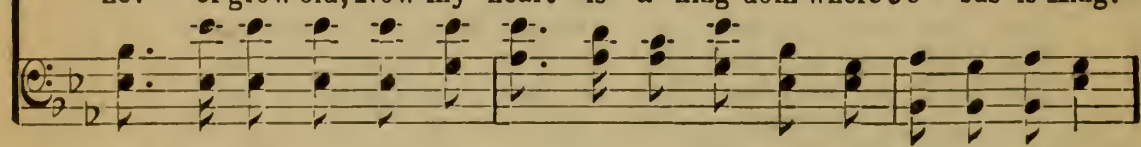
1. My heart was once torn with the pas - sions of sin, No peace could a-
2. The arm - ies of e - vil once camped in my heart, All good-ness was
3. The king-dom of heav-en by proph-ets fore-told, With treas-ures far



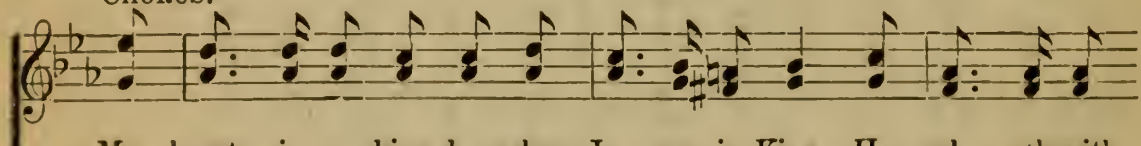
bide with sin rag - ing with - in; I called up - on Je - sus the
killed with their sin - pois-oned dart, Till Je - sus the con-quer - or
rich - er than sil - ver and gold, Be-longs to me now and will



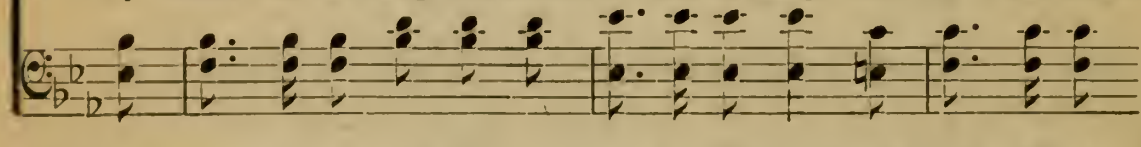
vic - t'ry to win, Now my heart is a king-dom where Je - sus is King.
bade them de-part, Now my heart is a king-dom and Je - sus is King.
nev - er grow old, Now my heart is a king-dom where Je - sus is King.



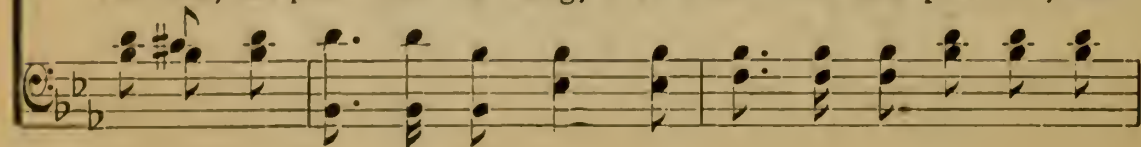
CHORUS.



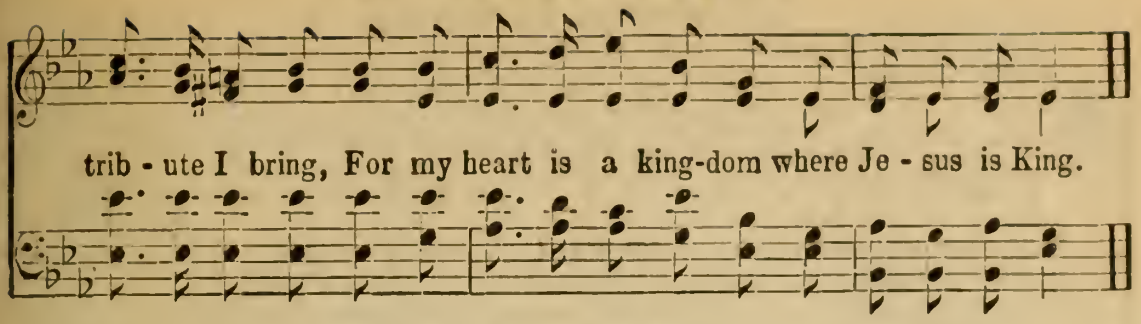
My heart is a king-dom where Je - sus is King, He rul - eth with



wis-dom, His prais - es I sing, I bow in His pres-ence, rich



## My Heart is a Kingdom.




## 27 No Night There

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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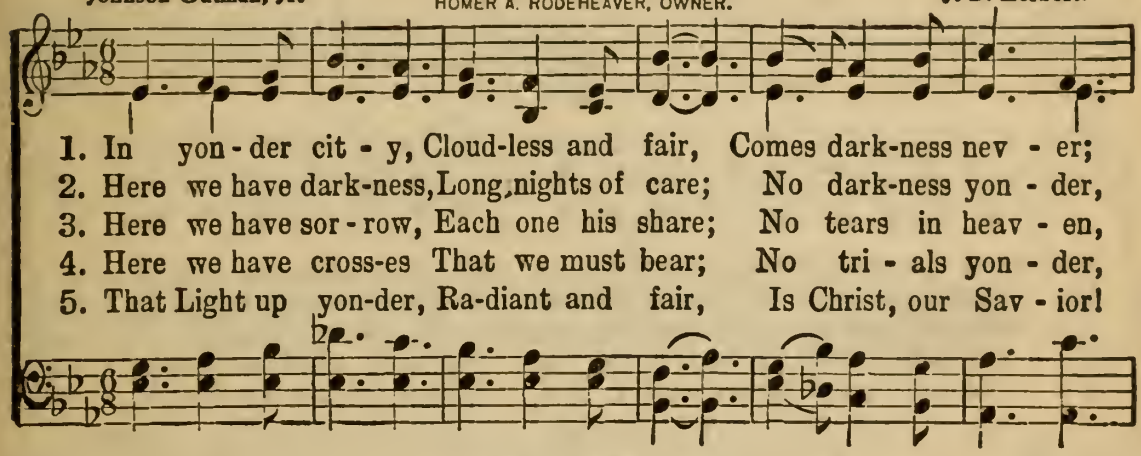
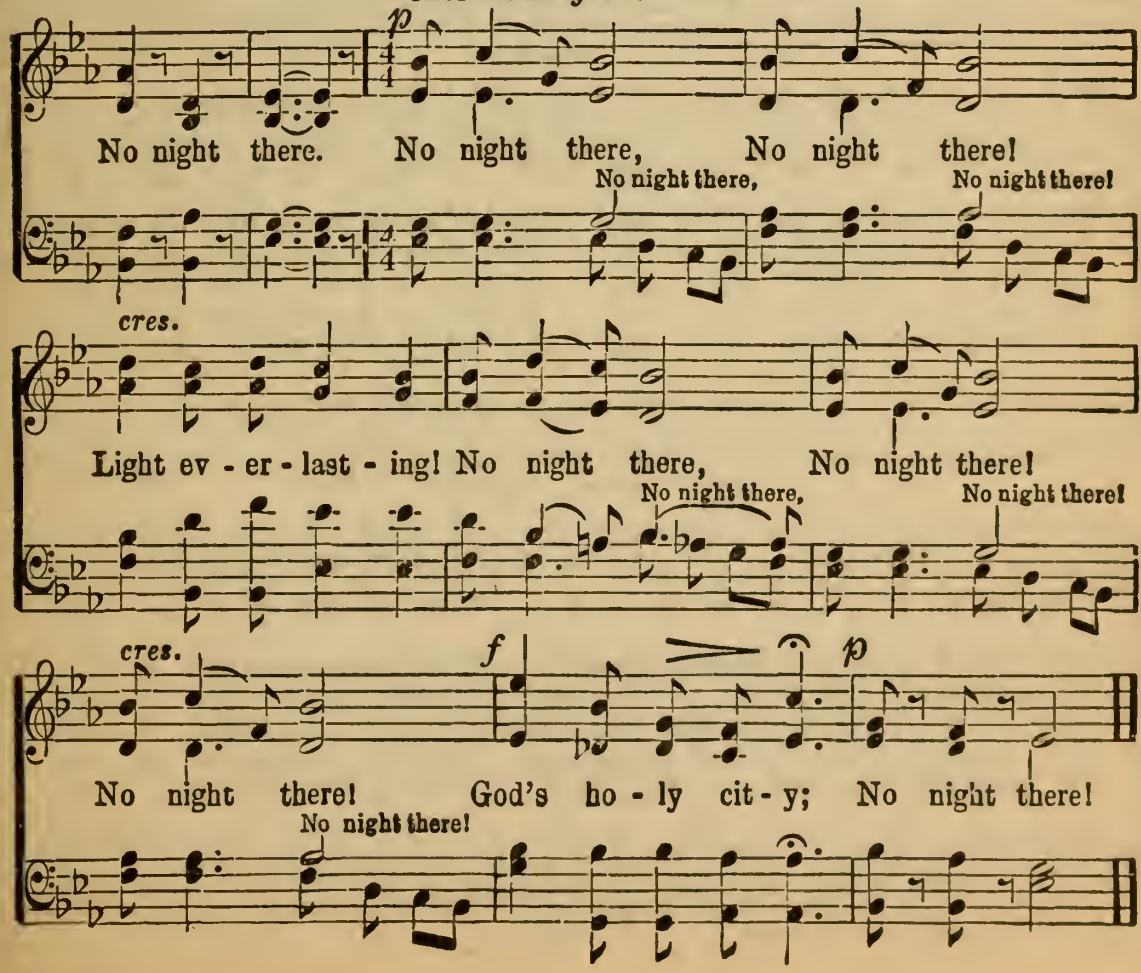
J. B. Herbert.




CHORUS. *Brighter.*

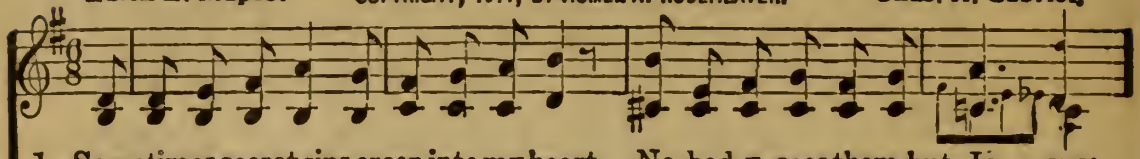


# Nobody Like Jesus

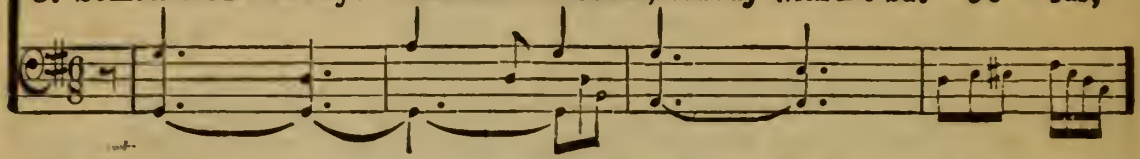
**To Homer A. Rodeheaver.**

*In appreciation of his friendship, spirit, and untiring efforts to do something for others.*

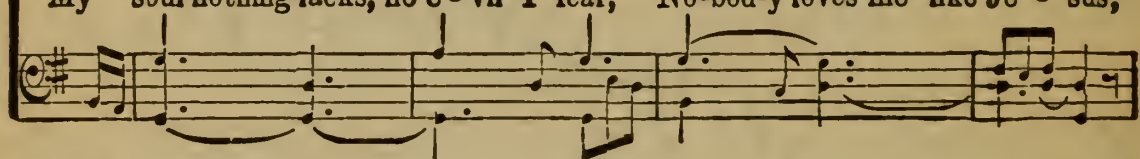
**Edith L. Mapes.** COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



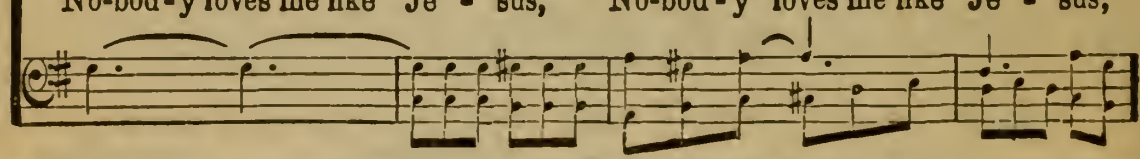
1. Sometimes secret sins creep into my heart,—No-bod-y sees them but Je - sus;
2. Sometimes there are tears that must not be shed, No body knows it but Je - sus;
3. Sometimes angry tho'ts are almost expressed, No body hears them but Je - sus;
4. Sometimes I am weak, and wander astray, No-bod-y strengthens like Je - sus;
5. Sometimes shut away from all held most dear, No body with me but Je - sus,



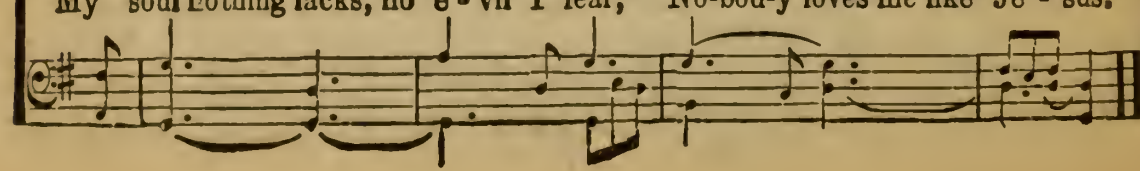
But when I confess, He bids them depart, No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
In sickness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus;
His gentle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus;
He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus;
My soul nothing lacks, no e - vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;



No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus, No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus;
No-bod-y quiets like Je - sus, No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus;
No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus;
No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;



But when I confess, He bids them depart; No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus.
In sickness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus.
His gentle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui - ets like Je - sus.
He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus.
My soul nothing lacks, no e - vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus.



# 29 When the Sinner Seeks Forgiveness.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

Ralph Bunsen. Lewis Thomas.

1. There's re - joic - ing when a sin - ner kneels in prayer, Ask - ing par - don from the Sav - ior; Ev - 'ry tear-drop like a jew - el shines for aye,
2. There's re - joic - ing when a sin - ner comes back home, For the par - don of His Fa - ther; Ev - 'ry an - gel in the heav-en bids Him come,
3. There's re - joic - ing when a sin - ner doth ap - pear Seek-ing par - don and for - give - ness; There is mu - sic, song and laugh-ter ring - ing clear,

CHORUS.

In the light of end - less day.
Nev - er more from God to roam. When a sin - ner seeks for-
As to God he draw - eth near.

give - ness, When the Sav - ior bends to bless, There's re-

joic - ing 'mong the an - gels, There are songs of thank-ful-ness.

# He Promised to Keep Me.

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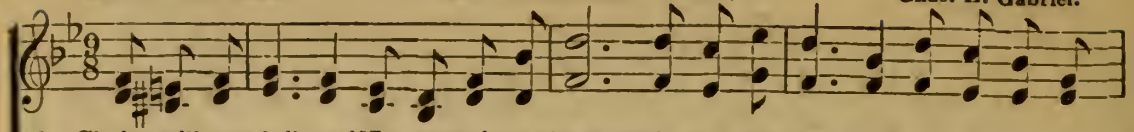
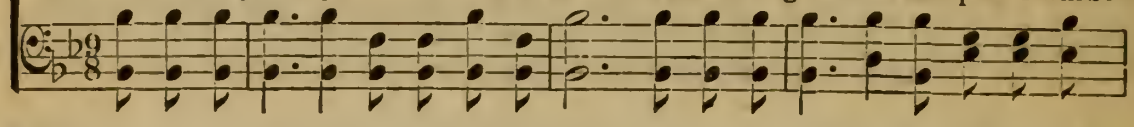
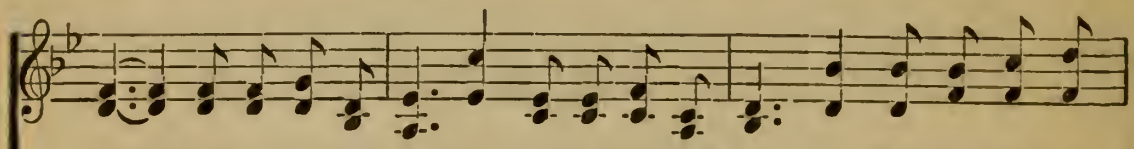
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

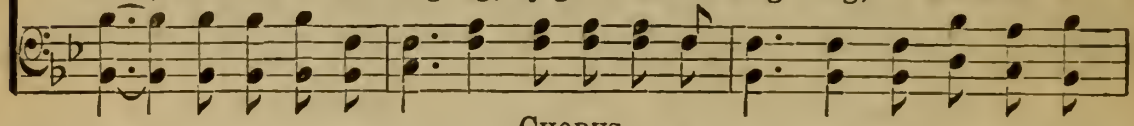


1. Christ will not fail me! How precious the word! I am se-cure with my Savior and
2. Christ will not fail me, a child of His care; All of my bur-dens He glad-ly will
3. Christ will not fail me when tempted by sin; He felt its pow'r in the struggle to
4. On - ward I journey, no need shall I know But that His goodness and pow'r will be-

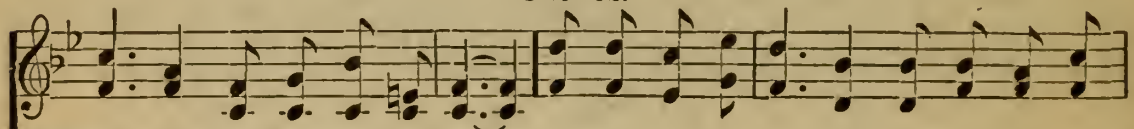




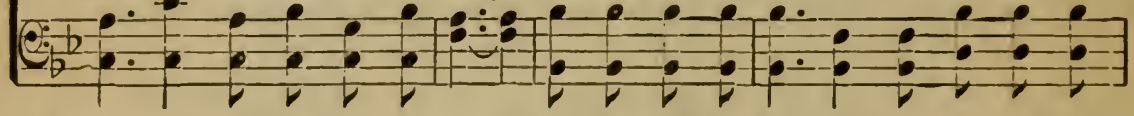
Lord; His love faileth nev - er en-dur-eth for - ev - er, And le-gions of
share; He's ev - er be - side me, no harm can be - tide me, For when I most
win; My weakness He know-eth; His love ev - er show - eth, So sweet-ly con-
stow; The while I am cling-ing, my glad heart is sing - ing, For Christ is be-

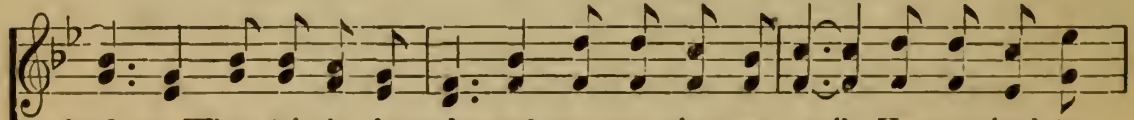


CHORUS.

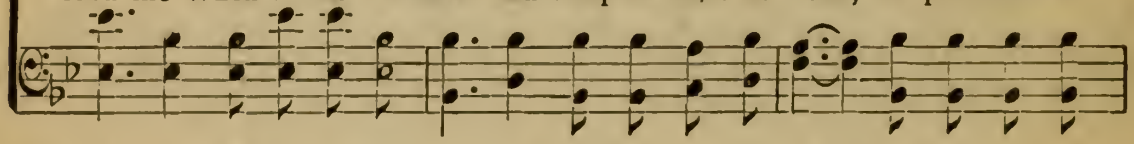


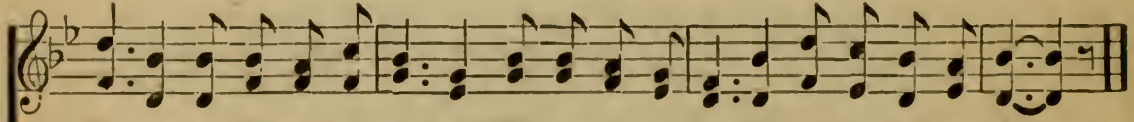
an - gels shall o - ver me guard.
need Him, my Sav-ior is there
trol-ling my spir - it with - in. He prom-ised to keep me, sup-port and de-
side me wher-ev - er I go.



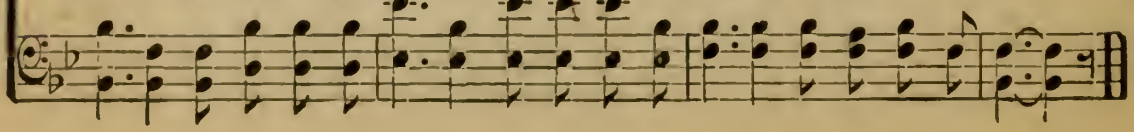


fend me When tri-als o'er-take and temp-ta-tions as - sail; He promised to





guide me, and I am per-suad-ed His prom-is-es nev-er, no, nev-er can fail.



# Beulah Land.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel-o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for-ev - er flow;
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo - ry-shore—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

# If Your Heart Keeps Right.

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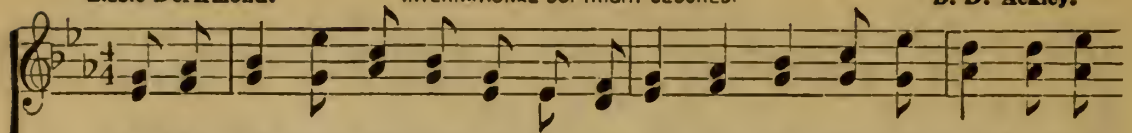
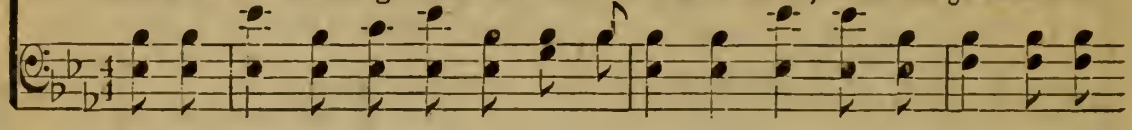
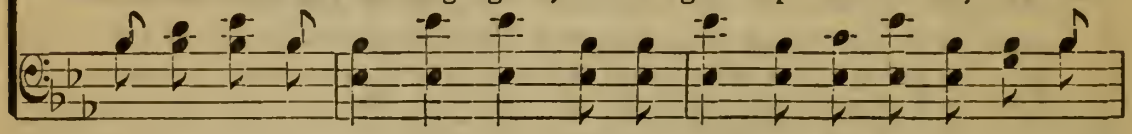
Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.



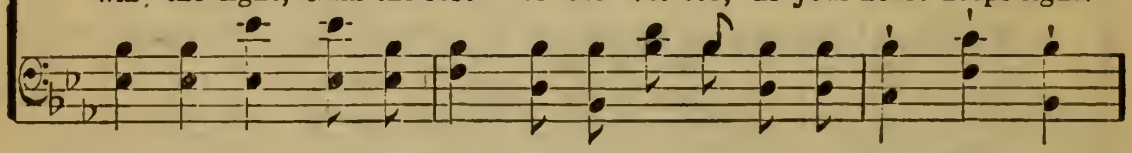
1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan - gle Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the



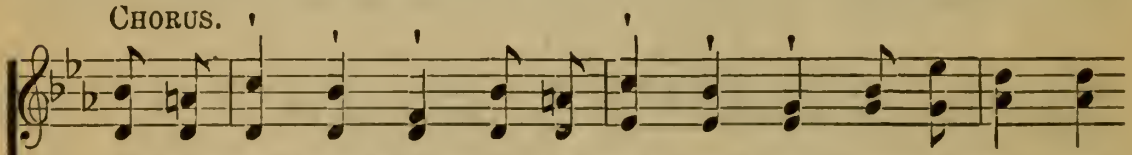
com-ing. Sing a cheer - y song. There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur - dens share: You'll for-get all your troubles, Making
darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will



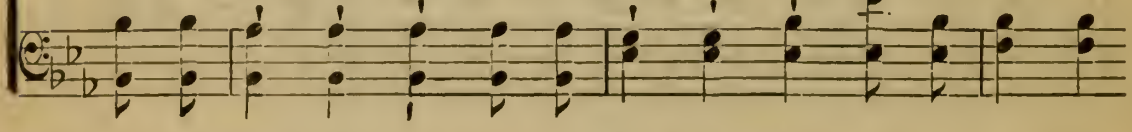
soon be light —Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
their lives bright, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.



CHORUS.

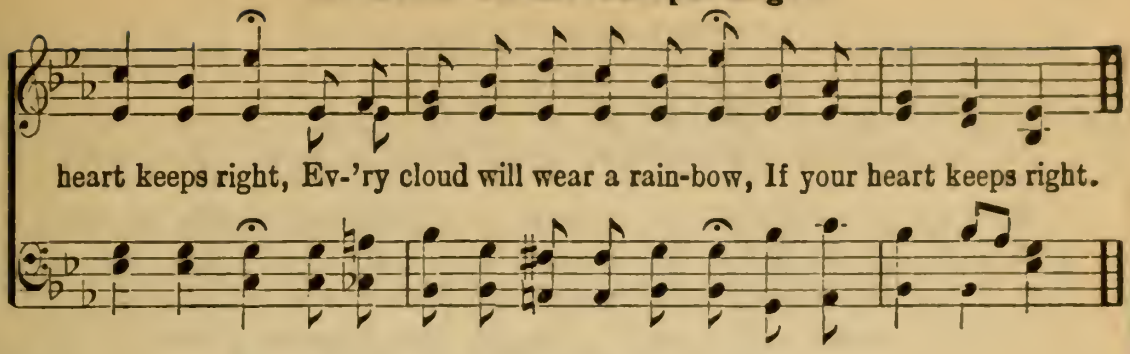


If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of



glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

## If Your Heart Keeps Right.




## 33 The Shadow of Thy Wing.

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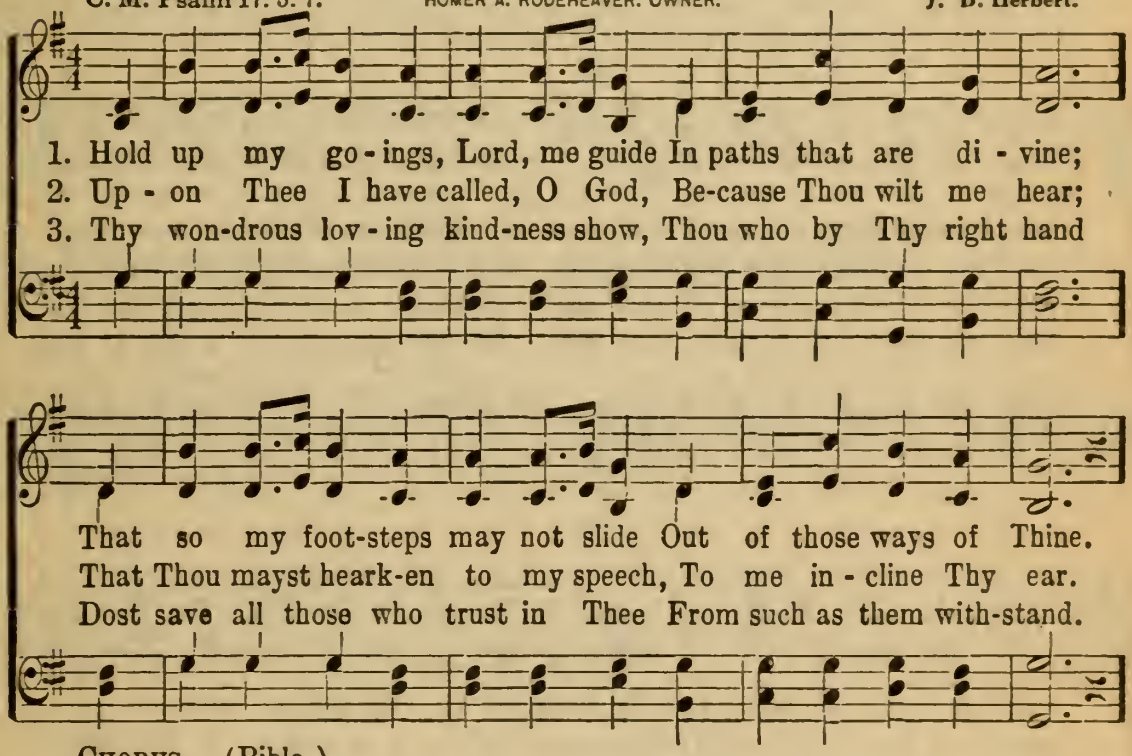
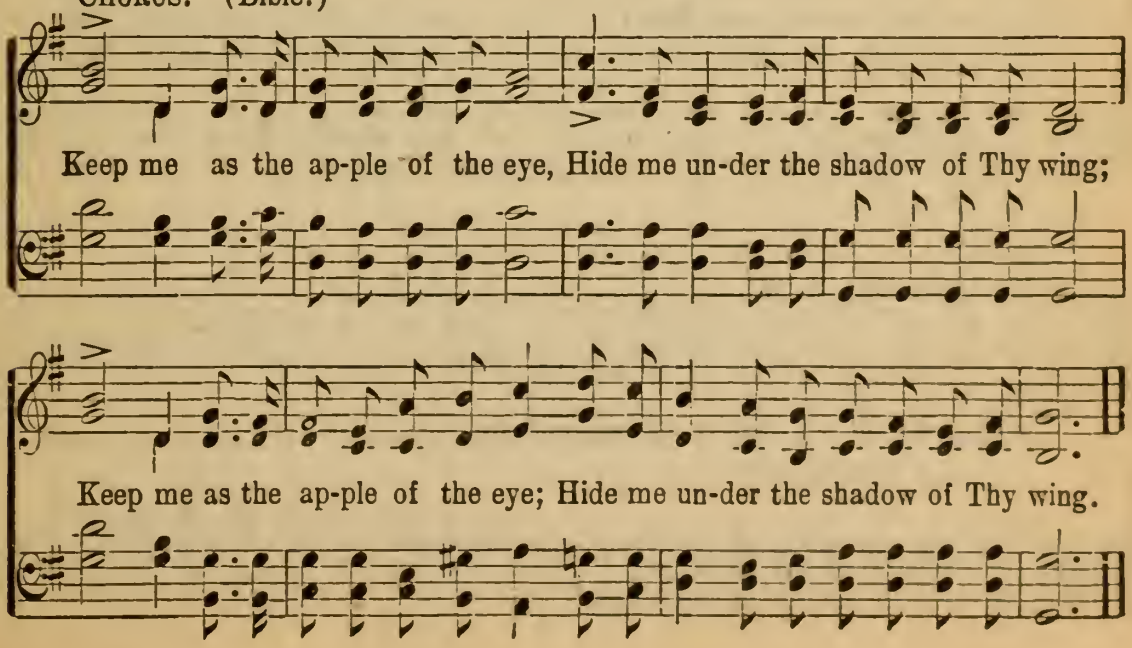
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

C. M. Psalm 17: 5: 7. J. B. Herbert.




CHORUS. (Bible.)



# My Savior First of All.

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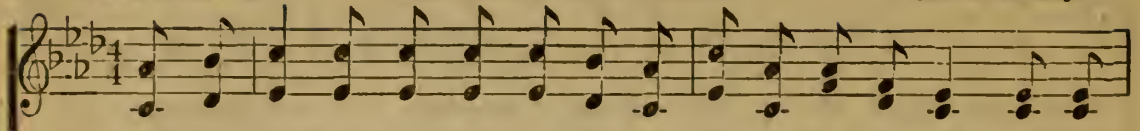
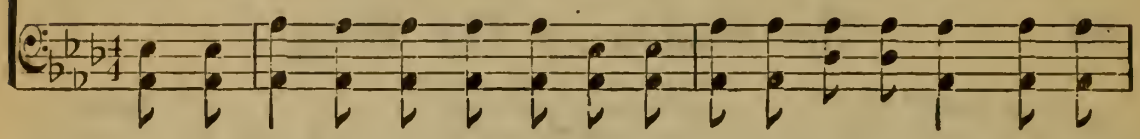
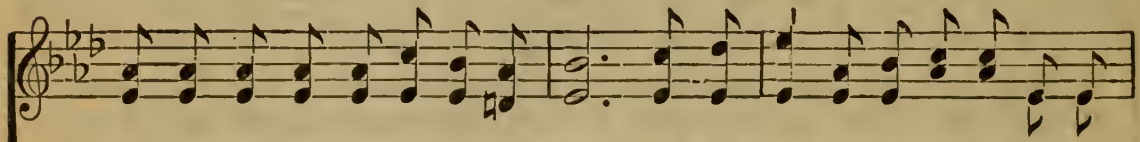
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

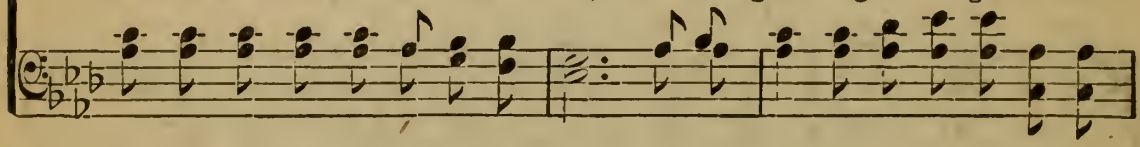


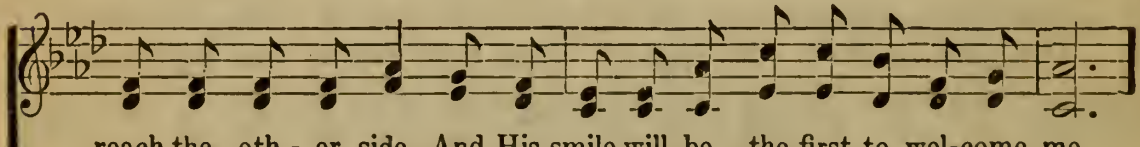
1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me, to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white He will



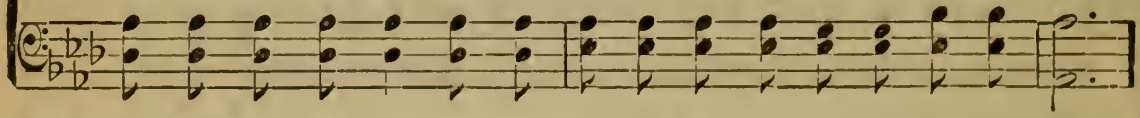


bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus - ter of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

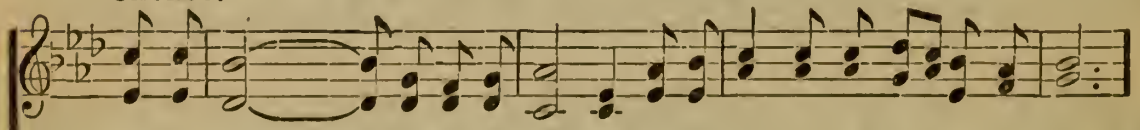




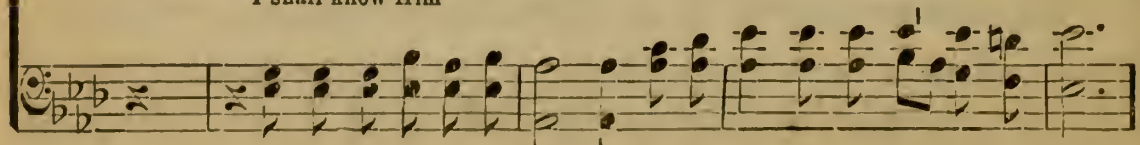
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.



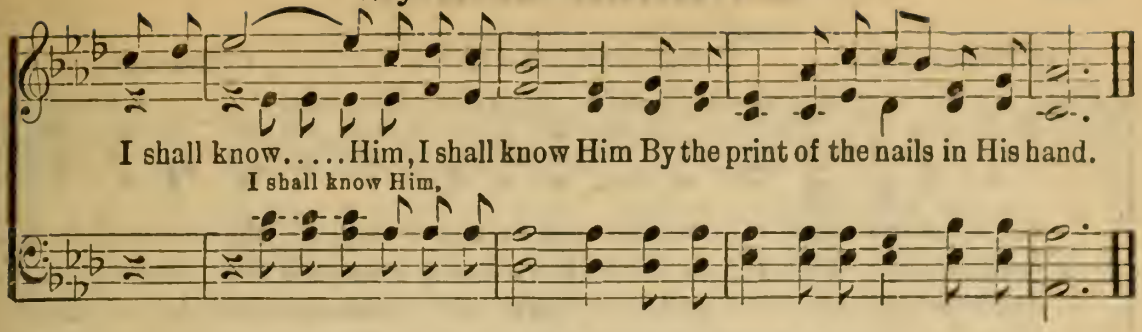
CHORUS.



I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand.
I shall know Him



## My Savior First of All.




## 35 He Did So Much For Me.

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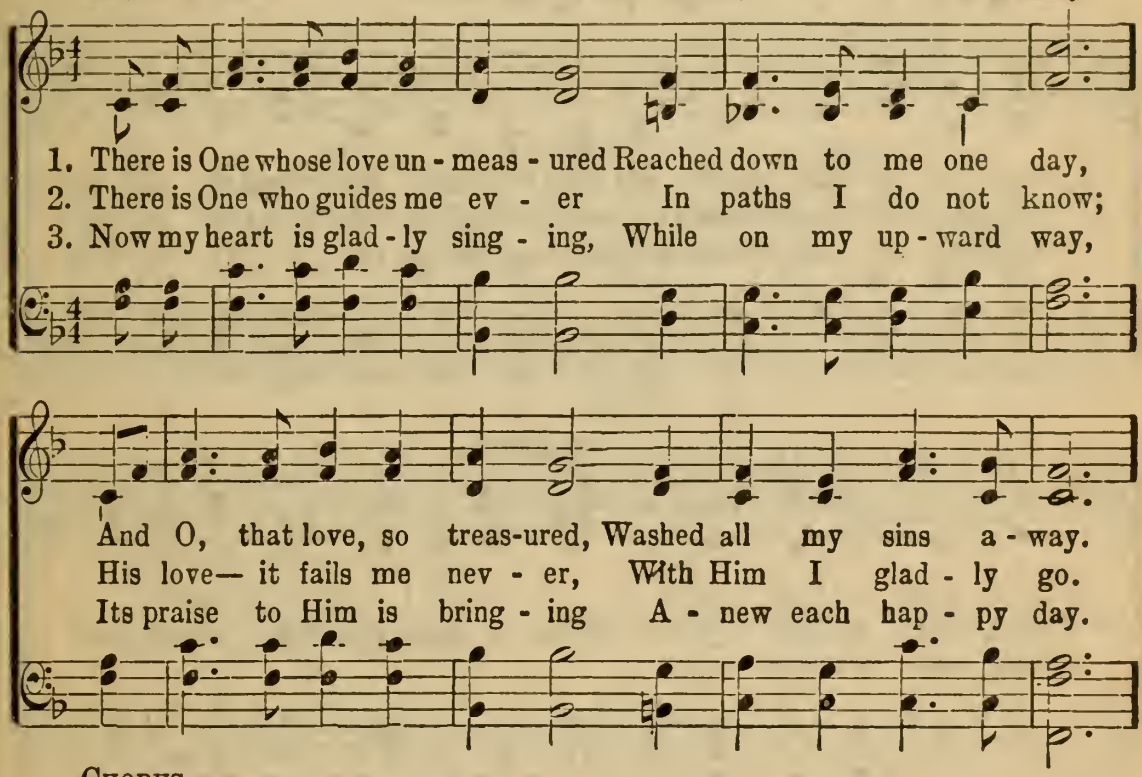
Rev. W. C. Poole. H. A. Henry.

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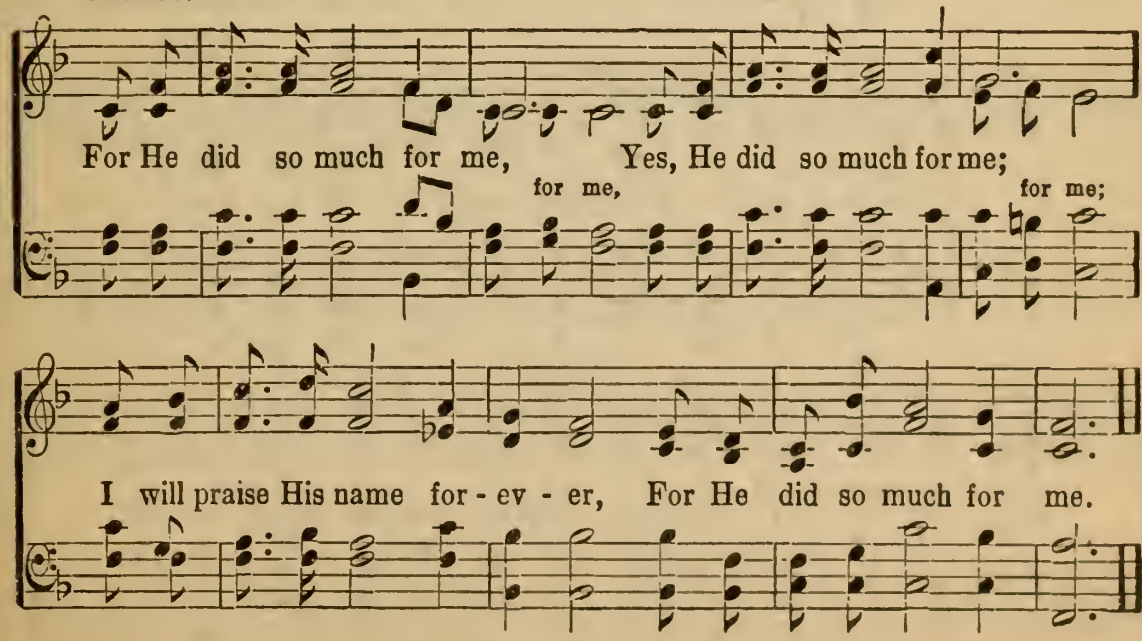

# What About You?

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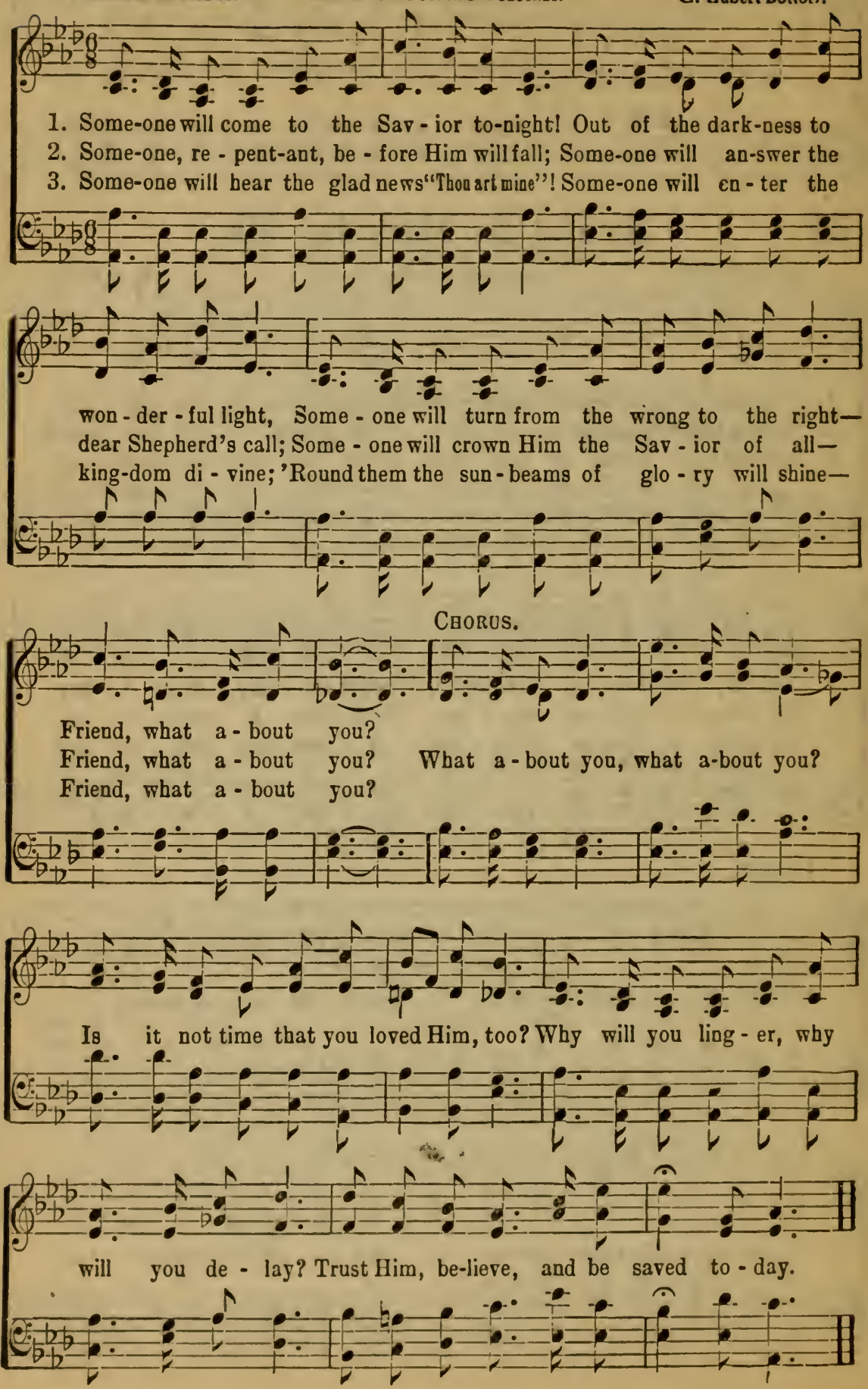
Charlotte G. Homer. C. Hubert Bottorf.



# Is It the Crowning Day?

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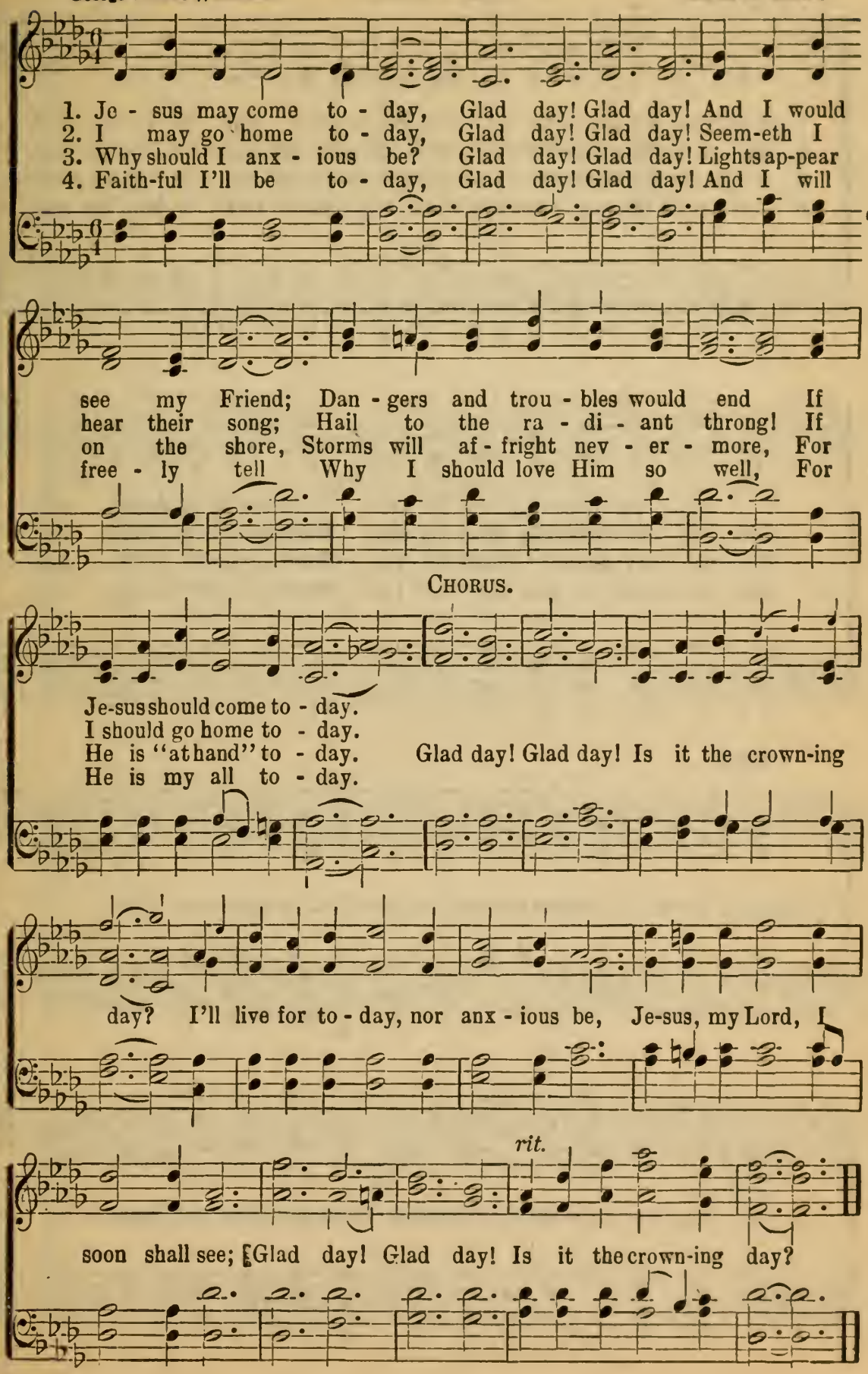
George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.



# When You Know Jesus, Too.

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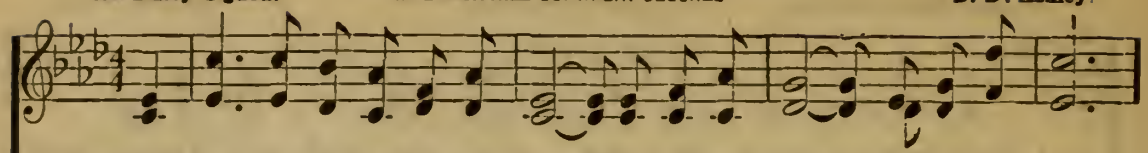
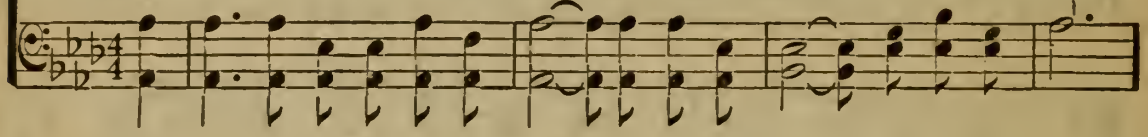
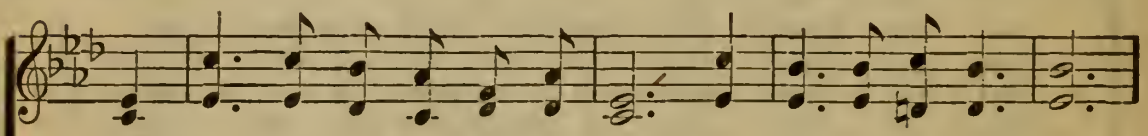
Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

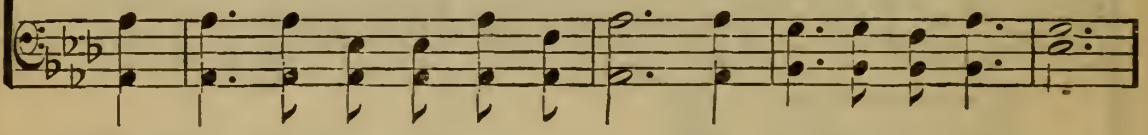


1. When you my Je-sus un-der -stand, When you ac - cept His lov-ing hand,
2. His joy will gladden ev-'ry day, His bless-ing shine a-long the way,
3. You'll see His mercy thro' your tears, His peace will hal - low all the years,
4. You'll know His way is al-ways best, And glad-ly leave to Him the rest,

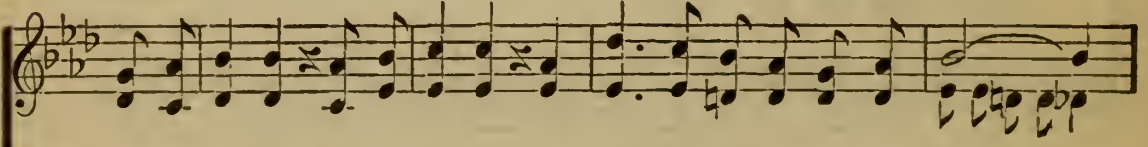




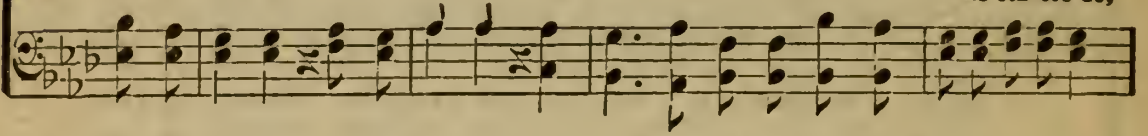
A hap - py morn will dawn for you, When you know Je-sus, too.
And you will share His prom-ise true, When you know Je-sus, too.
The val - ley holds no dread for you, When you know Je-sus, too.
And tell what He has done for you, When you know Je-sus, too.

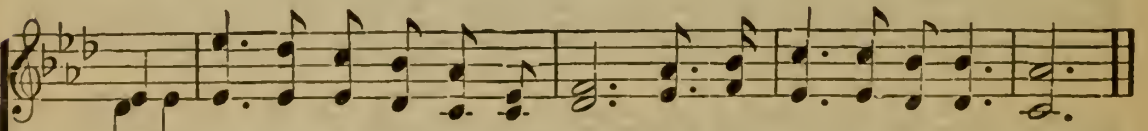


CHORUS

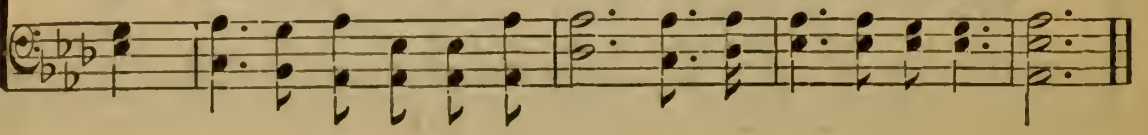


When you know Him, when you know Him You'll love Him just as oth-ers do;.....
as oth-ers do;





A hap - py morn will dawn for you When you know my Je-sus, too.



# My Heart Keeps Singing.

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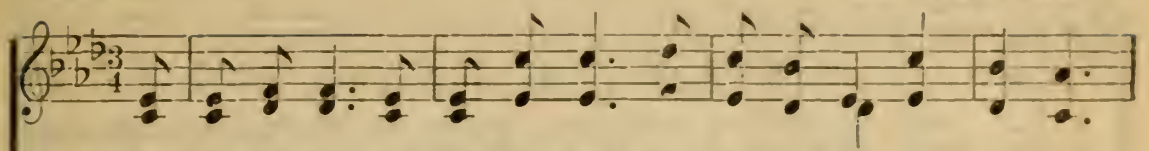
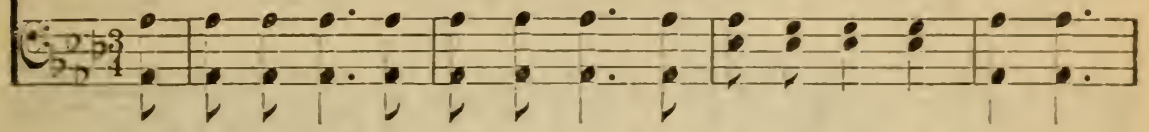
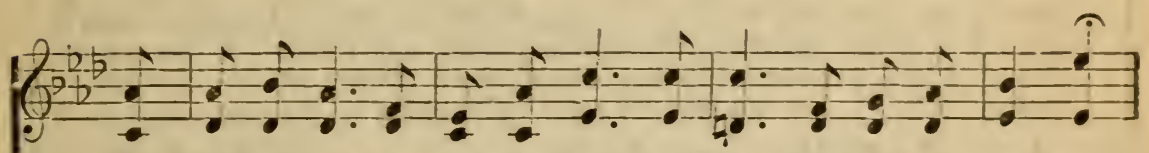
N. A. W. Nellie Albright Weber.

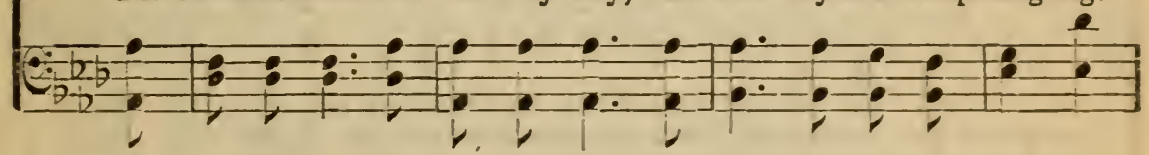


1. My life flows on in end-less song, Tho' shad-ows lie a-round me,
2. It mat-ters not if friend-ships wane, My Sav-iour chang-eth nev-er,
3. And when at times the way grows rough, As to His side I'm cling-ing
4. So as I go a-long my way, To me His love is bring-ing

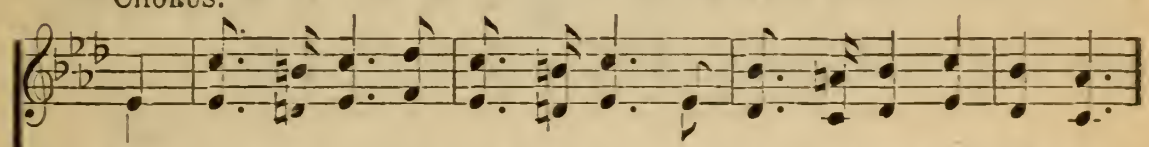




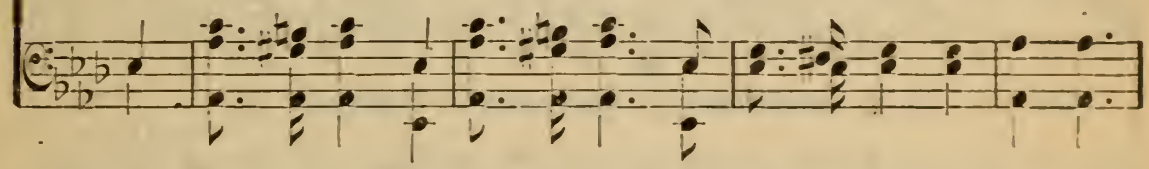
Tho' days are gray and nights are long And sor-rows oft' sur-round me.
With Him in Par-a-dise, I'll reign, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
I hear His voice and that's e-nough, To make my heart keep sing-ing.
The sweet-est com-fort ev-'ry day, And still my heart keeps sing-ing.



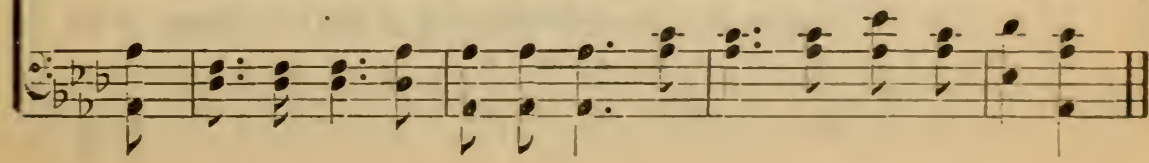
CHORUS.



For Je-sus is a friend so true, His love a foun-tain spring-ing.



And mu-sic sweet and ev-er new, With-in my heart keeps ring-ing.



# Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

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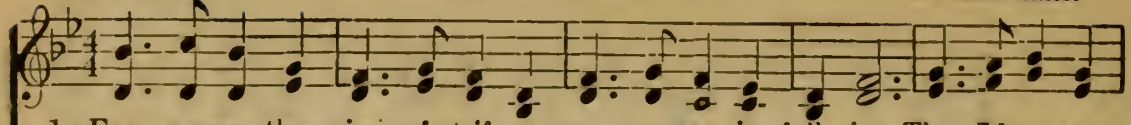
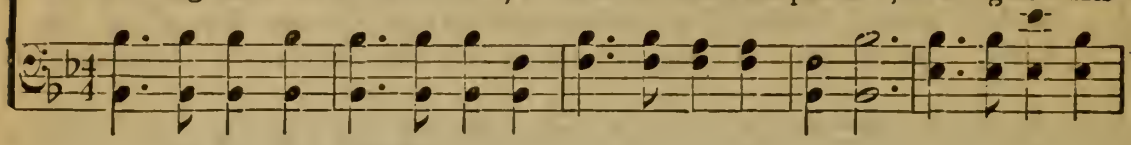
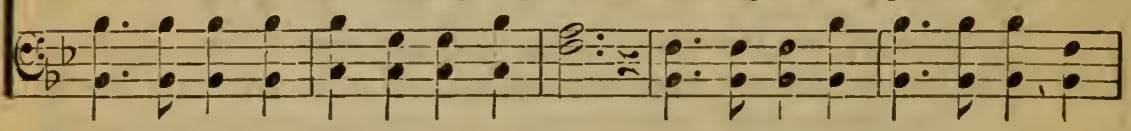
C. Austin Miles.



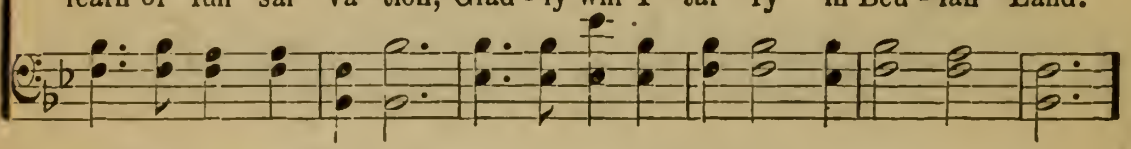
1 Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3 Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe-ly
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His



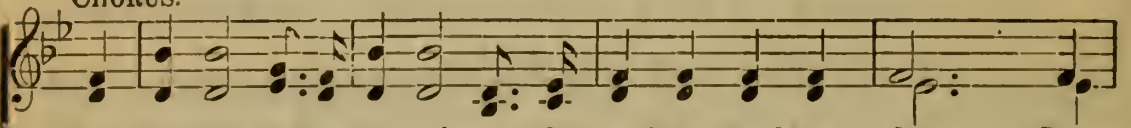
sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd; Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I



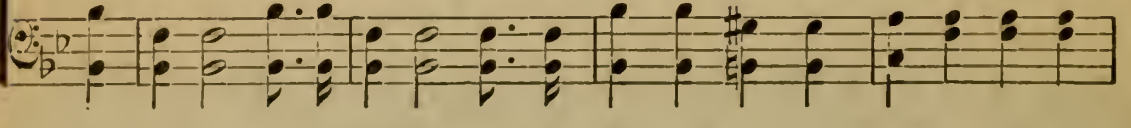
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth - ing there can reach me—'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.



CHORUS.

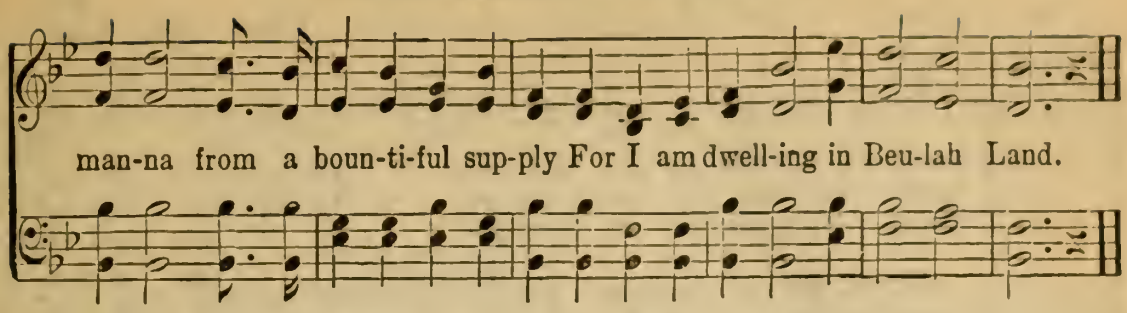


I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!



drink-ing at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

## Dwelling in Beulah Land.




## 41 The Unwritten Gospel.

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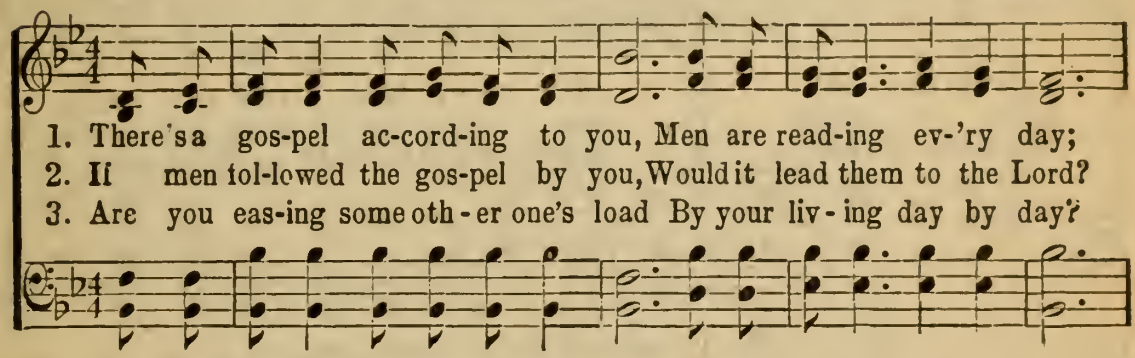
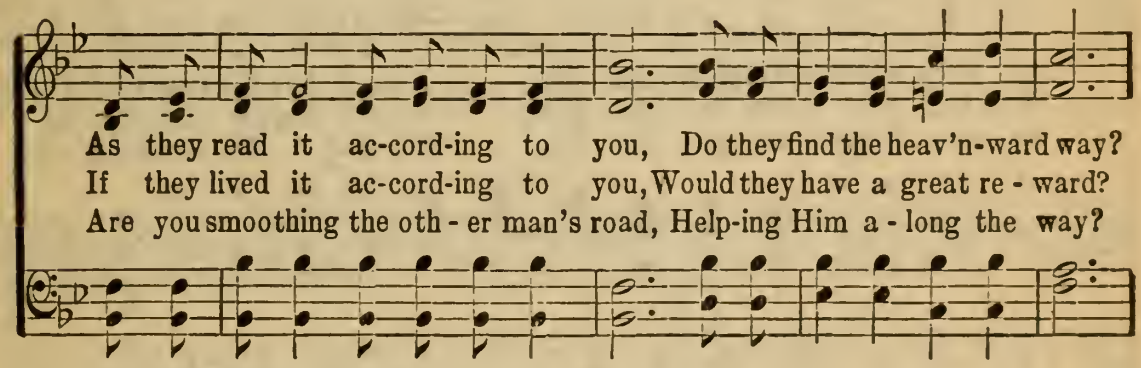
J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

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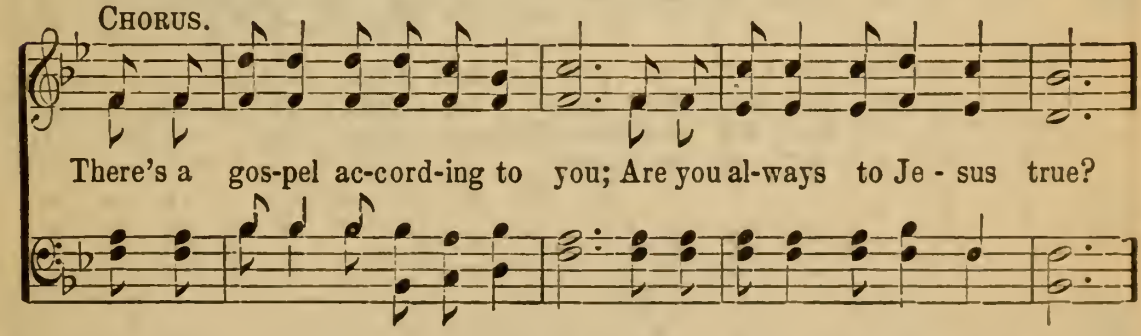
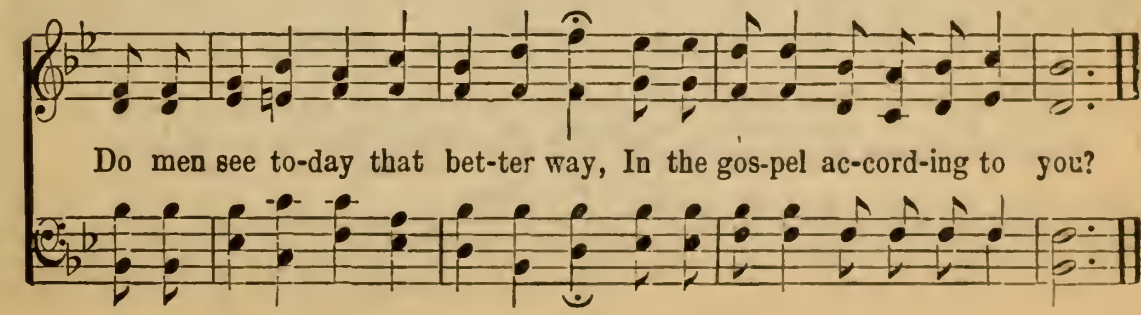


# I Heard of a Savior.

Rev. C. E. Cook. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON Nellie Albright Weber.

1. I heard of a won-der-ful Sav-ior, Whose home is be-
2. I heard He in-vit-ed us, broth-er, To that beau-ti-ful
3. I heard Him speak in a whis-per, I lis-tened and

yond the far sky In a cit-y of beau-ti-ful man-sions,
home up there, To live in one of those man-sions
heard His low call, I an-swered and now, O my broth-er,

A place called the Sweet Bye and Bye, I heard that His love was the
That He has gone to pre-pare, I tho't what a won-der-ful
To me He is all and in all, Oh, hear Him speak-ing, my

great-est, that ev-er a pen-i-tent knew, And that He was
Sav-ior to call from that home on high, To in-vite me to
broth-er, oh, lis-ten and hear His sweet voice, Ac-cept of

build-ing a man-sion Oh, broth-er for me and for you.
live in a man-sion, And dwell in the Sweet Bye and Bye.
one of those man-sions, Make Je-sus and heav-en your choice.

# 43 I Was a Wandering Sheep.

PASTOR BONUS

Horatius Bonar. Alfred J. Caldicott.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold,
2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;
3. No more a wan-dering sheep, I love to be con - trolled,

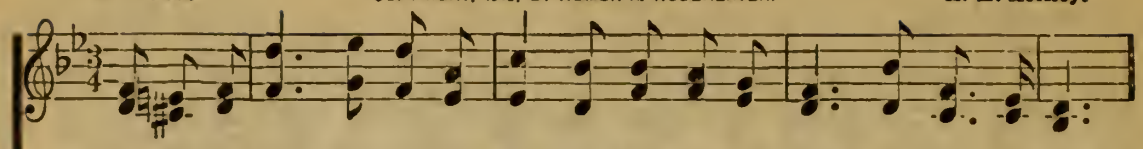
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled;
He fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-ert's waste and wild;
I love my ten - der Shep-herd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold;

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
He found me nigh to death, Fam-ished, and faint, and lone;
No more a way-ward child, I seek no more to roam;

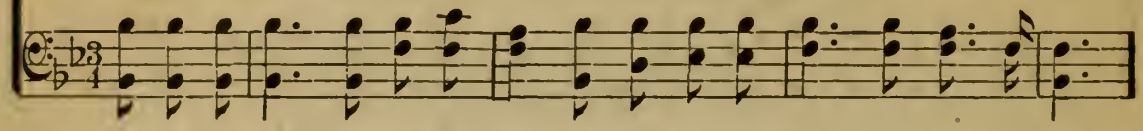
I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wan-dering one.
I love my heav'n-ly Fa - ther's voice, I love, I love His home!

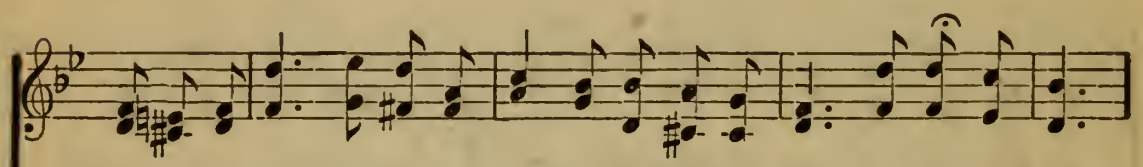
# He Knows the Way.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. A. H. Ackley.

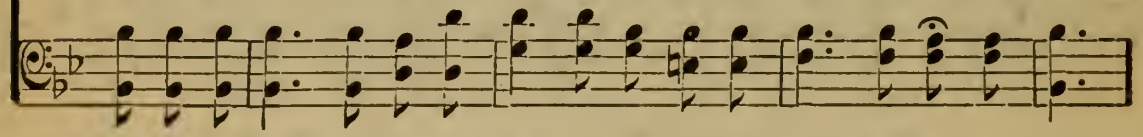


1. There is a Guide that nev-er fal-ters, And when He leads I can - not stray,
2. Oft-times the path grows dim and dreary, The darkness hides the cheer-ing ray,
3. He knows the e - vils that sur-round me, The turnings that would lead a-stray,
4. O heart weighed down with nameless anguish, O guilt-y soul torn with dis-may,

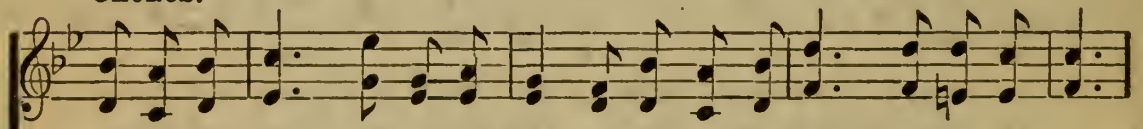




For step by step, He goes be - fore me, And marks my path, He knows the way.
Still I will trust tho' worn and wea - ry, My Sav-ior leads, He knows the way.
No foes of night can ere con-found me, For Je - sus leads, He knows the way.
Thine ev-'ry foe, His pow'r will vanquish, Let Je - sus lead, He knows the way.

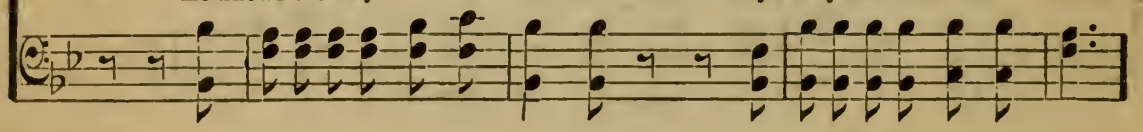


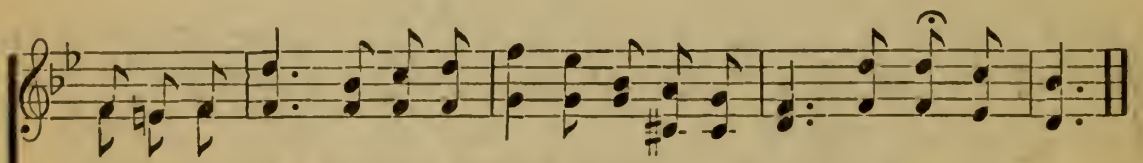
CHORUS.



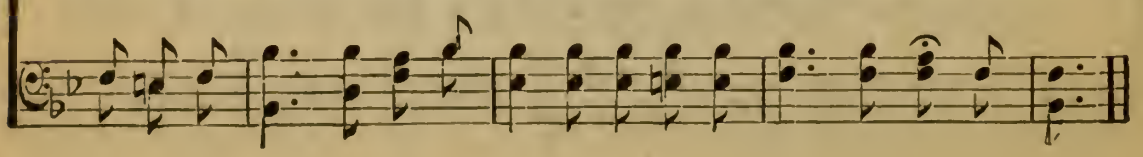
He knows the way that leads to glo - ry; Thy ev -'ry fear He will al - lay,

He knows the way Thy ev-'ry fear





And bring thee safe at last to heav-en, Let Je-sus lead, He knows the way.



# Better Each Day.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I love Him each day far bet - ter Than ev - er I've
2. My joy is a name - less glo - ry, The star of my
3. I hold with Him sweet com - mun - ion, And more of His

loved Him be - fore; I'm learn-ing the bless - ed se - cret
Hope bright-er grows; The soul of my life is Je - sus,
beau - ty I see; The win-dows of Heav - en o - pen,

CHORUS.

Of trust-ing Him more and more.
The Conq'ror of all my foes. I love Him each day far
Re - veal - ing His face to me.

bet - ter Than ev - er I've loved Him be - fore; I'm

learn-ing the bless - ed se - cret Of trust-ing Him more and more.

# I Want To See Jesus, Don't You?

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Ada Blenkhorn. Kem G. Bottorf.

1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious Sav - ior so true; On the cross for my sins He was cru - ci - fied:
2. When I'm wea-ry and faint He is al-ways near, With His joy He my strength doth re- new; And He comforts my heart, speaking words of cheer:
3. Ho - ly an-gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morning He guards me a - new; In the smile of His love doth my soul de - light:
4. He is fair - er than lil - y or rose to me, And His bless-ings fall soft as the dew; O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see:
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth pre-pare, And its beau - ty by faith I can view; First of all, when I en - ter that man-sion fair,

CHORUS.

I want to see Je-sus, don't you?.. I want to see Je-sus, don't you?....
don't you? don't you?

My Sav - ior so faith-ful and true;..... When I reach the strand
so faith - ful and true,

*rit.*

of that love-bright land, O I want to see Je - sus, don't you?.....
don't you?

# I'm a Pilgrim.

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HOMER A RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Mary S. B. Dana. J. B. Herbert.

*Duet.*

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing,
2. Of that cit - y to which I jour - ney, My Re - deem-er, my Re- deem-er is the Light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing,
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing, O my long-ing heart, my long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y

CHORUS.

To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing.
Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night! I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night!
I long have wandered for-lorn and wea - ry.

# Because He Loved Me So.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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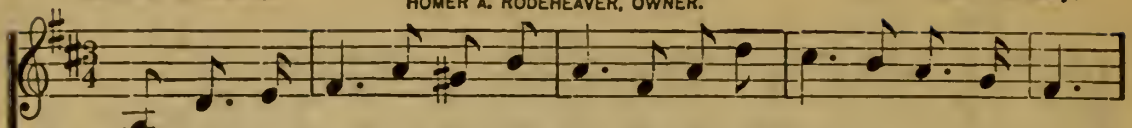
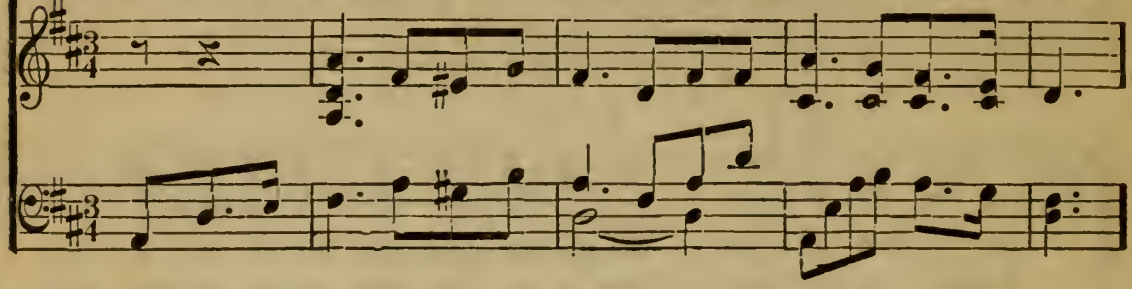
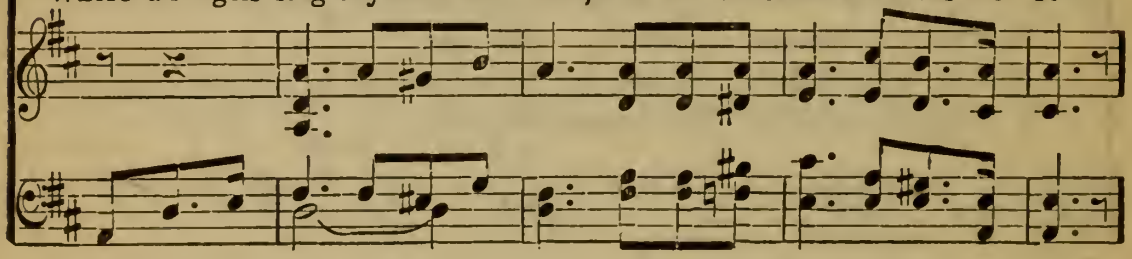
B. D. Ackley.



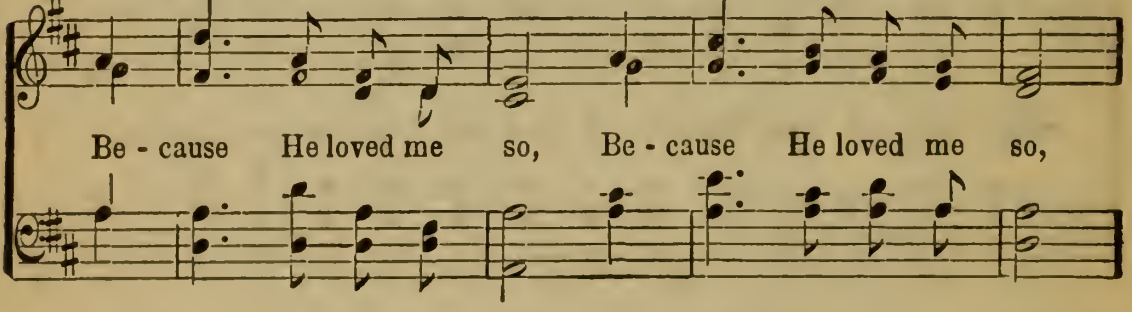
1. I oft - en stop and won-der why The King of realms be-yond the sky
2. His grace a - lone can fath-om sin, It makes the heart as white as snow;
3. His foot-steps lead me all the way, He guards my path wher-e'er I go,
4. His voice a - lone shall bid me come To heights supreme I long to know,



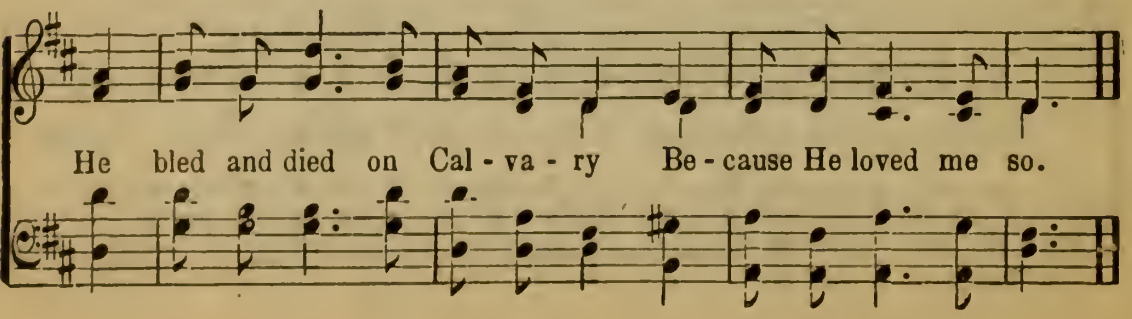
Should choose to live for me, and die— It was be-cause He loved me so.
He plants the light of love with-in, And all be-cause He loves me so.
He turns earth's darkest night to-day, It is be-cause He loves me so.
Where an - gels sing my welcome home, And all be-cause He loves me so.



CHORUS.



Be - cause He loved me so, Be - cause He loved me so,



He bled and died on Cal - va - ry Be - cause He loved me so.

# 49 Every Day I Need Thee More.

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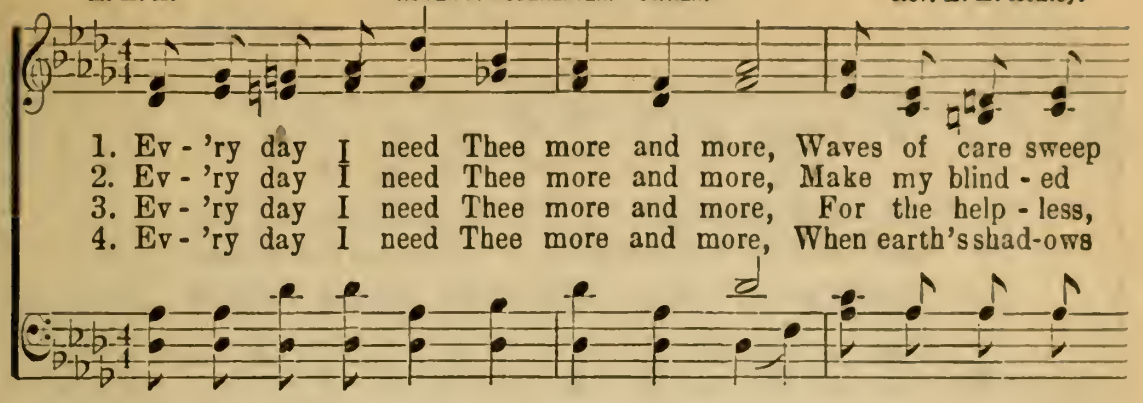
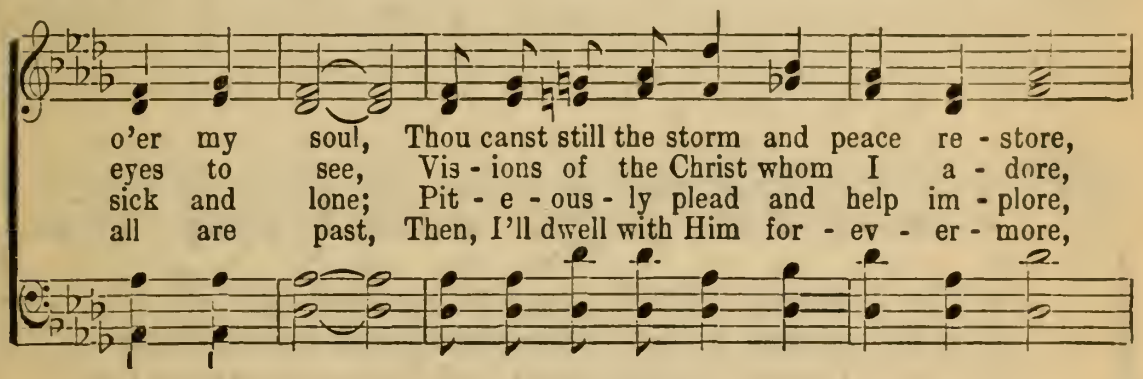
A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

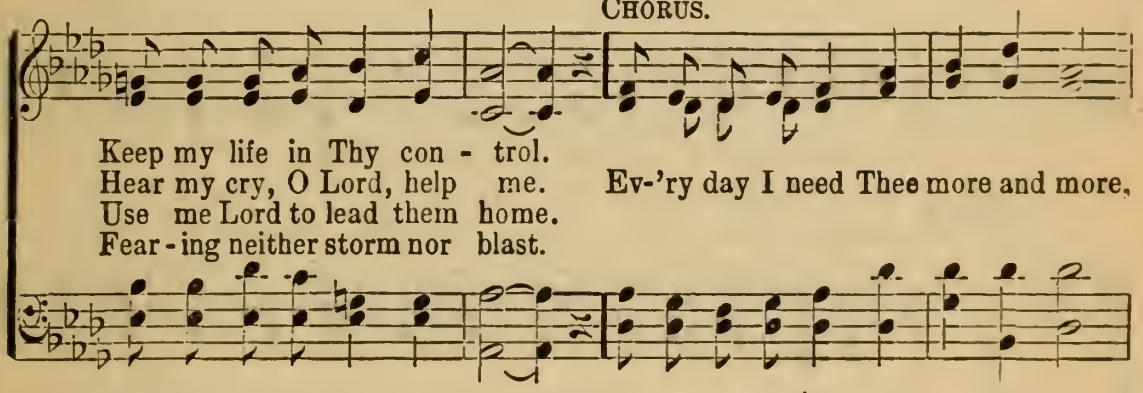


1. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep
2. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, Make my blind - ed
3. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, For the help - less,
4. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, When earth's shad-ows



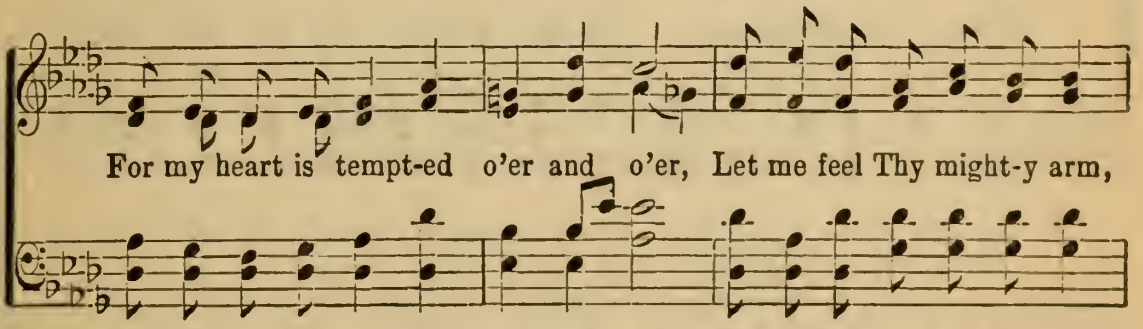
o'er my soul, Thou canst still the storm and peace re - store,
eyes to see, Vis - ions of the Christ whom I a - dore,
sick and lone; Pit - e - ous - ly plead and help im - plore,
all are past, Then, I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

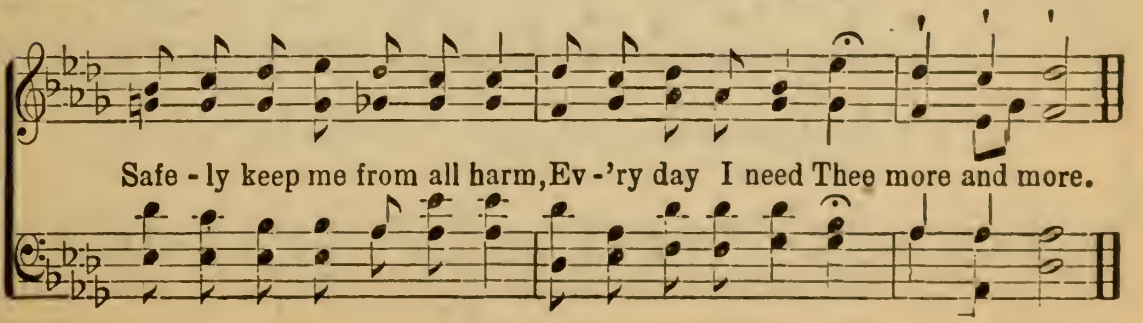


Keep my life in Thy con - trol.
Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Use me Lord to lead them home.
Fear - ing neither storm nor blast.

Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more,



For my heart is tempt-ed o'er and o'er, Let me feel Thy might-y arm,



Safe - ly keep me from all harm, Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more.

# I'll Follow God Alway.

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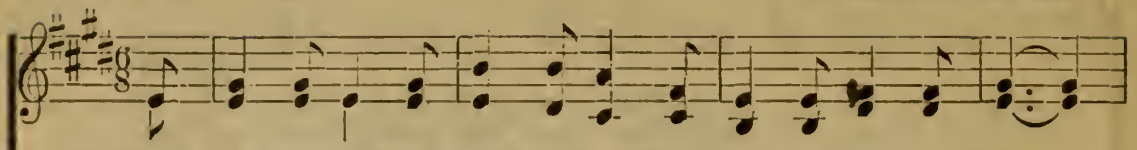
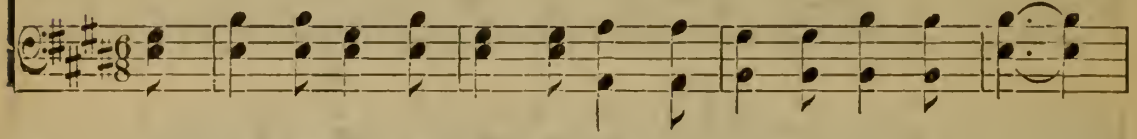
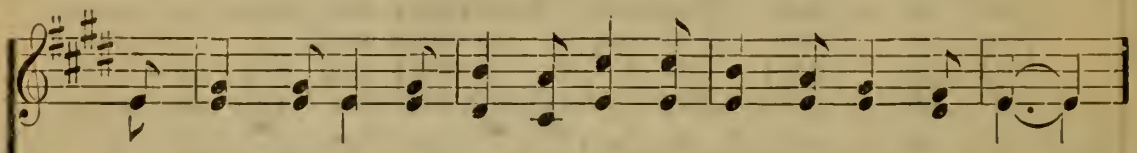
G. W. A. Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

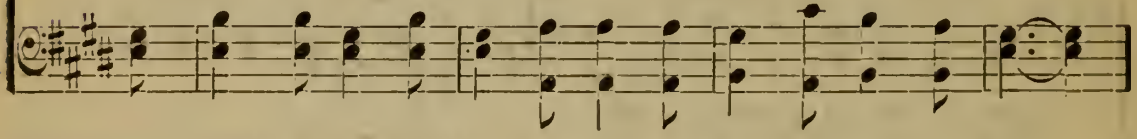


1. From bit - ter grief has come a joy That sweetens all my way,
2. In wear - i - ness I find sweet rest That makes each loss seem gain,
3. Mid sorrow's tears I find a smile That forms a rain-bow clear,

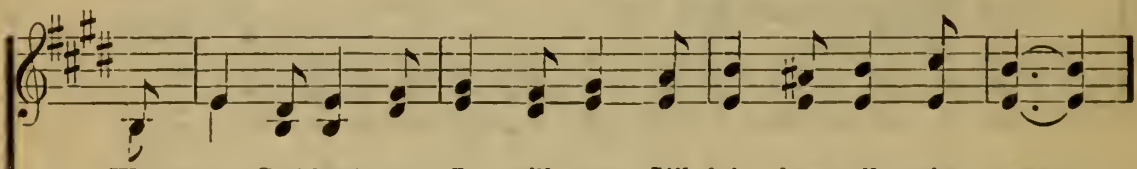




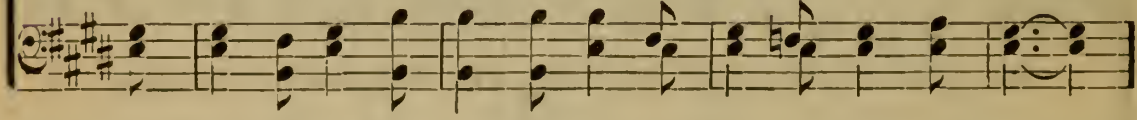
From pierc - ing pain I gained a peace That gladdened all my way.
In troub - les deep I find a song Like heaven's sweet re-frain.
And vic - t'ry comes thro' sad de-feat, And heav'n to earth draws near.

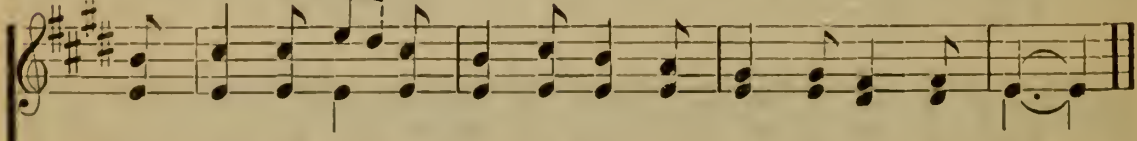


CHORUS.

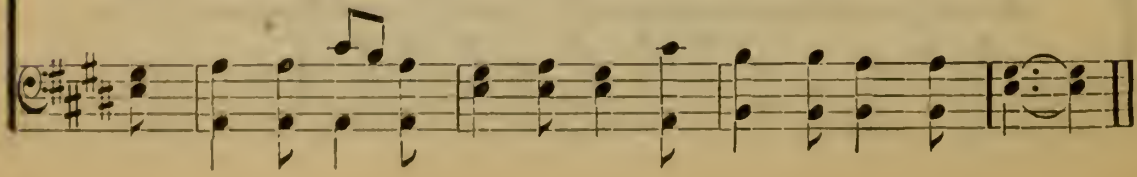


Where ere God leads me I will go I'll fol - low all the way;





The dark - est night with Him is light; I'll fol - low God al - way.



# 51 I Shall Dwell Forever There.

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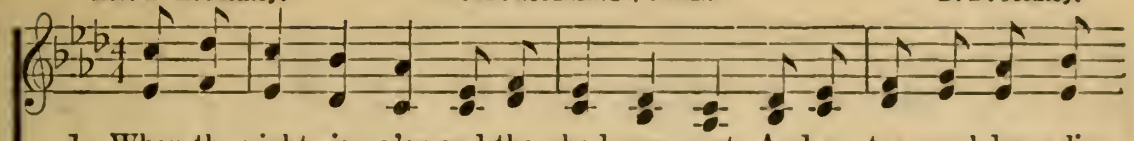
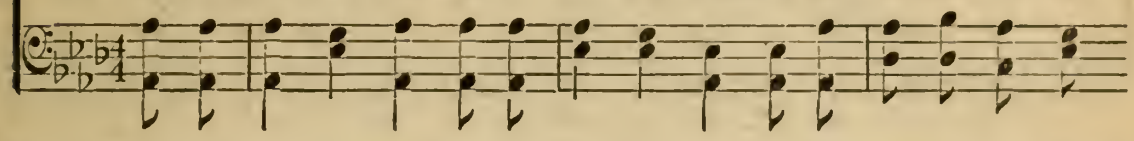
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER

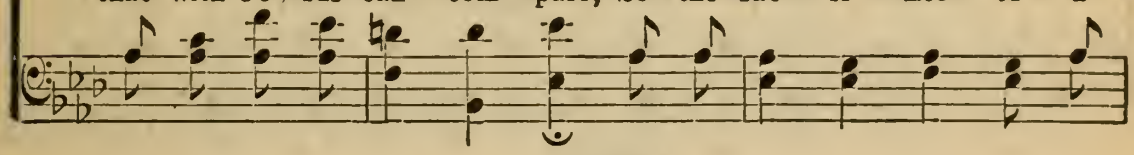
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.



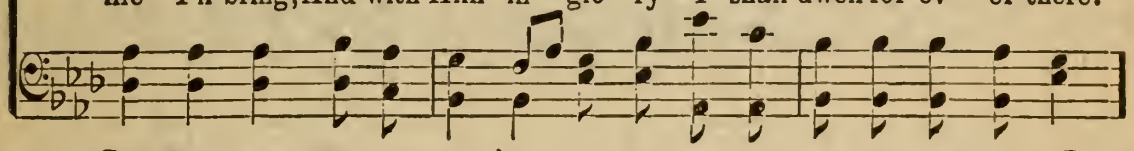
1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sovereign



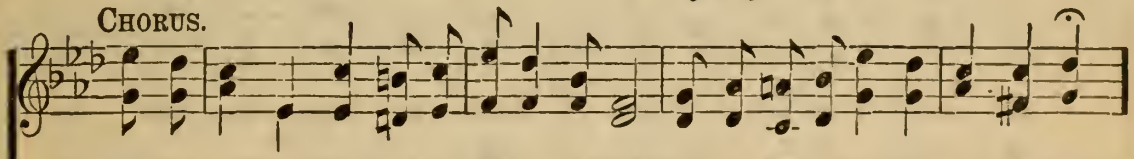
pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
with fore-bod - ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a



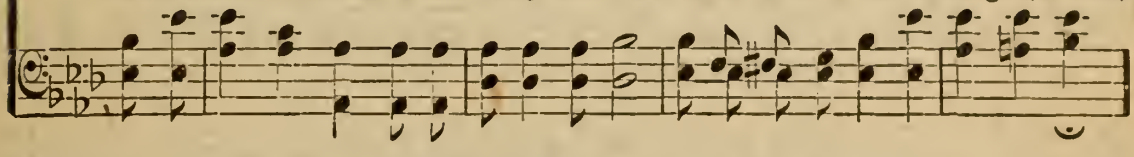
rest at last, In the land of E - den I shall dwell for-ev - er there.
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for-ev - er there.
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for-ev - er there.



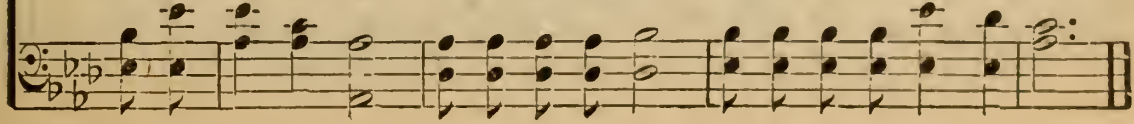
CHORUS.



I shall walk the streets of the Cit-y of God With its Tree of Life so bright, so fair;



There will be no night—Je-sus is the Light—I shall dwell for-ev - er there.



# I Only Need to Trust Him More.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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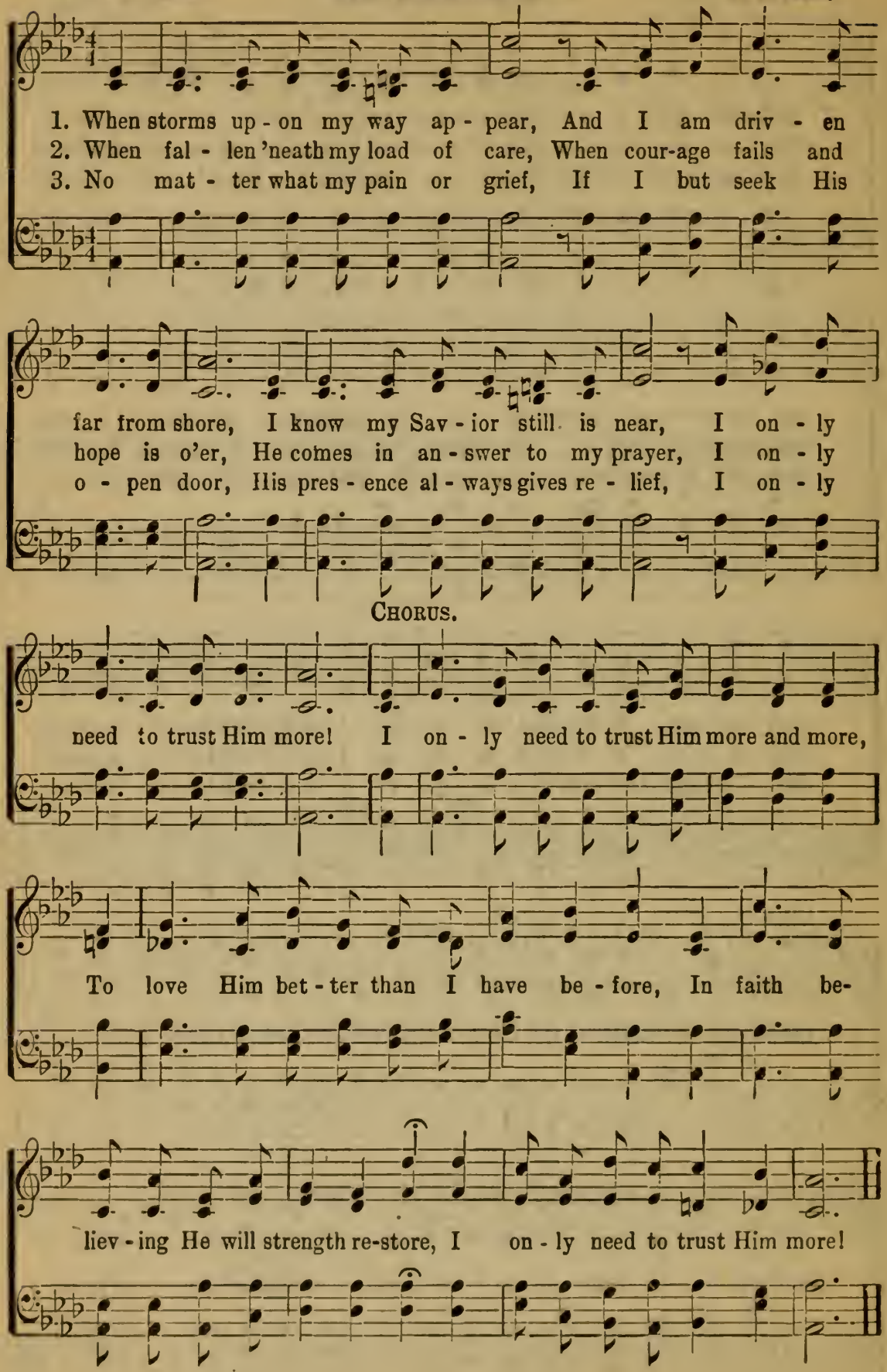
B. D. Ackley.



# 53 Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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B. D. Ackley.

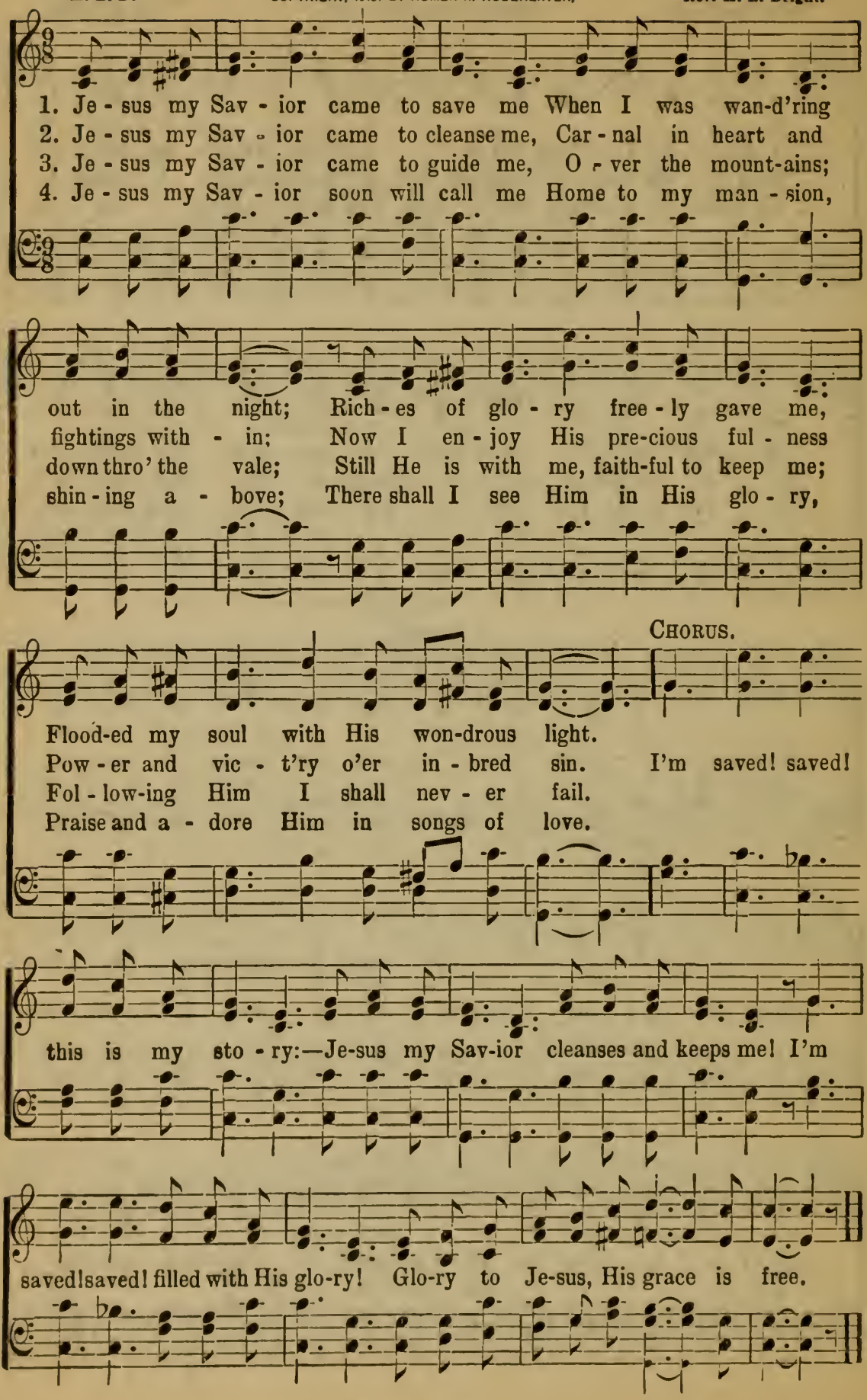
1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and free, And tho' I wan - dered far a - way, My moth - er's pray'rs have fol - lowed me.
2. O'er des - ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der - er I chose to be, A wretch-ed soul con - demned to die, Still moth - er's pray'rs have fol - lowed me.
3. He turned my dark-ness in - to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal - va- ry, I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth - er's pray'rs have fol - lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world thro'.

CHORUS.

I'm com - ing home, I'm com - ing home, To live my wast - ed life a - new, For moth - er's

# Saved!

H. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1913. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Rev. H. E. Bright.



# 55 Trusting Him All the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

Maud E. Bright. Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

1. My soul is at rest with my Sav - ior, He ten - der - ly guards me from harm; Tho' bil - lows of sin rage a - round me,
2. Temp - ta - tions a - round me may gath - er, And waves of af- flic - tion may roll; Yet Je - sus will strength-en and com - fort
3. In rap - ture at last I'll be - hold Him, The Sav - ior I love and a - dore; With Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty's a - ges

CHORUS.

He shields me from ev - 'ry a - larm.
When sor - rows sweep o - ver my soul. Trust-ing my all to
I'll rest on that beau - ti - ful shore.

Je - sus, Trust - ing thro' night and day, Trust - ing His in - fi - nite wis - dom, Trust - ing Him all the way.

# We Have an Anchor.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit - y of

fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from His heart to mine,
have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our la - test breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'nly shore,

REFRAIN.

Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an an - chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the

Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

# 57 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

COPYRIGHT. 1893. BY CHAS H. GABRIEL.
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J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When His chos-en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the

3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up yon - der When the roll.....
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,
When the roll
is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

# Singing All the Time.

D. R. van Sickle.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My heart is sing-ing all the time, I can-not fear,
2. My heart is sing-ing all the time, Let come what may,
3. My heart is sing-ing all the time, Tho' struggling here,

I can-not fear,

I can-not doubt, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And fills my life with-in, with-out; Oh, how hap-py are the mo-ments as I call up-on His name, And how bless-ed are the prom-is-es which in His book I claim. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For
'tis but His will, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And cares for me thro' good or ill; Oh, how sweet it is to trust Him—just to lean up-on His arm, For He's pa-tient, lov-ing, ten-der, and will shield me from all harm. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For
my home's above, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And all is giv'n to Him I love; Oh, this world is dark and gloom-y in the light of Cal-va-ry, And its joys have lost their sweet-ness since the light shone in-to me. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For

I can-not doubt,

## Singing All the Time.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is a Friend of mine. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, Is

sing-ing all the time, My faith in Him is staid, And, be-

sing-ing, sing-ing all the time,

cause I'm not a - fraid, My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time.

## 59 Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

*p* *pp*

fce - ble,—Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!

# Give Him a Chance and See.

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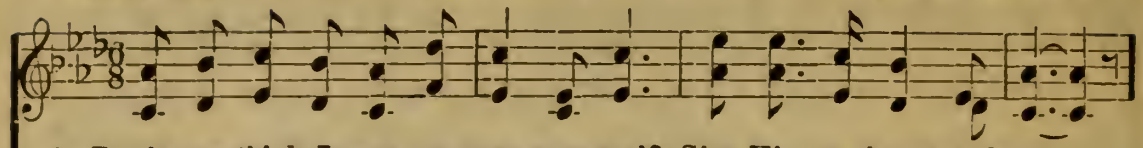
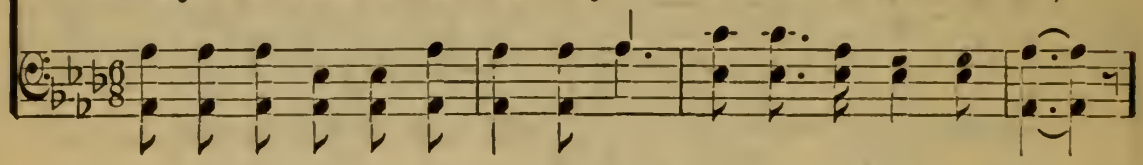
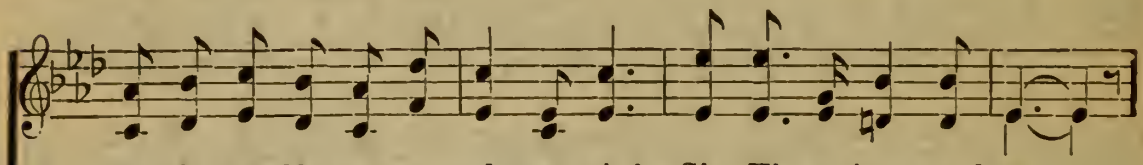
Susan R. Peck. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

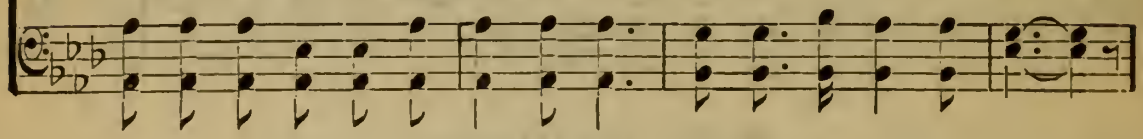


1. Don't you think Je-sus can save your soul? Give Him a chance and see;
2. Don't you think Jesus will heed your prayer? Give Him a chance and see;
3. Don't you think Je-sus will keep His own? Give Him a chance and see;
4. Don't you think Je-sus has work for you? Give Him a chance and see;

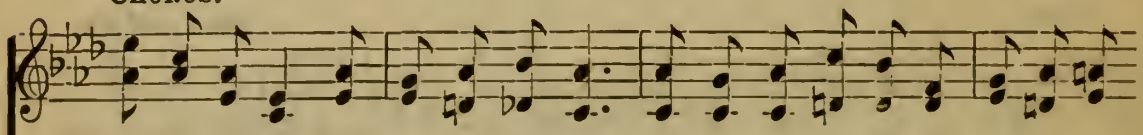




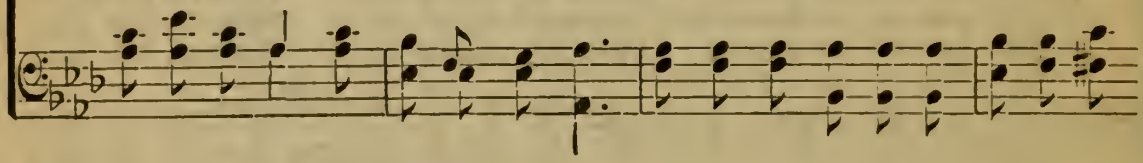
He who cured lep-ers can make you whole; Give Him a chance and see.
Tho' in the depths, He will meet you there; Give Him a chance and see.
Faultless present you be - fore His throne? Give Him a chance and see.
They who believe shall His own works do; Give Him a chance and see.

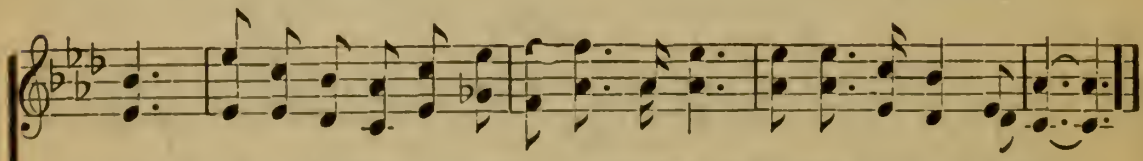


CHORUS.

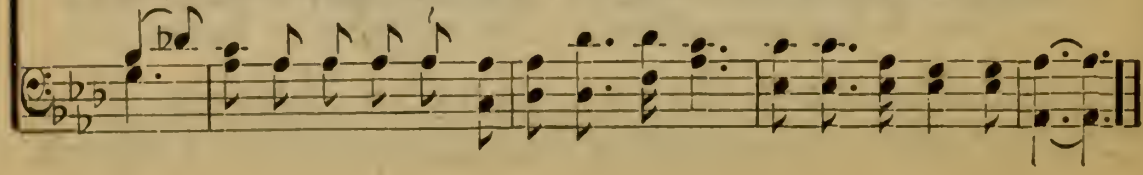


Give Him a chance, depend on His word; Ask and receive, you will surely be



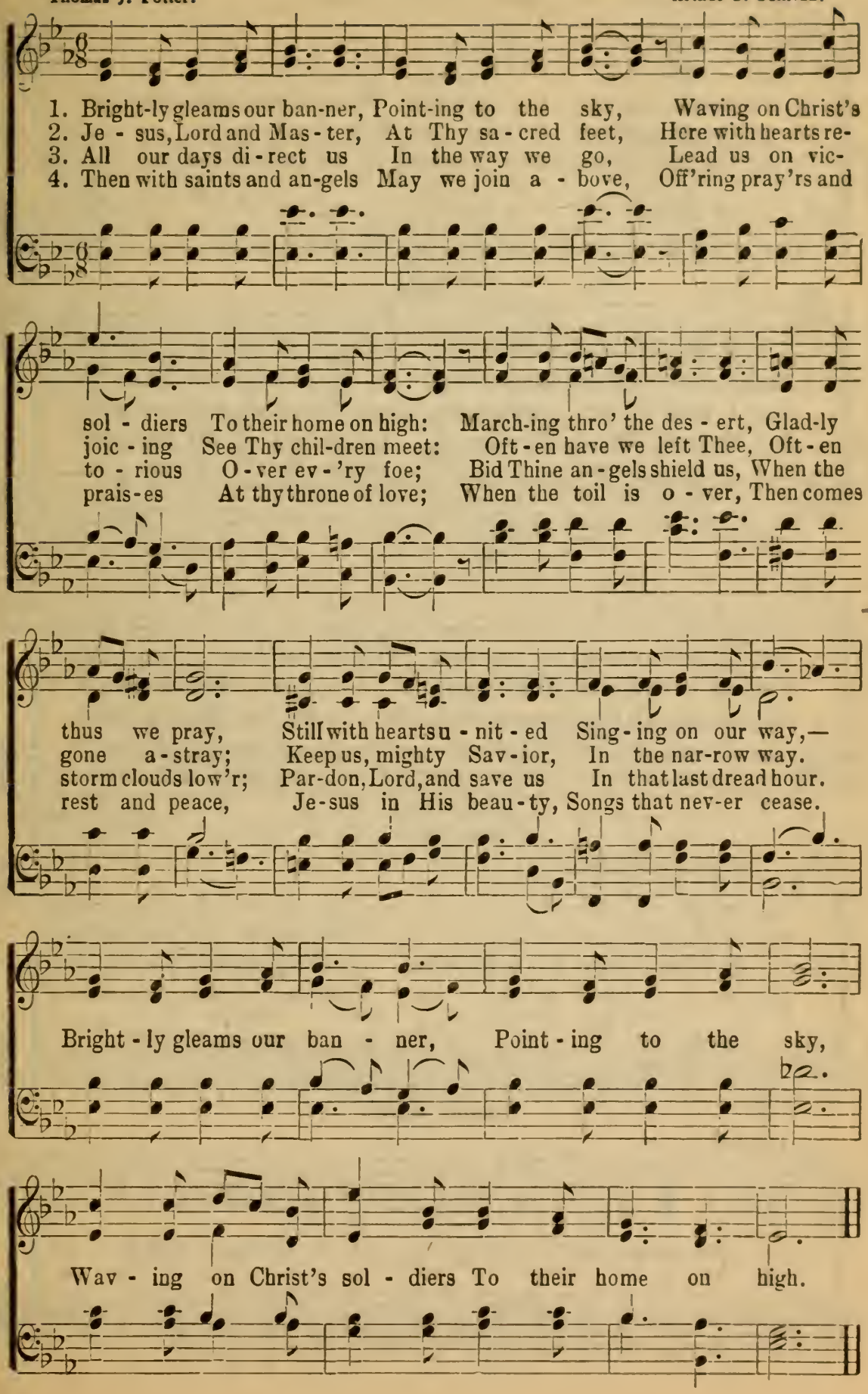


heard, Faithful and strong is our Sav-ior and Lord, Give Him a chance and see.



# 61 Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. Arthur S. Sullivan.



# At the Place of Prayer.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. At the place of pray'r I sought Him, When I heard His lov-ing call,
2. At the place of pray'r I found Him, With a par-don for my soul,
3. At the place of pray'r how pre-cious, Is the Sav-ior's keep-ing pow'r,

Kneeling there my sins con-fess-ing, Je-sus saved me from them all;
And I cried in my a-maze-ment, "Canst Thou e-ven make me whole!"
For the com-fort of His Spir-it, Is my joy of life each hour;

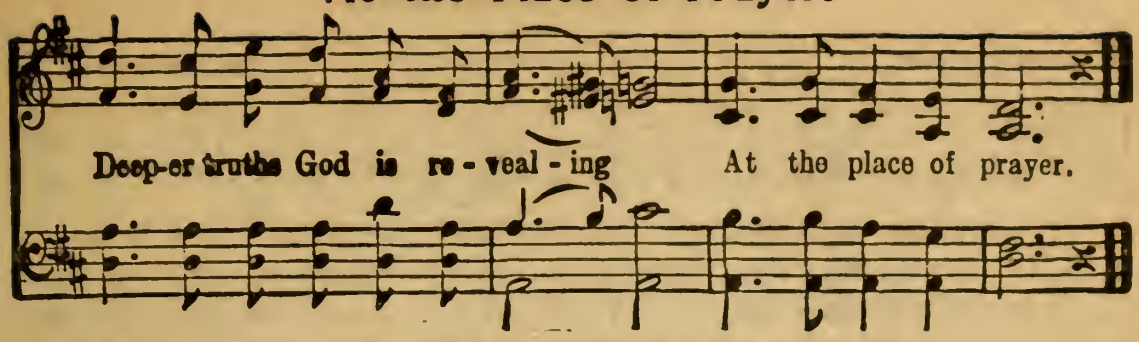
And my guilt-y heart so bur-dened, Was set free from earth-ly care,
Pointing to His cross He answered, "I for thee have suffered there,"
All the past His blood has cov-ered, Ev-'ry bur-den He will share,

For I found His grace suf-fi-cient, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
So by faith I found re-demp-tion, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
And no e-vil shall be-fall me, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.

CHORUS.

At the place of pray'r I'm kneel-ing, Life is sweet-est with Him there,

## At the Place of Prayer.




## 63 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

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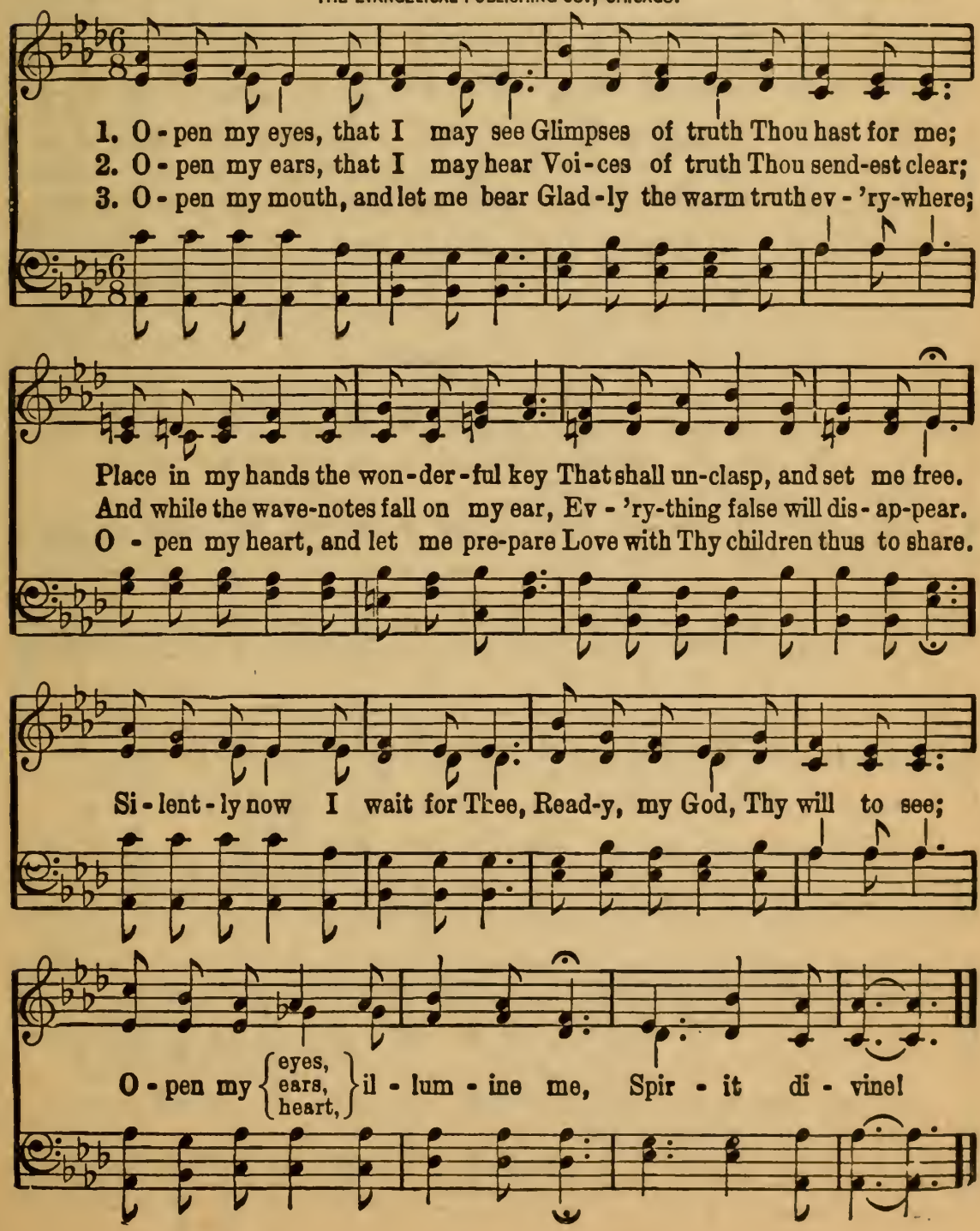
Chas. H. Scott.



# Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of his Spir - it, washed in His blood.

2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure now burst on my sight, An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my

3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long.

# Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

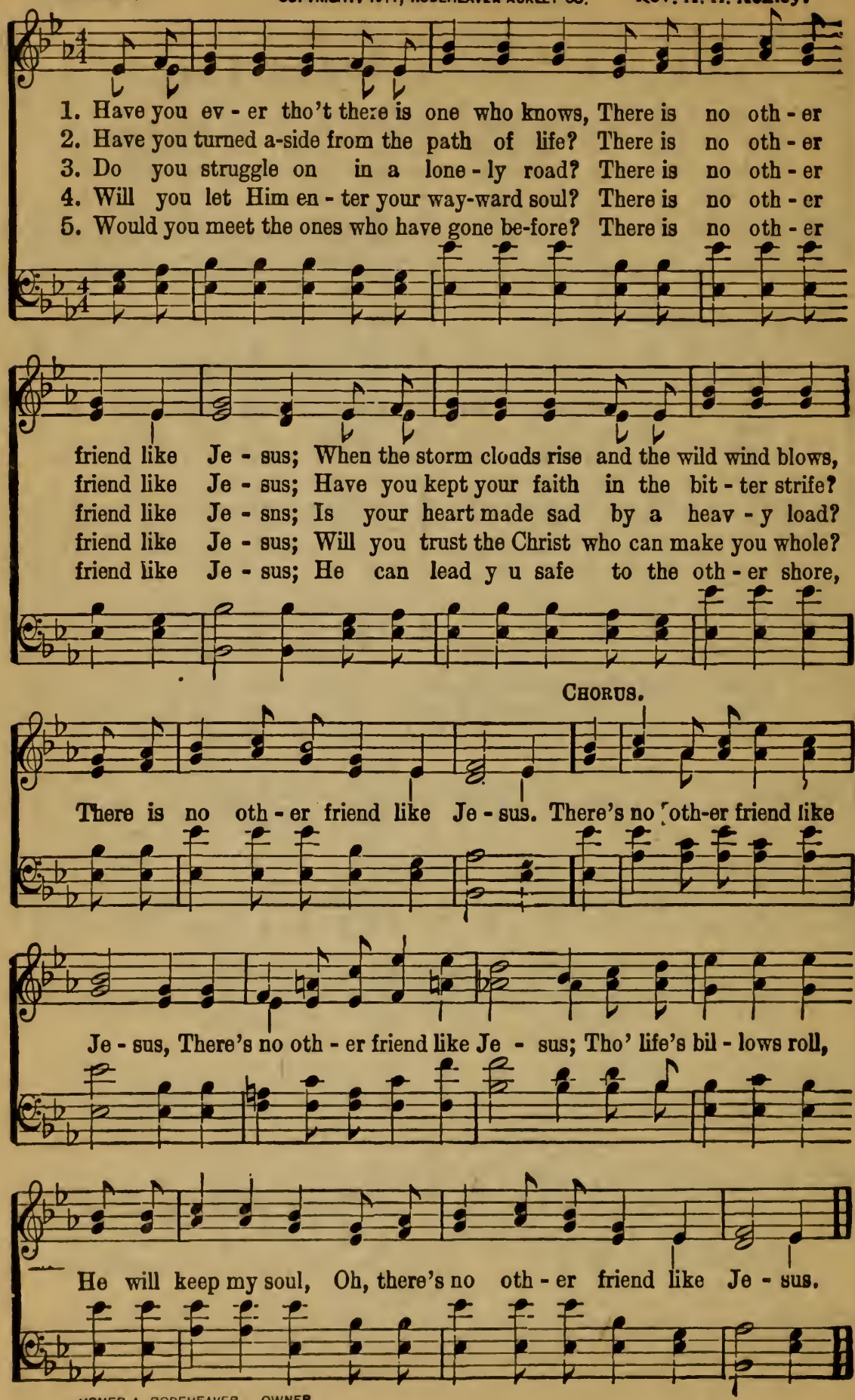
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call; Oh, give me that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

REFRAIN.

# No. 66. No Other Friend Like Jesus.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1911, RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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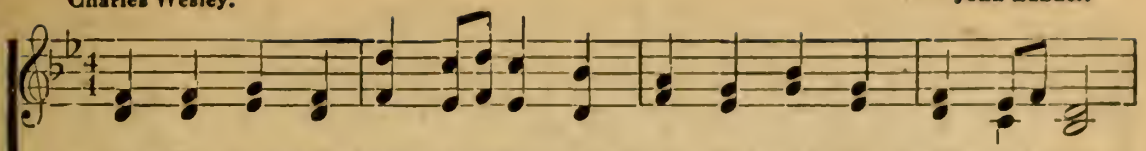
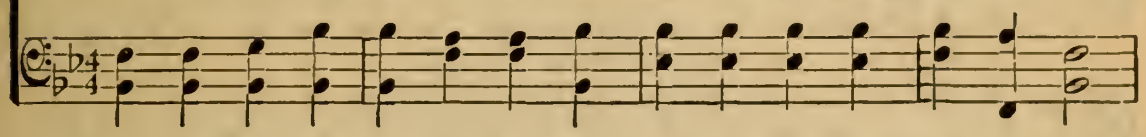
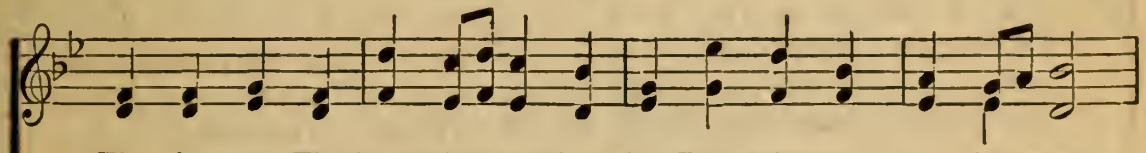
# Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

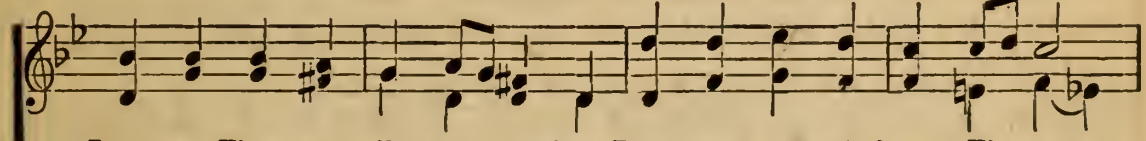


1. Love di - vine, all love ex-cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spirit In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot-less may we be;

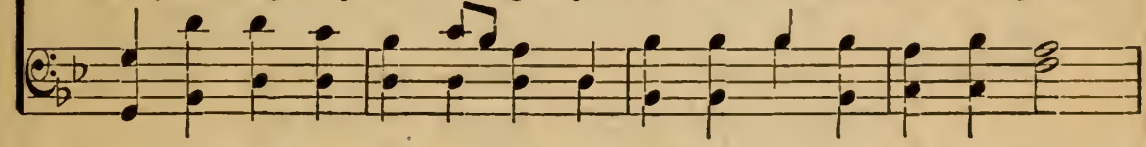


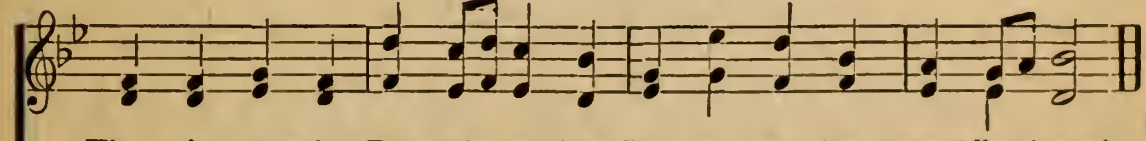


Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown;
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom-ised rest;
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev-er, Nev - er more Thy tem-ples leave;
Let us see our whole sal - va-tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee;

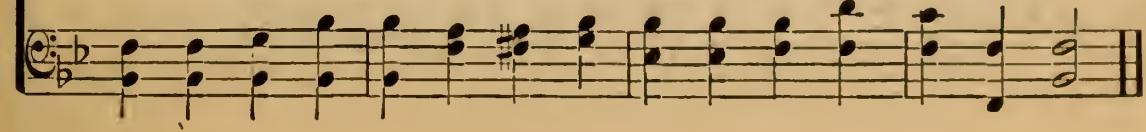


Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo-ry; Till in heav'n we take our place;





Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart!
End of faith, as its be-gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love!
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise!



# Drifting Down.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1898. BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the homeland shore give you warn-ing o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic-es from the homeland shore fainter grow, as they im-plore, You are

drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; You are drift-ing with the tide, to the
drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; Soon be-yond the har-bor bar will your
drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down; O my brother, do not wait; heed them

o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift - ed, drift - ed down.

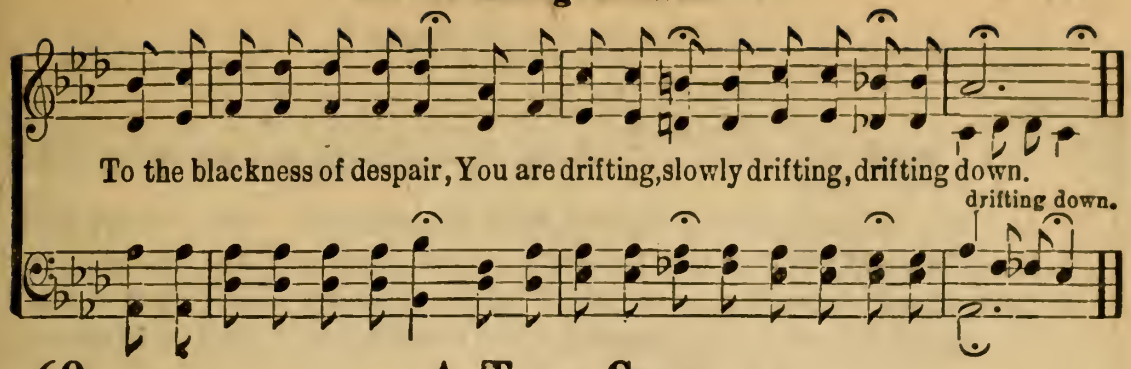
CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, you are slow - ly drift-ing down

*rit.* *a tempo.*

dark and aw-ful sea; You are drift - ing down From a Father's loving care,
You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing,

## Drifting Down.

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## A Trust Song.

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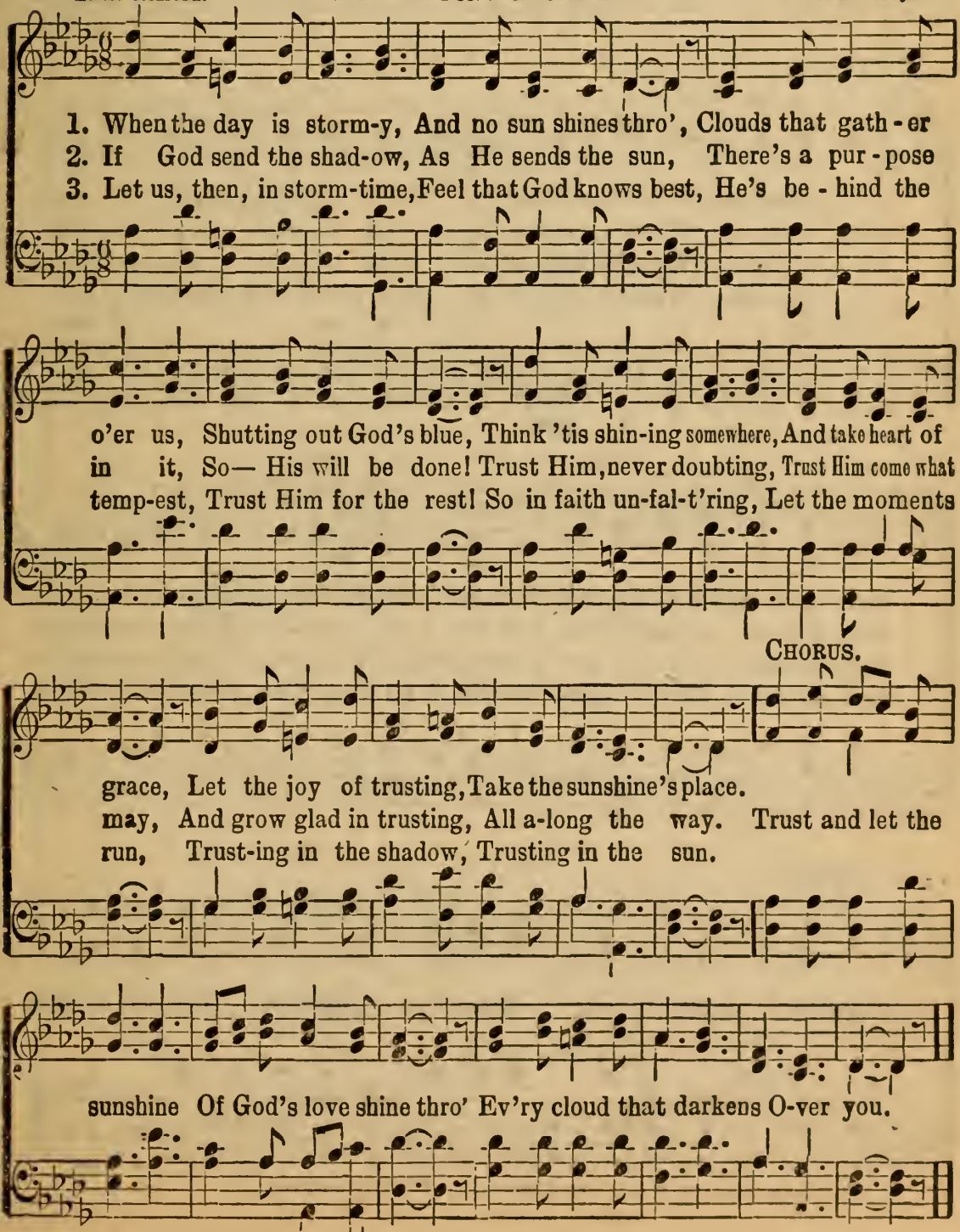
E. E. Rexford. H. A. Henry.



# When Love Shines In.

COPYRIGHT. 1902. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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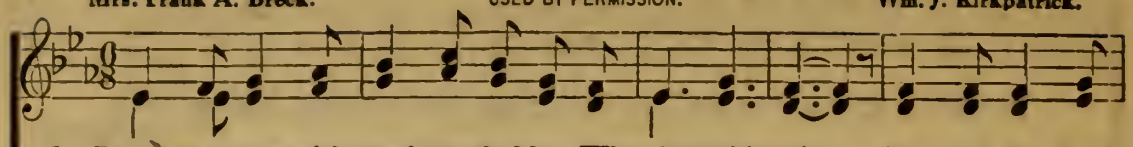
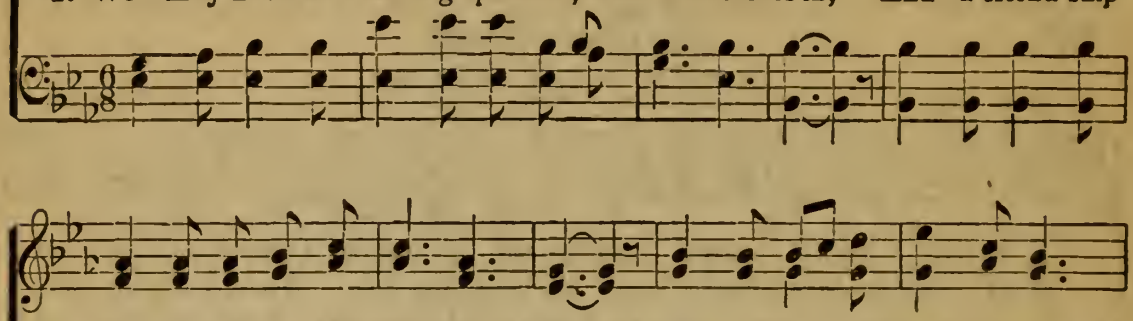
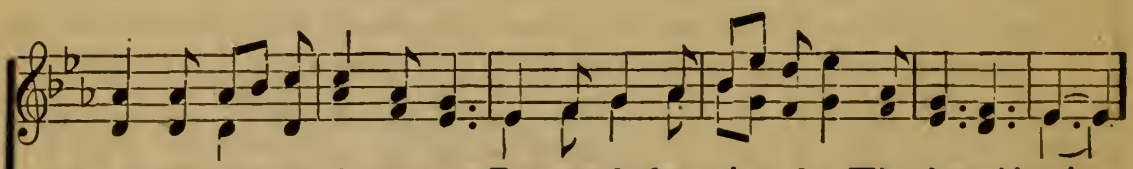
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



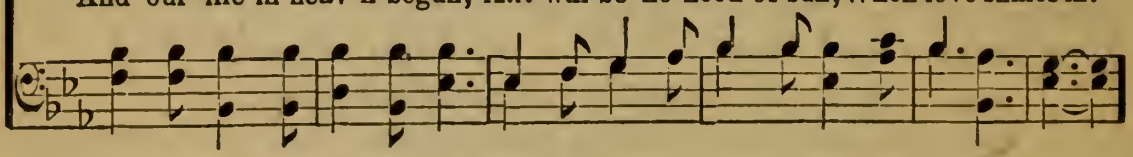
1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in; Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in; And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor - row will glow brighter, When love shines in; And the heav-iest
4. We may have un - fad-ing splendor, When love shines in; And a friend-ship



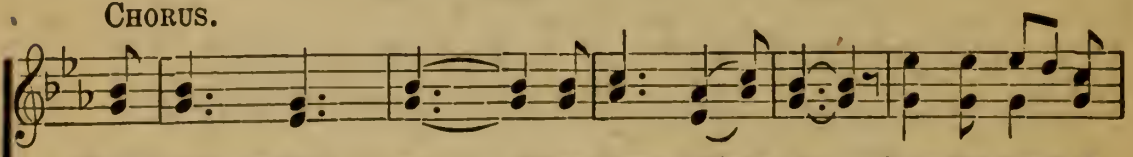
woe can sad-den, When love shines in; Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in; Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in; 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in; When earth-vic-t'ries shall be won,



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

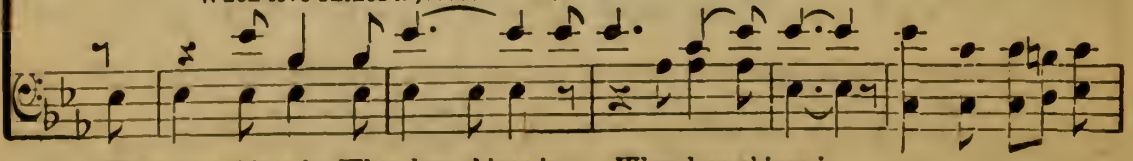


CHORUS.



When love shines in.... When love shines in, How the heart is

When love shines in,.....



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

## When Love Shines In.

tuned to sing-ing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in;..... When

When love shines in;..... When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in,

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.

When love, when love shines in.

When love shines in,

## 71 An Evening Prayer.

C. M. Battersby.
Arr. by C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1911. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If I have wounded an-y soul to-day, If I have caused one foot to go a-stray, If I have walked in my own will - ful way, Dear Lord, for-give!
2. If I have ut-tered i-dle words or vain, If I have turned a-side from want or pain, Lest I my-self shall suffer thro' the strain, Dear Lord, for-give!
3. If I have been perverse or hard, or cold, If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold, When Thou hast given; me some fort to hold, Dear Lord, for-give!
4. For-give the sins I have confessed to Thee; For-give the se - cret sins I do not see; O guide me, love me, and my keep - er be, A-men.

# My Only Hope.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

1. My on - ly hope must be in Je - sus, To lose the bur - den of my
2. My on - ly hope must be in Je - sus, For cleansing by His prec-ious
3. My on - ly hope must be in Je - sus, No oth - er Friend of love di-

sin; There is no oth - er pow'r to help me, A - new in
blood; My faith must build up - on His prom - ise, Whose truth all
vine; No oth - er sac - ri - fice be - side Him, Who made such

CHORUS.

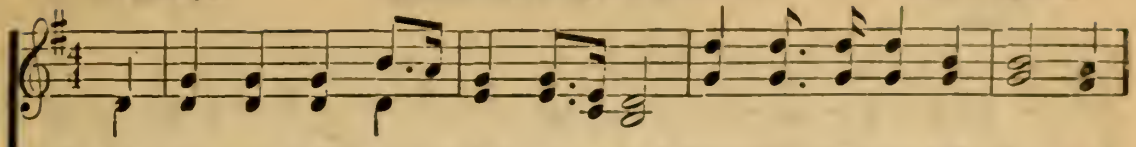
Christ I must be - gin.
tri - al has with-stood. There is no oth - er Sav - ior
great sal - va - tion mine.

giv - en, No oth - er hope be-yond the grave; No oth - er

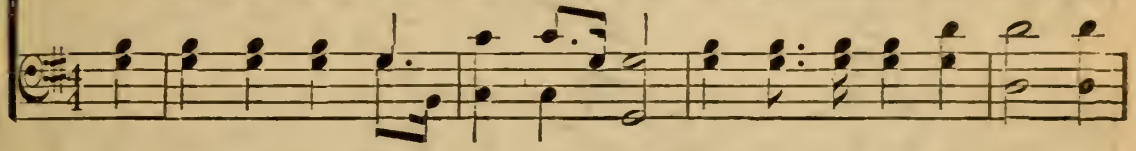
Name in earth or heav - en, My guilt - y dy - ing soul to save.

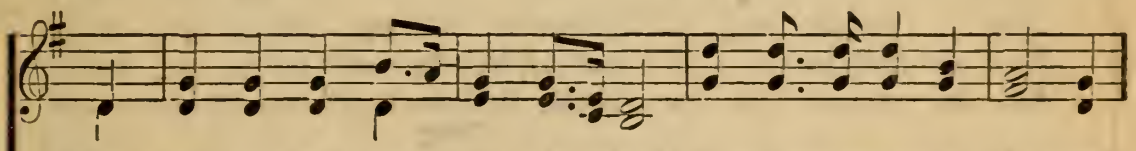
# No Other One But Jesus.

J. C. Midyett. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Henry P. Morton.

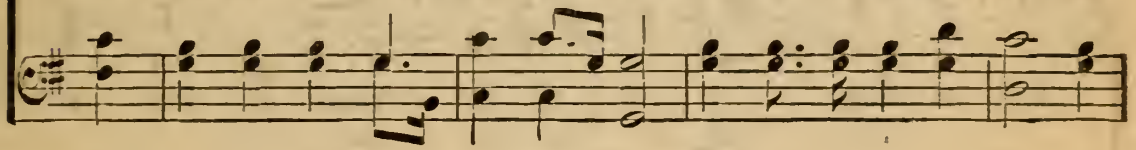


1. O who can take my sins a - way? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
2. O who can to me com - fort give? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
3. O who can set my spir - it free? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
4. O who can drive my gloom a - way? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
5. O who can lead the nar - row road? No oth - er one but Je - sus!

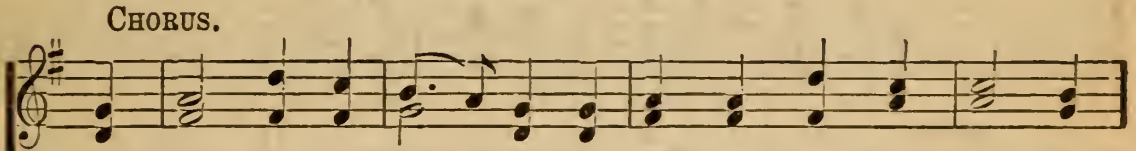




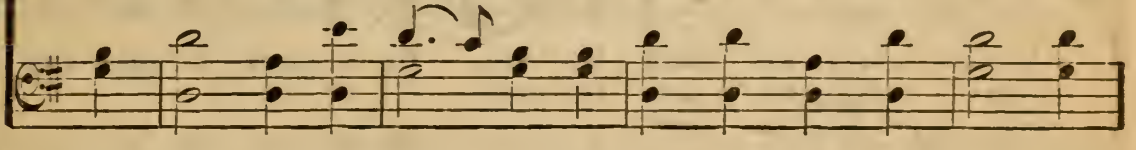
Who turn my dark - ness in - to day? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
And who can make me tru - ly live? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
And give me per - fect lib - er - ty? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
And an - swer when thro' Him I pray? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
And give me fel - low - ship with God? No oth - er one but Je - sus!

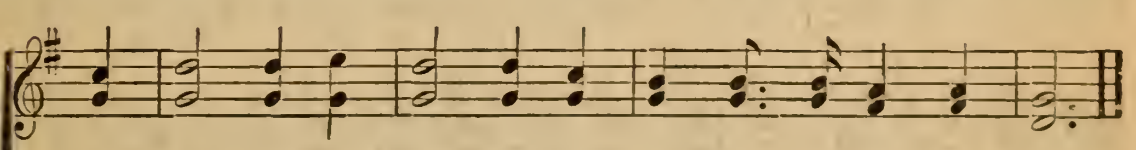


CHORUS.

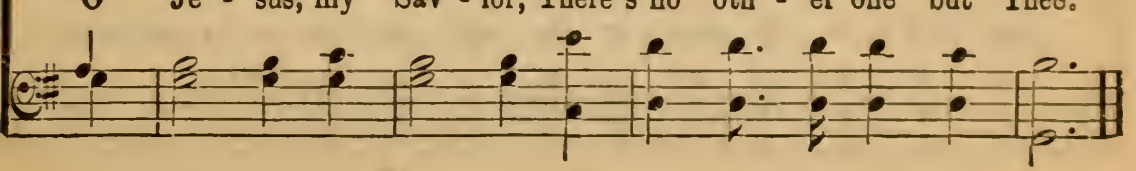


O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, My on - ly hope and ref - uge;





O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, There's no oth - er one but Thee.



# O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

COPYRIGHT, 1907. BY J. B. HERBERT.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Psalm 103.

From Donizetti,
by J. B. Herbert.

*Duet.*

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name,
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho-vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend-ed, Nor re-ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa-ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.

CHORUS.

For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav - en,

bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,

fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

# 75 In the Service of the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley

1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,

Oh, so hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth-ing else can bring,
Oh, so hap - py; Thro' the sun-shine and the shad-ow I can sing,
Oh, so hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,
Oh, so hap - py; All that I pos-sess to Him I glad - ly bring,

CHORUS.

In the serv - ice of the King In the serv - ice

of the King, Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will bring; I have

peace and joy and bless - ing in the serv - ice of the King.

# Courage, Brother.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

Ralph Bunsen. Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

1. Courage, broth-er, do not fal - ter, tho' the bat - tle press-es hard, He who
2. Courage, broth-er, for the con-flict is for Christ, the Heav'nly King; And the

called thee to the con-flict, will your safe - ty ev - er guard; None can harm you
sto - ry of your war-fare is the song which an-gels sing; And the star - ry

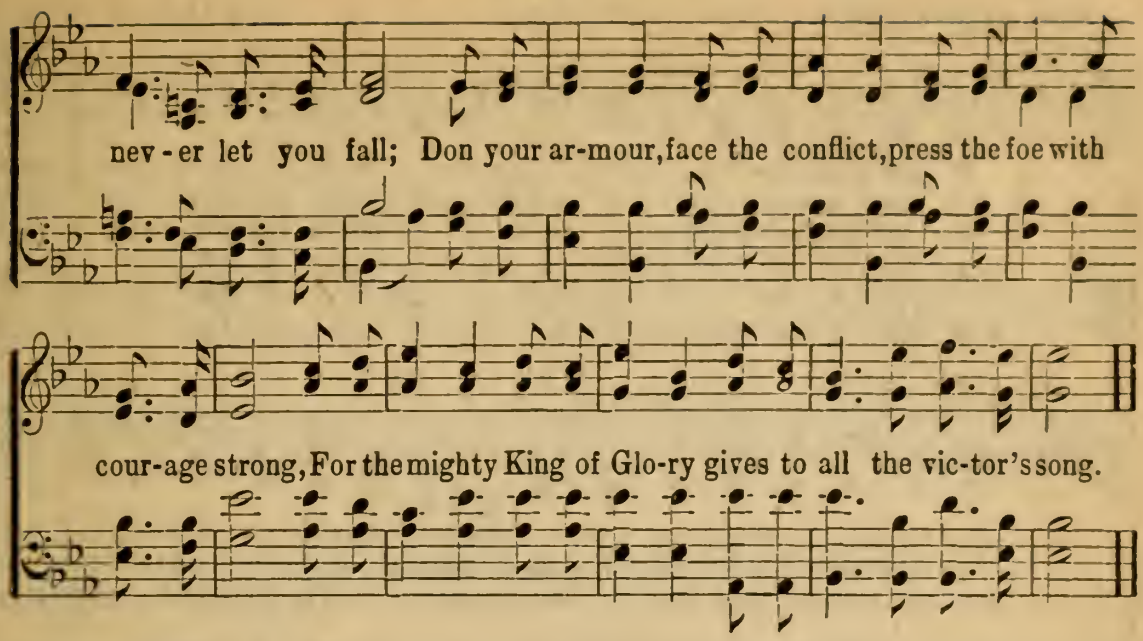
for His armour ne'er was pierced by poisoned dart, All the hosts of sin must
hosts of heaven fight with their unmeasured might For the he - ro in the

CHORUS.

per-ish, Christ must reign in ev - 'ry heart. Courage, then, my Christian brother,
struggle, who makes battle for the right.

let no fear your heart ap - pall, Keep your courage, nev-er fal - ter, Christ will

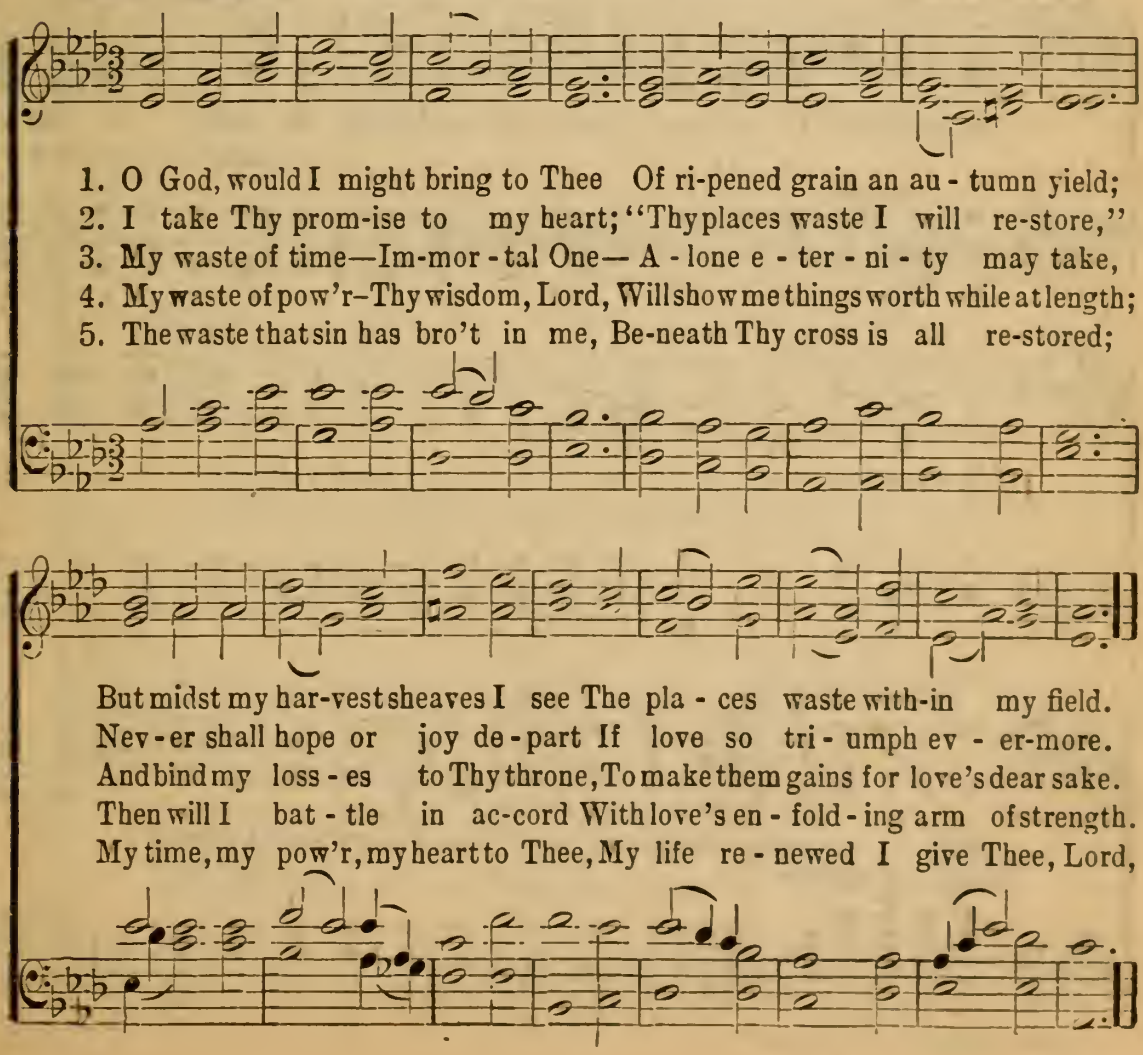
## Courage, Brother.




## 77 Brynywawr.

To the memory of Amelia Blanxius.

Frank W. Gunsaulus. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON. Daniel Protheroe.



# Be Faithful to Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. If you would lay up precious treasures on high, To find them a - gain far beyond the bright sky; Then live like the Master, be lov- ing and just, for the Mas-ter you love, O leave them not i - dle to moulder and rust,—

2. He ev - er was read- y to com-fort and bless, He sought out the need- y relieved their distress, Then share what is thine, if it be but a crust:—

3. The tal-ents en-trust-ed, O seek to im-prove Try oth - ers to gain

CHORUS.

Be faith-ful to Je - sus, be true to your trust. Be faith - ful to Je - sus, be true, For He..... has been faith- ful to you, Be faith - ful to Je- sus be true, For He has been faithful to you.

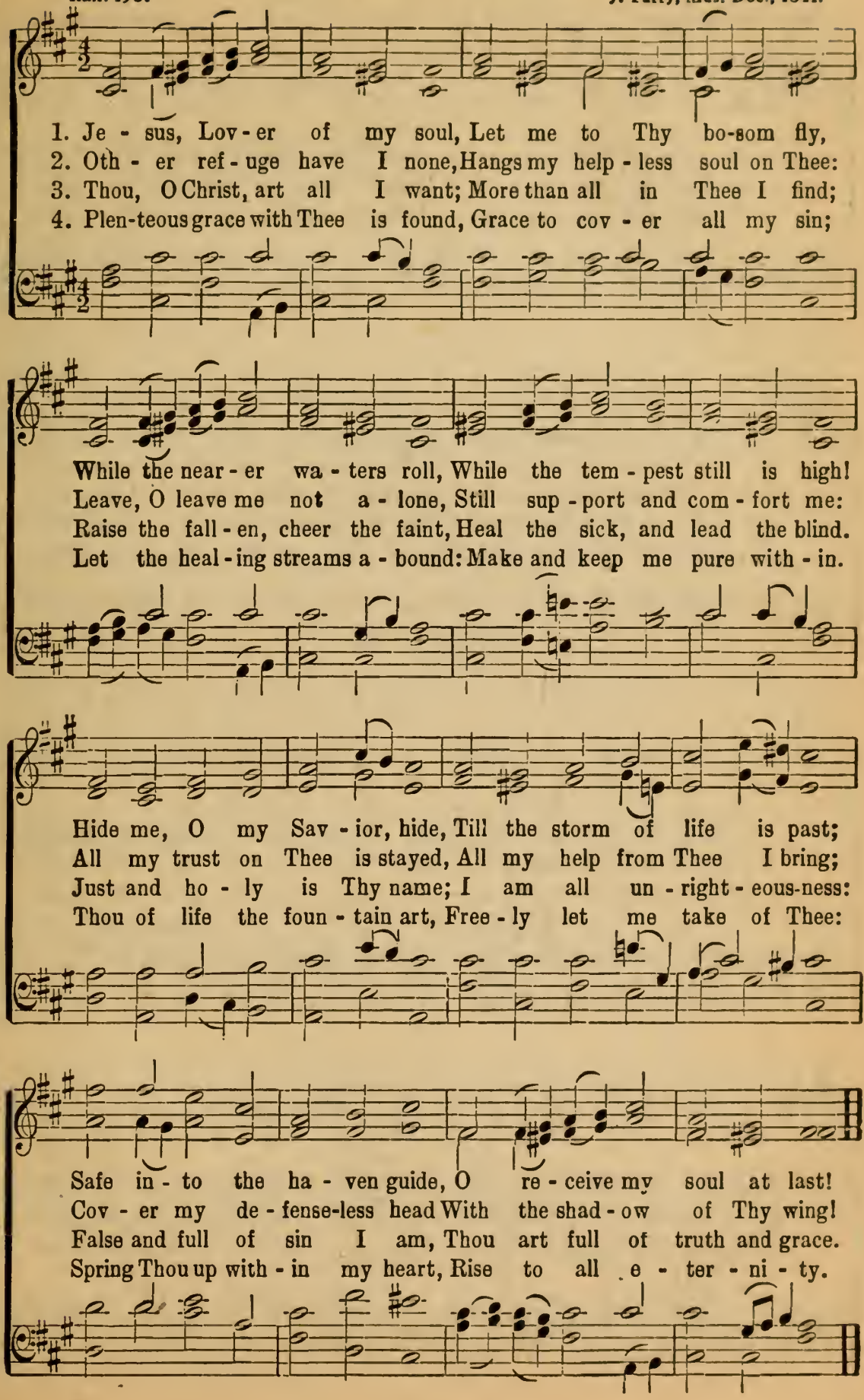
Be faithful, be faithful For He has been faithful, Be faithful, be faithful

Copyright, 1913, by Kem G. Bottorf.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(ABERYSTWYTH.)

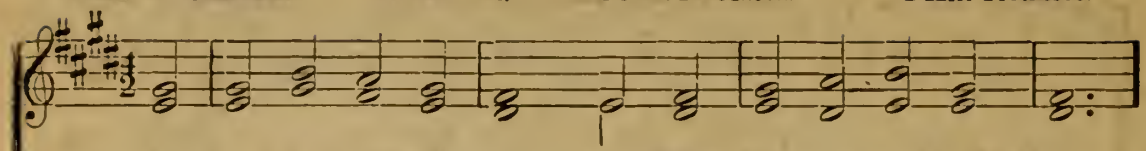
Rhif. 193. J. Parry, Mus. Doc., 1841.



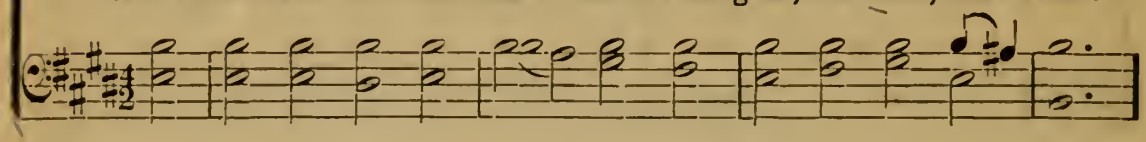
# Wakeley.

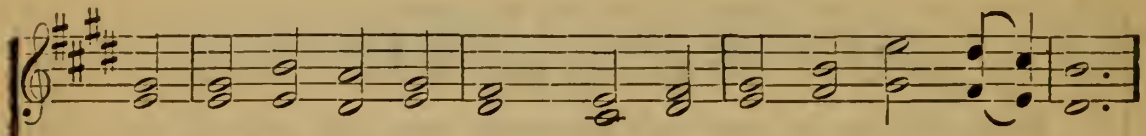
Dedicated to Mrs. Thomas Scott Hayden.

Frank W. Gunsaulus. COPYRIGHT 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON. Daniel Protheroe.

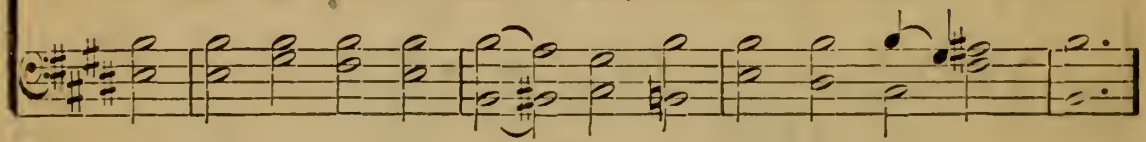


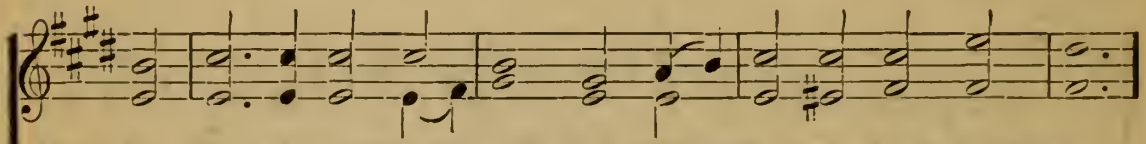
1. O ho - ly hour of vi - sion, When kneel-ing near God's throne,
2. O hour of con - se - cra - tion, Whose pre-cious-ness was set,
3. Vi - sion and con - se - cra - tion—Dear gifts, not ours, but Thine!



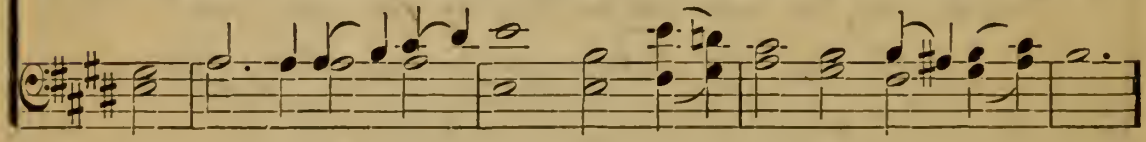


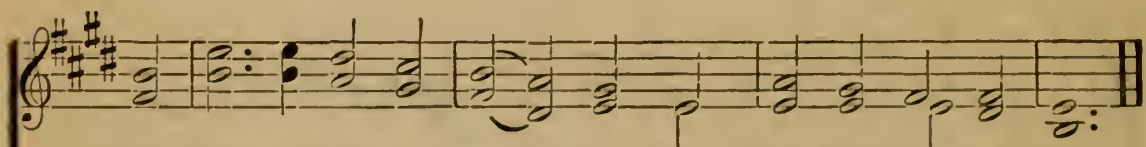
Our life hath found its mis - sion, En-wrought with-in His own.
As jew - el bright foun - da - tion Where past and fu - ture met;
We ask no oth - er sta - tion; Give us but love di - vine.



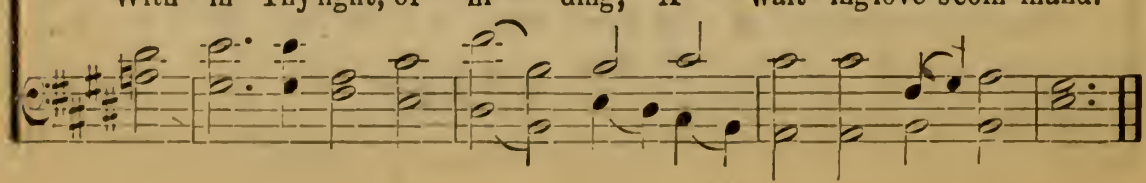


O God, whose love con - ceal - ing With - in the cloud - y wraith,
Up - built on these and gleam - ing Our cit - y we be - hold,
And here or else - where bi - ding, And now or then we stand





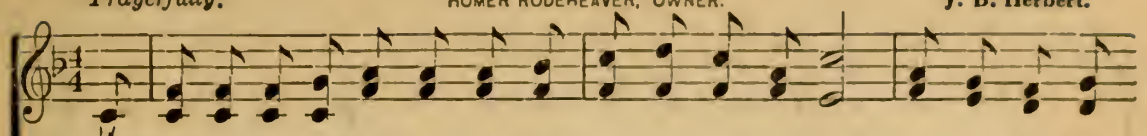
Come Thou in love re - veal - ing, And fill the skies of faith.
O Grace of God re - deem - ing, We hail the gates of gold.
With - in Thy light, or hi - ding, A - wait - ing love's com-mand.



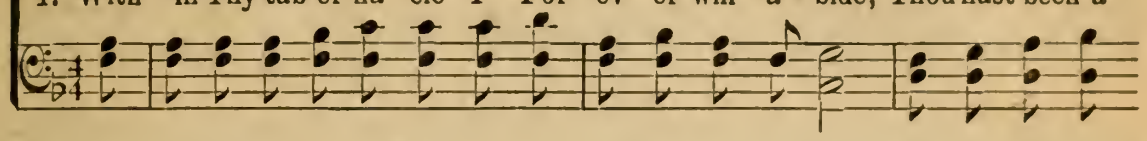
# 81 Thou Hast Been a Shelter for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1896. BY J. B HERBERT
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

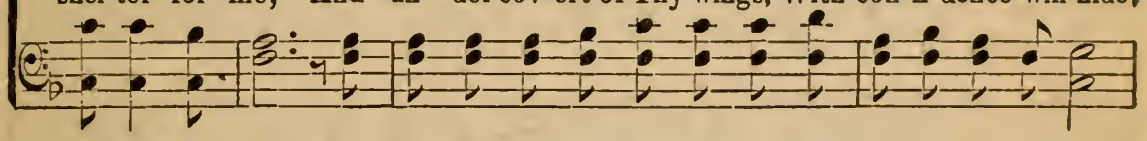
*Prayerfully.* J. B. Herbert.



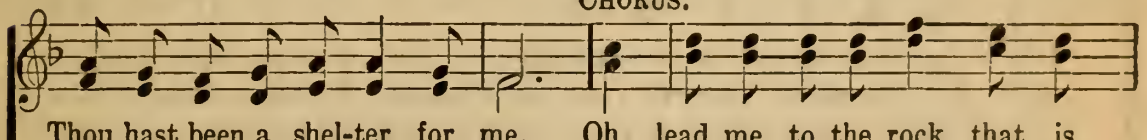
1. O God, give ear un - to my cry, And to my pray'r at-tend; Thou hast been a
2. And when my heart is overwhelmed, And in per-plex - i - ty— Thou hast been a
3. For Thou hast for my ref-uge been A shel-ter by Thy pow'r; Thou hast been a
4. With - in Thy tab-er-na - cle I For - ev - er will a - bide; Thou hast been a



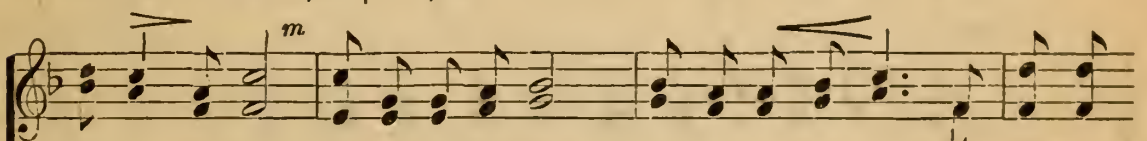
shel-ter for me; From th'ut-most cor-ner of the land My cry to Thee I send;
shel-ter for me; Do Thou me lead un - to the rock That high-er is than I—
shel-ter for me; And for de-fence a-gainst my foes, Thou hast been my strong tow'r;
shel-ter for me; And un - der cov-ert of Thy wings, With con-fi-dence will hide;



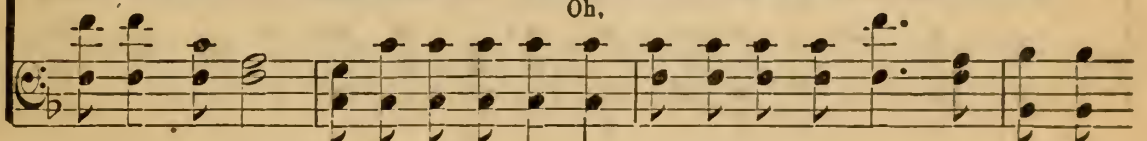
CHORUS.



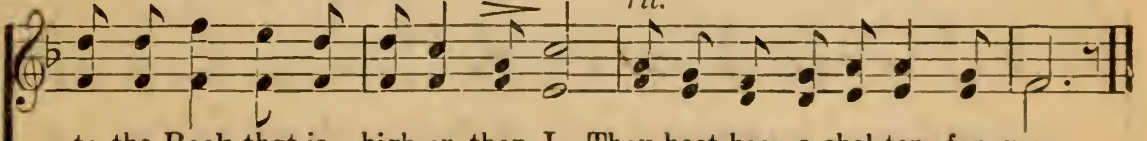
Thou hast been a shel-ter for me. Oh, lead me to the rock that is



high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock, lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me

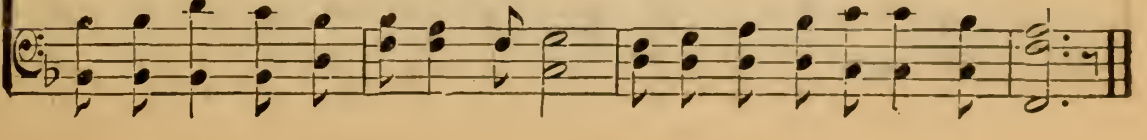


Oh,



rit.

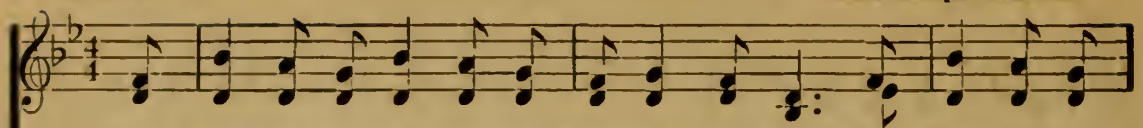
to the Rock that is high-er than I, Thou hast been a shel-ter for me.



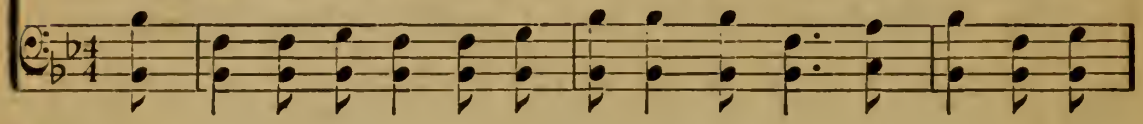
# Youth's Battle Hymn.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

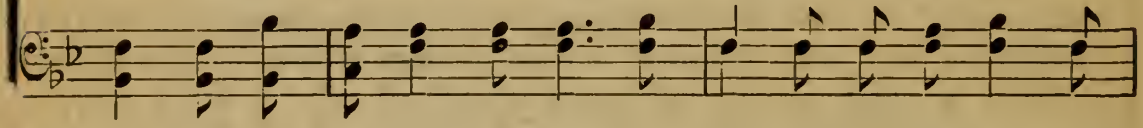
N. S. A. Nellie Sharpe Anderson.



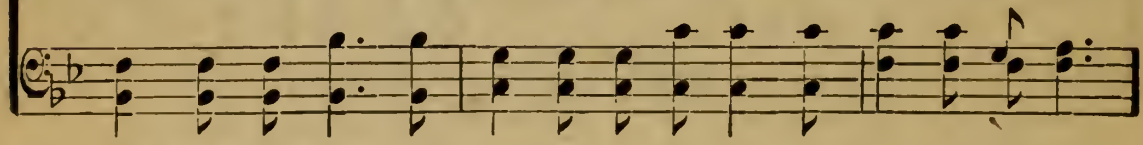
1. Our land was once torn by the warrior's rough steed, Our fa-ther's red
2. The youth of a na - tion are read - y to fight A conquest with
3. We'll see that the righteous in of - fice shall reign; Our em-blem of



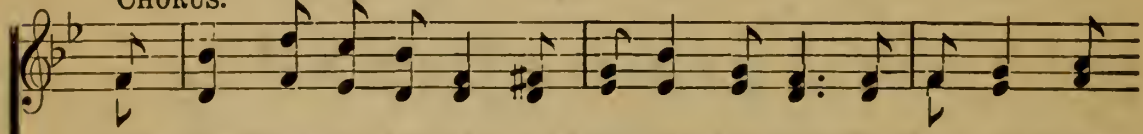
life-blood stained hill-side and mead, With blood-drops and death pains, their
e - vil will be our de - light With voic - es and bal - lots we'll
free-dom no e - vil shall stain; The na - tions shall ech - o with



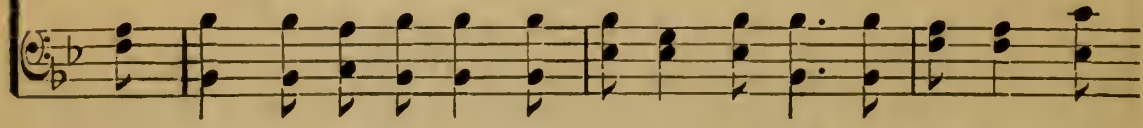
chil - dren were freed; True he - roes they bat-tled for home-land and God.
fight for the right. True he - roes, we'll bat-tle for home-land and God.
our glad re - frain; True he - roes, we'll bat-tle for home-land and God.



CHORUS.

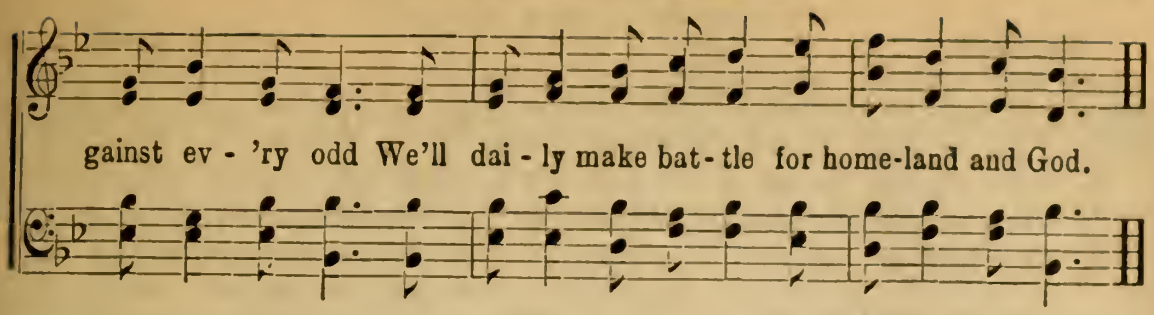


True he - roes we bat - tle for home-land and God, We'll nev - er bow



down neath an op - press-or's rod; With cour - age and val - or, a-

## Youth's Battle Hymn.




## 83, Under the Blood.

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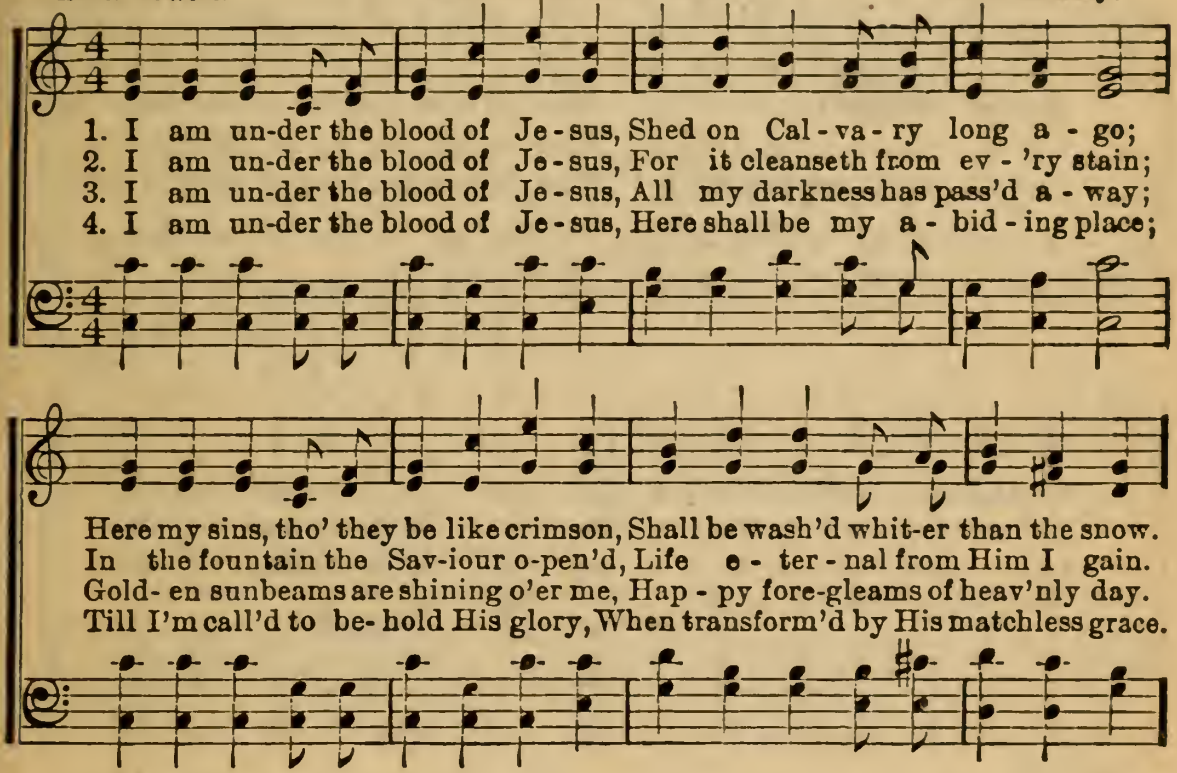
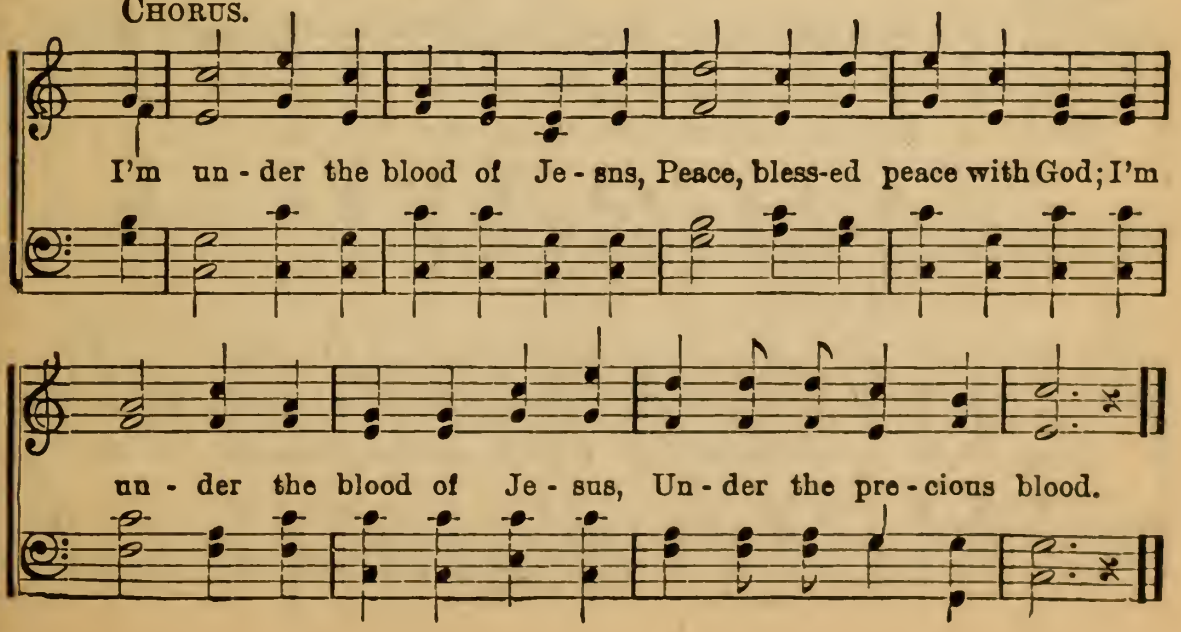
E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.




CHORUS.



# What a Day of Victory!

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When at last we see the King and His praise in glo - ry sing, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be! When we reach the oth - er side where the faith-ful shall a-bide, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!
2. When we walk the streets of gold with the hap - py saints of old, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be! When we join the an - gel throng in the ev - er - last-ing song, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!
3. When with tri - als tru - ly past, we re-ceive the crown at last, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be! When be-fore the King we stand in that ev - er - last-ing land, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!

*D. S.*—pal - ace of the King, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!

FINE.

CHORUS.

What a day of vic - to-ry, vic - to-ry, vic - to - ry! What a day of vic - to-ry that will be! When ho-san-nas glad we sing in the

*D. S.*

# Confidence.

E. B. Barnes. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

1. Walk Thou with me, nor let my foot-steps stray A-part from Thee, thro'-
2. Thro' wea - ry years my way hath mi - ry been; My bit - ter tears Thy
3. No earth - ly foe can give my spir - it fear; No threat'ning woe can

out life's threat'ning way; Be Thou my guide, the path I can-not see; Close to Thy
pity-ing eye hath seen; My fainting heart hath heard Thy voice divine; My trembling
quail when Thou art near; No tempter's snare can turn my steps aside, For, in Thy

CHORUS.

side, Lord, let me walk with Thee.
hand asks but to rest in Thine. Dear Sav-ior, let me trust my hand in Thine,
care, I'm safe what-e'er be-tide.

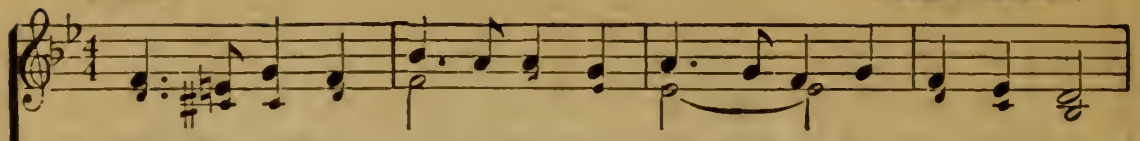
And let me know Thy steps are guid - ing mine; Life's changing way is

*Rall.*

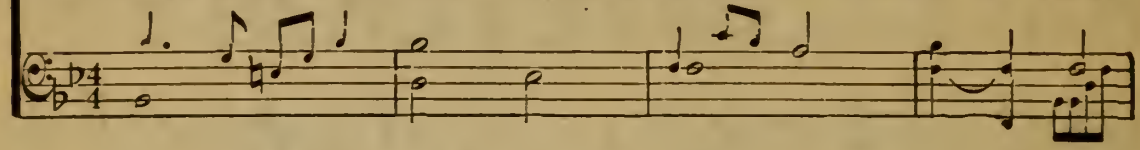
oft-times dark to me, I fear no ill if I may walk with Thee.

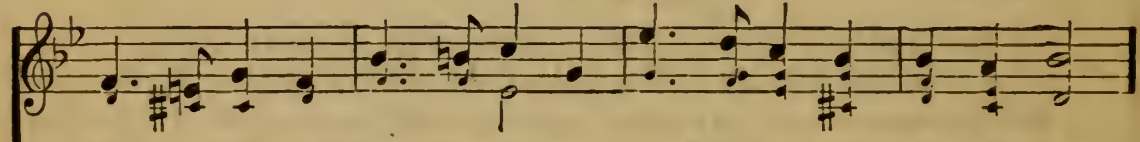
# I Shall Not Be Moved.

A. H. A. ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

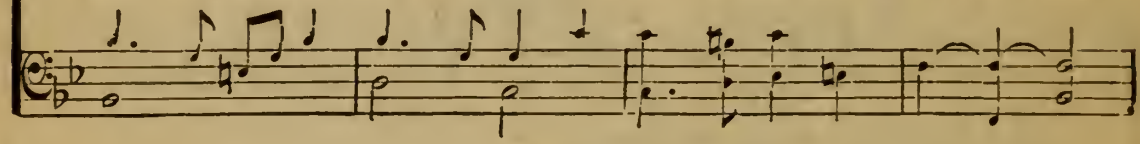


1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant - ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun-shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be - fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,

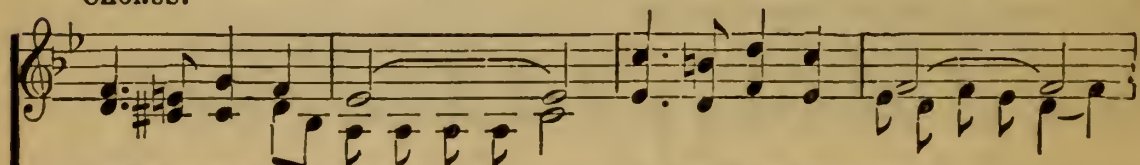




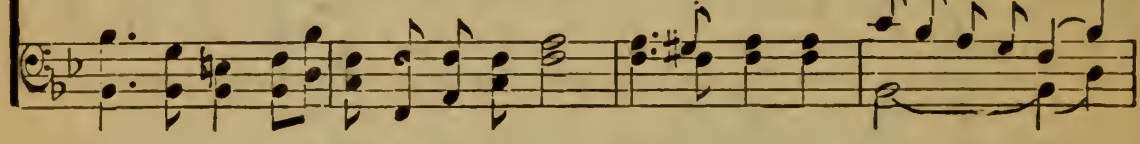
All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up - ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es darkness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ransomed, And be-hold my sov-'reign Lord.

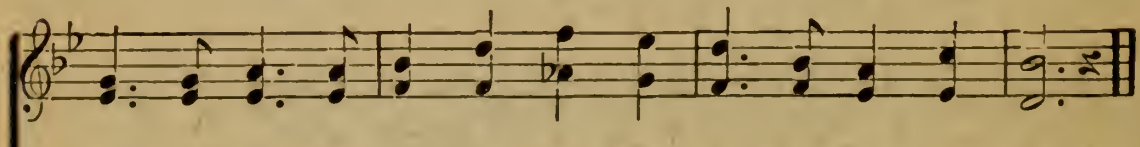


CHORUS.

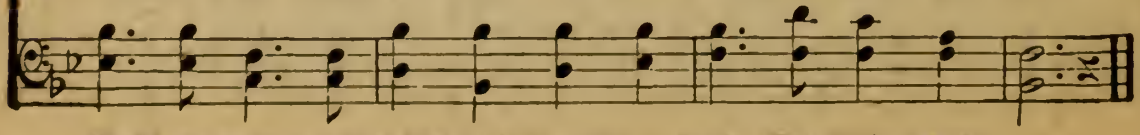


I shall not be moved,..... I shall not be moved;.....
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;





Anchored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.



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# I Walk With the King.

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James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. In sor - row I wan-dered, my spir - it op - prest, But now I am hap - py—se - cure - ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve - ning glad car - ols I sing, And this is the rea - son: I walk with the King.
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not help me—no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing—I walk with the King.
3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to you He would bring—Come in - to the sun - light and walk with the King.

CHORUS.

I walk with the King, hal - le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

# 88 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

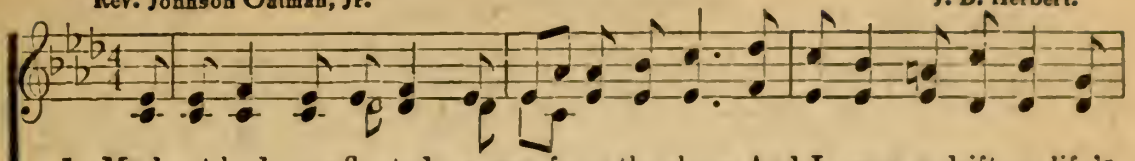
where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

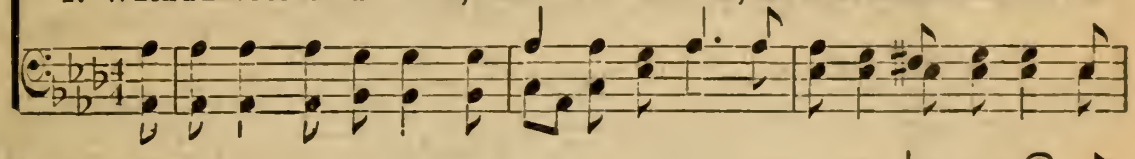
# 89 O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

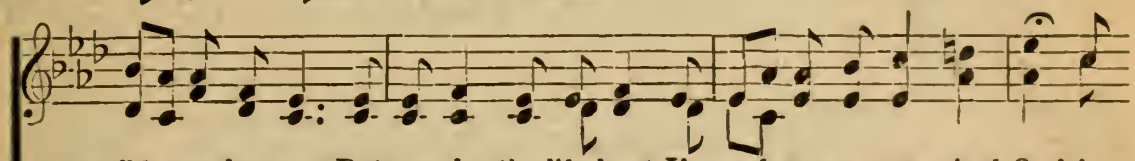
COPYRIGHT, 1910 BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. B. Herbert.

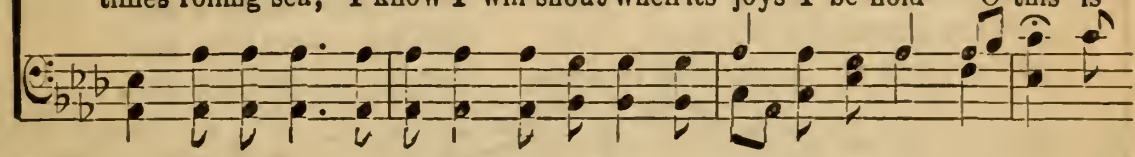


1. My boat had once floated a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened and fettered by sin, But now, Hal - le - lu-jah! By
3. No more is my spir-it con-formed to this world, But now high-er joys ev - 'ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven that lies o - ver

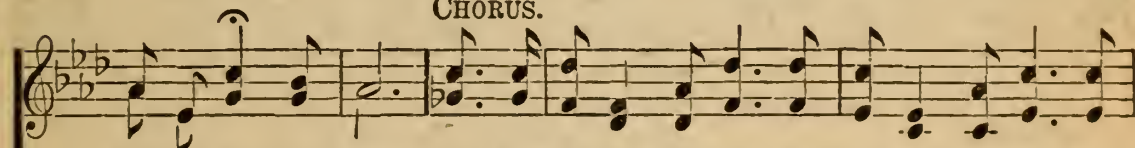




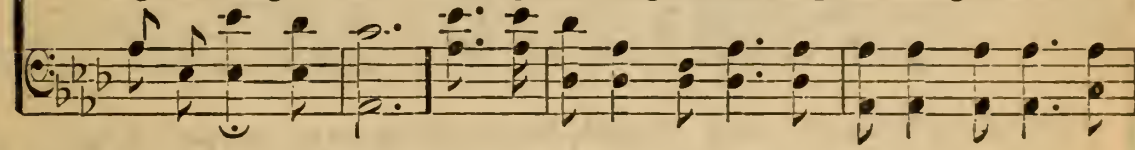
wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
mo-ment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
time's rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is



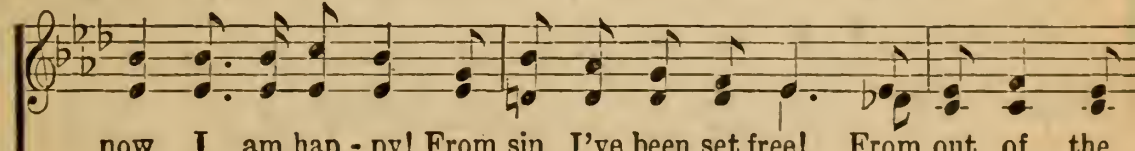
CHORUS.



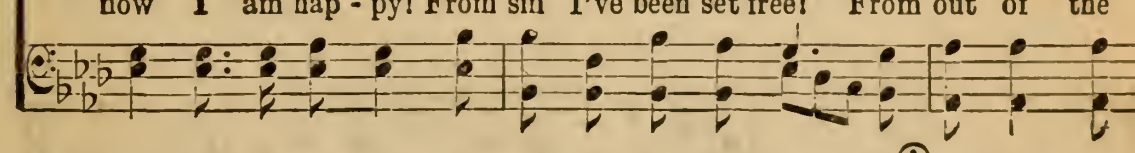
a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me! O



now I am hap - py! From sin I've been set free! From out of the



dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!



# Drifting.

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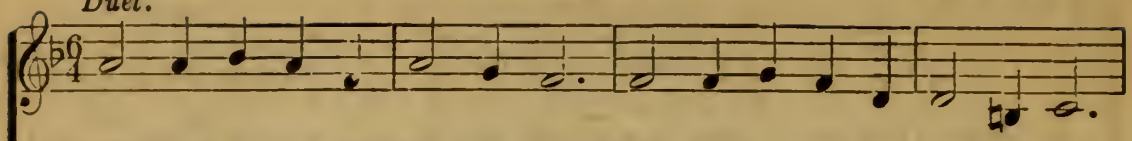
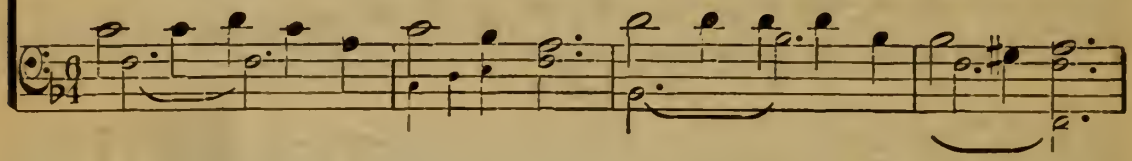
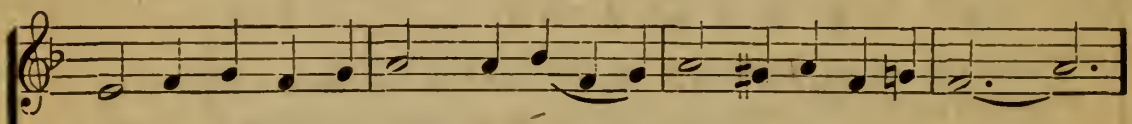
E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

*Duet.*

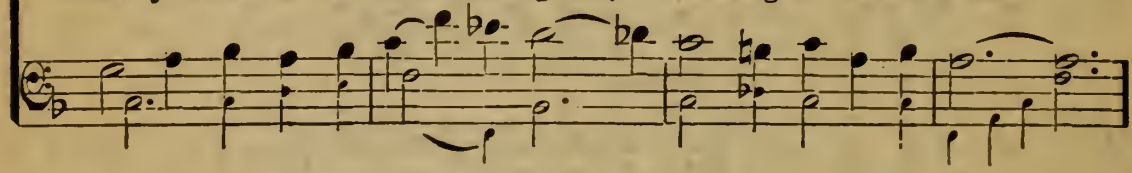


1. Drift - ing care-less-ly with the tide, Drift - ing o - ver the wa-ters wide,
2. Drift - ing al-most up - on the bar, Los - ing sight of the Bea-con Star;
3. Drift - ing on, with no shore in view, Think not skies will be al - ways blue;
4. Drift no long - er! let Je - sus save, Let Him guide you a - cross the wave,

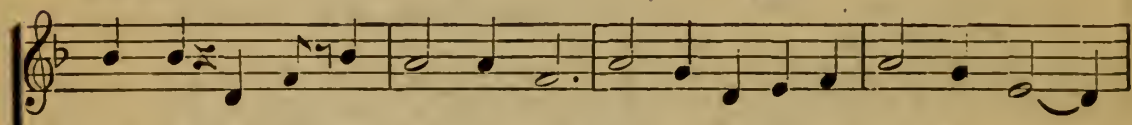




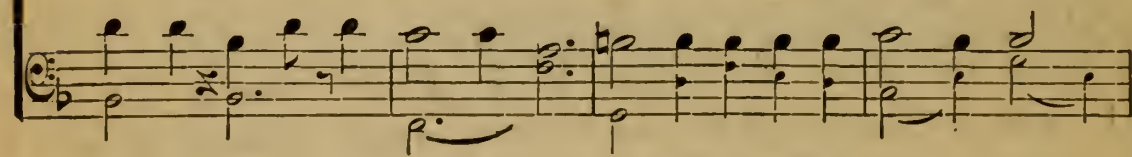
With no Cap-tain your course to guide, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
From the ha - ven of joy a - far, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
Storm and shipwreck will come to you, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
Lest you sink in a sin - ner's grave, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.

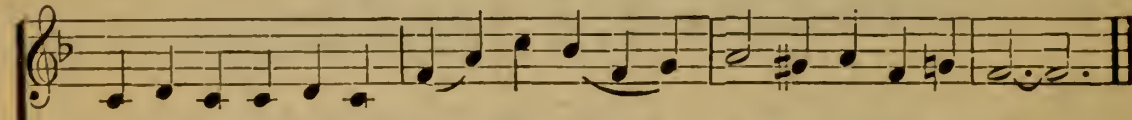


CHORUS.

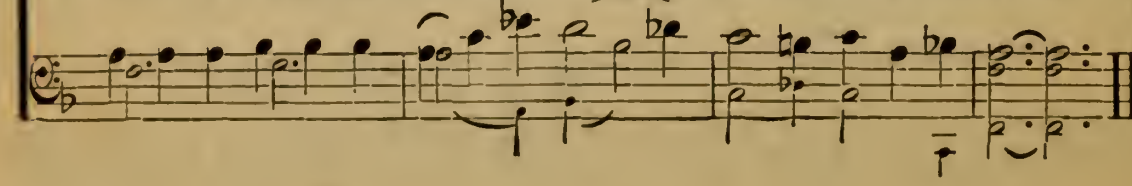


Drift-ing, drift-ing, no port in sight, Drift-ing far from the gos-pel light;





Lest you go down in the storm-y night; Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.



# 91 Do Something For Others.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ma - ny a soul in the bat-tle of life Trem-bles with fear at the
2. Ma - ny in doubt or in fear of the way, Mute - ly ap - peal for your
3. Ma - ny, disheartened by cru - el de - ceit, Brok - en and worn by the
4. Ma - ny are turn-ing a - way from the right In - to the maze of the

din and the strife, Bear-ing a - lone, a - mid tri - al and care,
guid-ance to - day; On your de-mean - or the choice may de - pend—
pangs of de - feat, Doubt-ing, de - spair-ing - ly, help-less - ly stand,
shad-ows of night; Go to them, speak to them, o - ver them pray,

CHORUS.

*rit.*

Bur - dens and sor-rows God bids you to share.
Are you con-cerned for the stran-ger or friend? Do some-thing for
Wait-ing, per-haps, for your strength-en-ing hand. Some-thing for oth - ers, do
Help them sup-port them—do some-thing to-day.

oth-ers.... Some-thing for oth-ers to - day!.. ..... Du - ty de-
some-thing for oth-ers, Do some-thing for oth - ers to - day!

mands it, And Je-sus com-mands it! Do some-thing for oth-ers to - day.

# Help the One Next to You.

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E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Help the one next to you, hold out your hand, Help him the forc - es of
2. Help the one next to you, pass - ing a - long, Give the glad mes - sage, or
3. Help the one next to you, on - ly be - gin, New fields of ef - fort you'll

sin to with-stand; Com-fort and cheer him, what-ev - er be - fall,
lift up a song, Say a kind word that comes warm from the heart,
cer - tain - ly win; Wid - er and wid - er, the cir - cle will grow,

CHORUS.

Lead him to Je - sus, the best Friend of all.
He needs a bless-ing that you can im - part. Help the one next to you,
On - ward and on-ward, your in - flu - ence flow.

help him to-day! Help him with heart and hand; The good work will
And de - lay not!

grow, And the seed that you sow, Will rip - en in ev - 'ry land.

# 93 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

Rev. Geo. Matheson. COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. J. B. Herbert.

May be sung as duet, Soprano and Tenor.

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my
3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor-rowed
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry

owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May
rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life

rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
bright-er, fair - er be, May bright-er, fair - er be.
morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

# He Will Not Let Me Fall.

COPYRIGHT. 1910. BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. My faith temp-ta-tion shall not move, For Je-sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal-ter, filled with fear, I can-not see at all,

And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev-er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."

CHORUS.

He will not let me fall, He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall,

He is my Strength, my Hope, my all, He will not let me fall.

# Only One Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

E. E. Rexford. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion—The glo-ri-ous way of the cross!
2. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion! At Cal-va-ry's cross it be - gins,
3. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion, Tho' oft-en it seems to be vain—

It leads thro' Gethsemane's gar-den, Thro'pain,self-de-ni-al and loss.
And winds thro'the vale of re - pent-ance,And out of the val-ley of sins.
It's mountains of tri - al and sor - row, It's des-erts of pas-sion and pain—

'Tis nar-row,but ev - er a-bound-ing With glimpses of heav-en a - bove;
'Tis marked by the blood of the martyrs, And hallowed by sor-rows un - told,
But Je - sus,the Sav-ior of sin - ners,Will walk by your side all the way;

FINE.

It is rug-ged,but ra-diant with glo - ry,And blazoned with mer-cy and love.
But it still is the way,and the on - ly Way un - to the Cit - y of Gold.
He will guide you,and cheer you,and love you–O make Him your Savior to-day!

D.S.—*There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion,The glo - ri-ous way of the cross.*

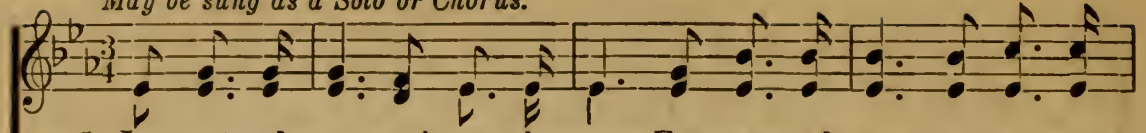
Chorus. D. S.

There is on - ly one way of sal-va - tion—The way. ..... of the cross;.....
One way,..... one way—The glo-ri-ous way..... of the cross;

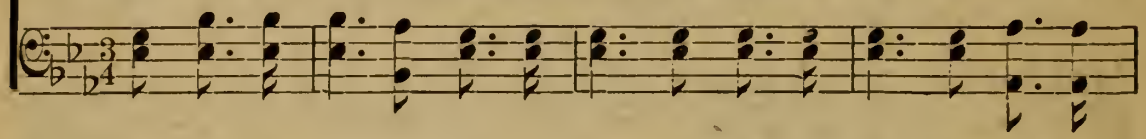
# Christ is All.

W. A. W. BY PERMISSION. W. A. Williams.

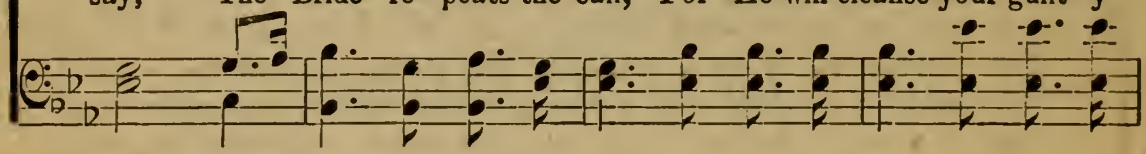
*May be sung as a Solo or Chorus.*



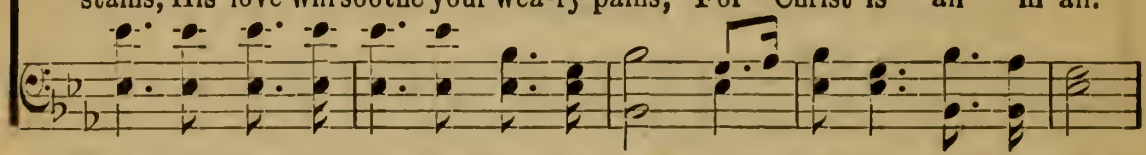
1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake; The flames could not his cour-age
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af - ric's sand and Green-land's
5. Then come to Christ, "oh, come to-day!" The Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it



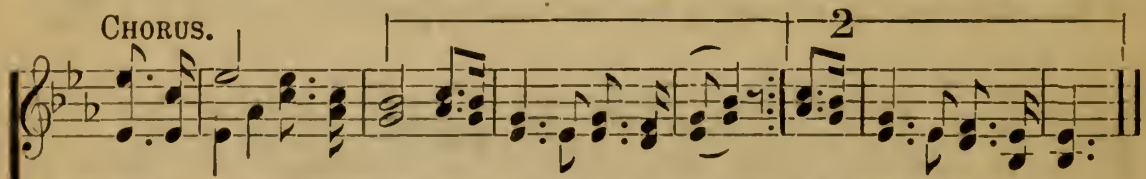
there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth-er
head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
snow, To save from Sa-tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count-ed
say, The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y



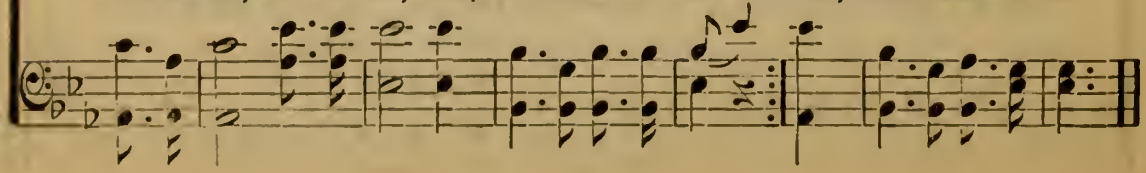
whence Her help-less wid-ow-hood's de-fence; She told me "Christ was all."
May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whis-pered "Christ is all."
giv'n, He looked tri-umph-ant - ly to heav'n, And an-swered "Christ is all."
dear, 'Midst want and per-ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
stains, His love will soothe your wea-ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."



CHORUS.



Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all: Yes, Christ is all in all.



# 97 Who Could It Be But Jesus?

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Thoro Harris.

1. Some-bod - y sought me when far from the fold, Out on the mount-ains so bar - ren and cold, Ten - der - ly sought me with pa - tience un - told: Who could it be but Je - sus?
2. Some-bod - y found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, Some - bod - y cleans'd me, tho' vile I had been, Some-bod-y took me a wan - der - er, in: Who could it be but Je - sus?
3. Some-bod - y knock'd at the door of my heart Off - 'ring His par - don and peace to im - part, Some-bod-y bade all my ter - rors de - part: Who could it be but Je - sus?
4. Some-bod - y loves me — and I love Him well, But why He loves me, I nev - er can tell; With Him for - ev - er He says I may dwell: Who could it be but Je - sus?

CHORUS.

Who could it be but Je - sus, Friend of my soul most pre-cious?

*f* *p*

Some-bod-y lov'd me be - fore I lov'd Him, Who could it be but Je-sus?

# The Fight is On.

COPYRIGHT1 1905. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.

2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.

3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar- ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col - ors stream-ing, The right and

## The Fight is On.

*Harmony.*

wrong en-gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!

vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

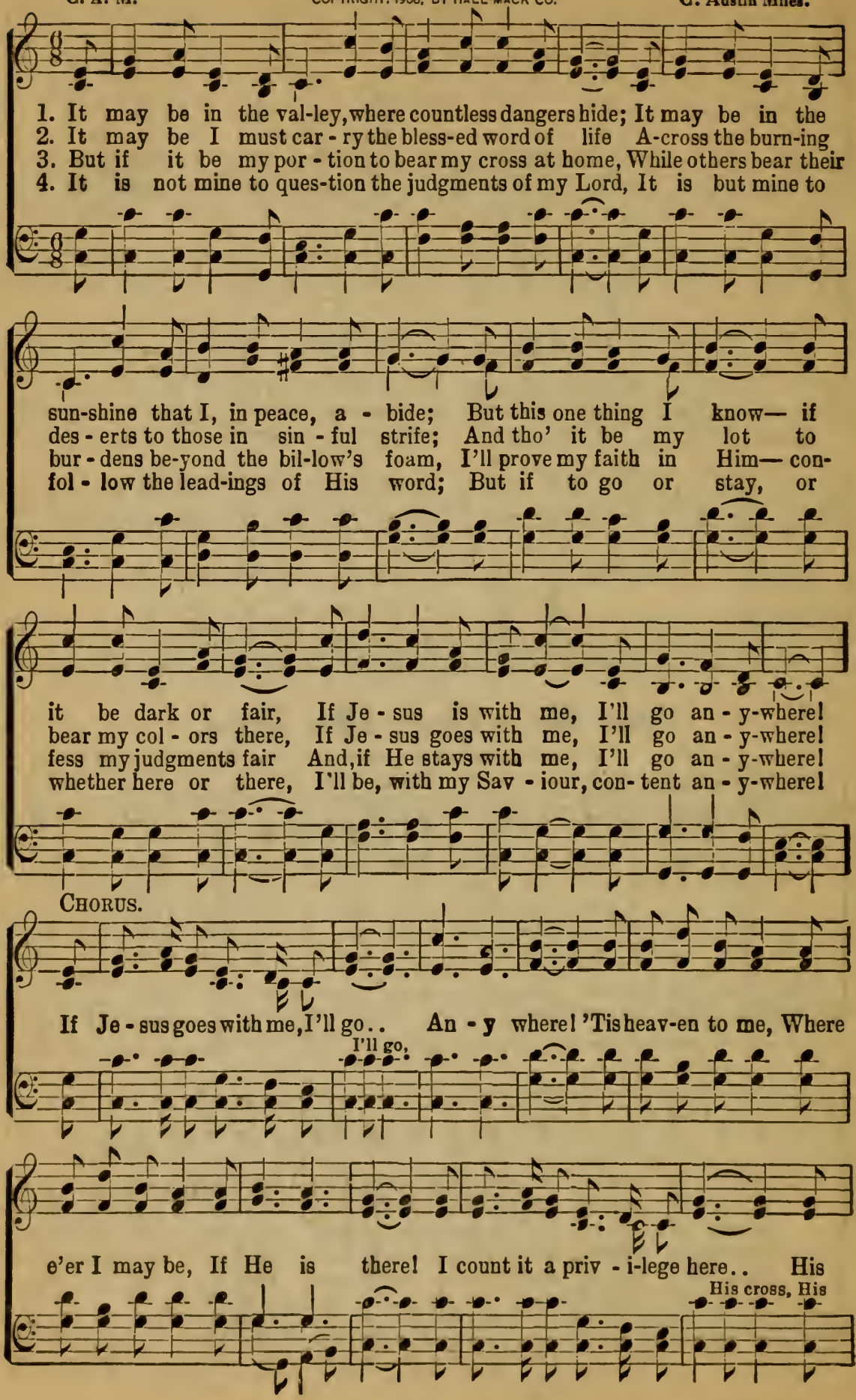
## 99 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

COPYRIGHT, 1913. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Arr. fr. Major James H. Cole.

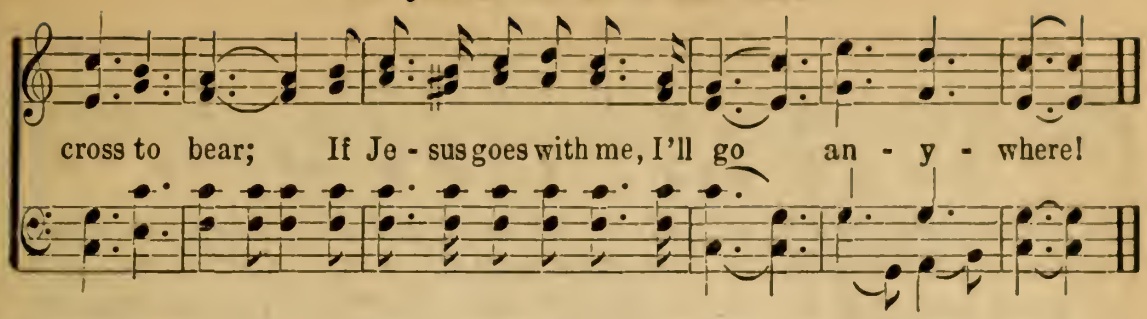
1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine.
2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine, By Thy won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a love like Thine.
3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine, By Thy won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a peace like Thine.
4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine, By Thy won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a joy like Thine.
5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine, By Thy won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a will like Thine.

# 100 If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HALL-MACK CO. C. Austin Miles.



## If Jesus Goes With Me.

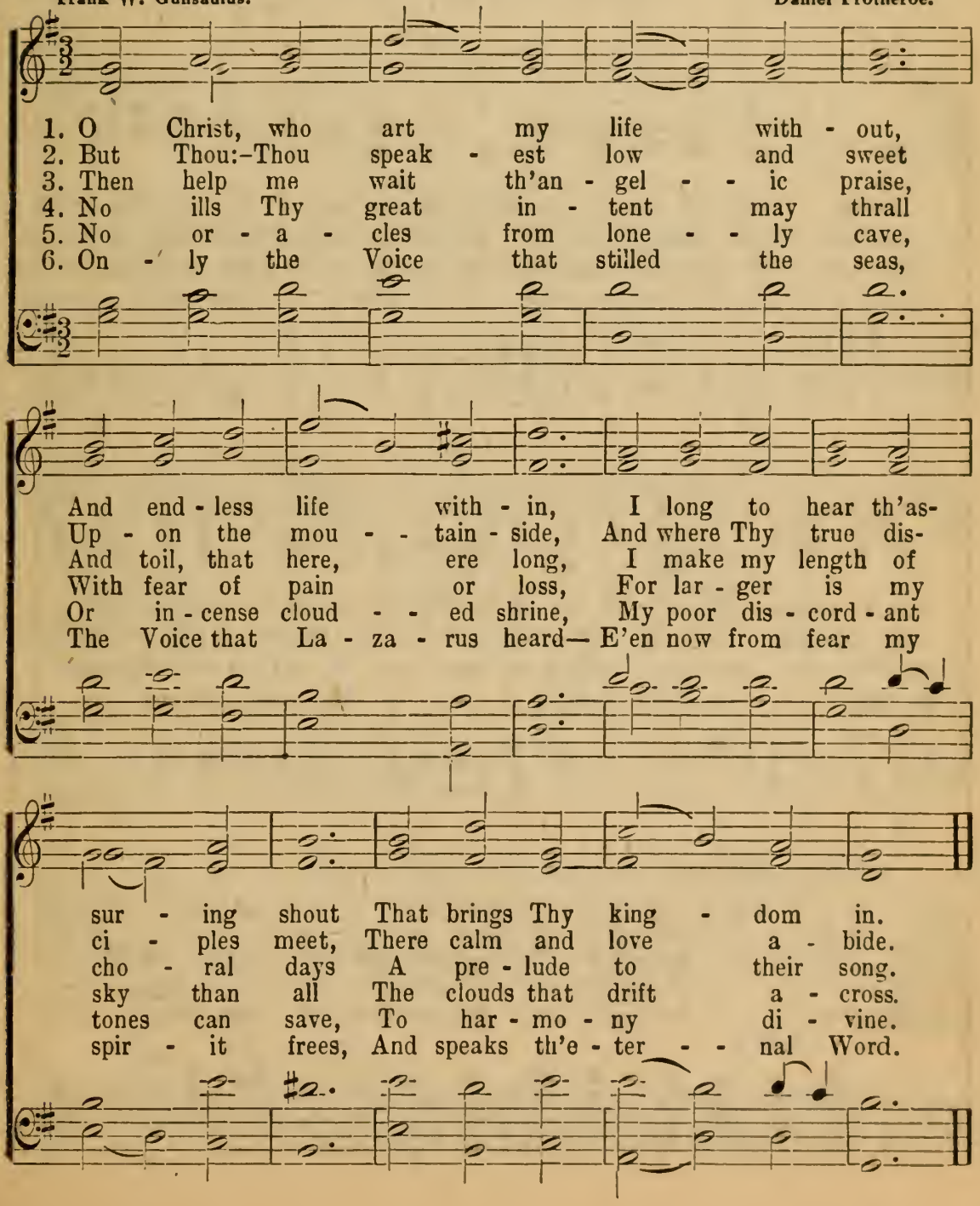



## 101 Eddy.

To the memory of Caroline H. Eddy.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

Frank W. Gunsaulus. Daniel Protheroe.

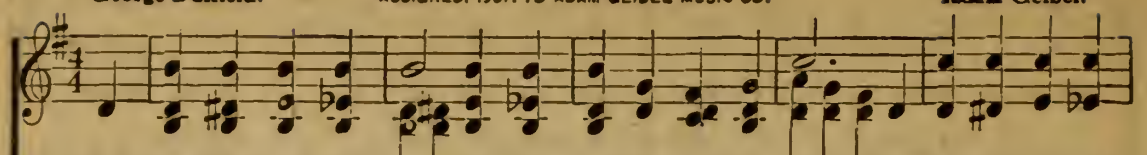


# 102 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

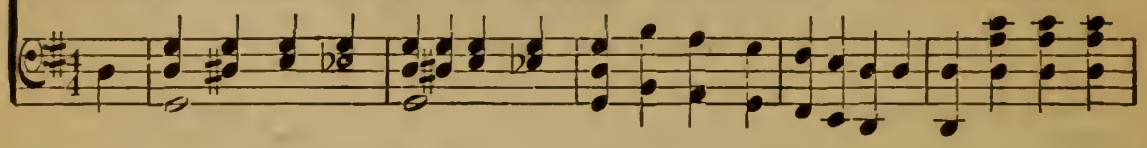
George Duffield.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY GEIBEL AND LEHMAN.
ASSIGNED, 1907, TO ADAM GEIBEL MUSIC CO.

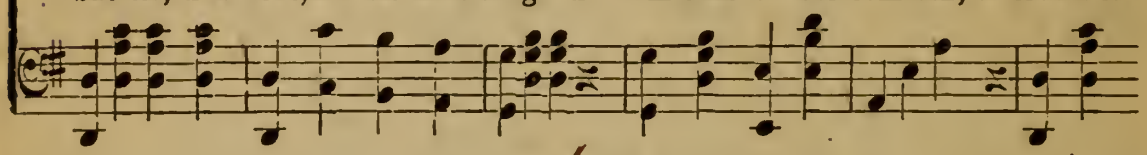
Adam Geibel.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

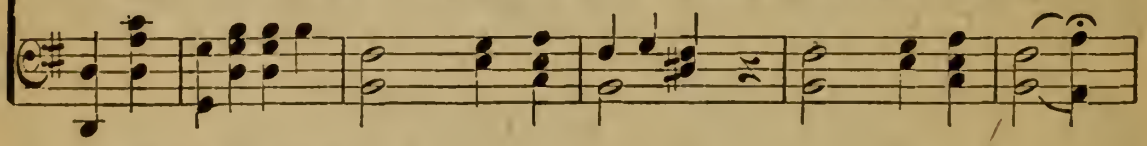


ban-ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar-my
con-flict, In this his glo-rious day: "Ye that are men now serve him" Against un-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel arm-or, Each piece put
bat-tle, The next, the vic-tor's song: To Him that o - ver-com-eth, A crown of

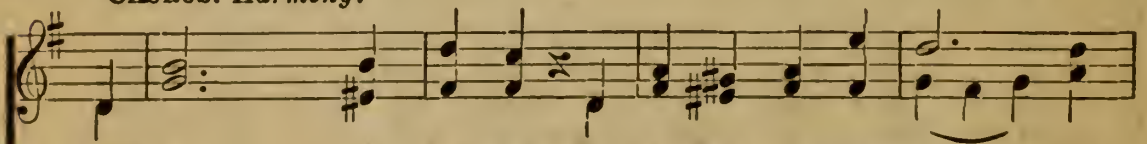


*rit.*

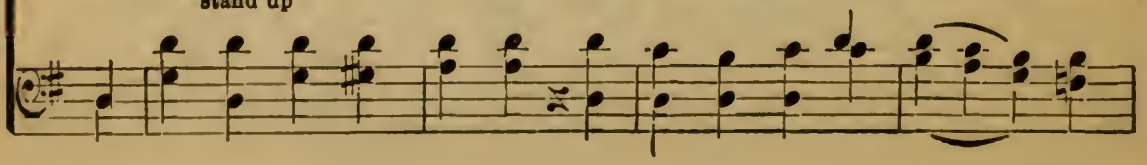
shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord in-deed.
number'd foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal - ly.



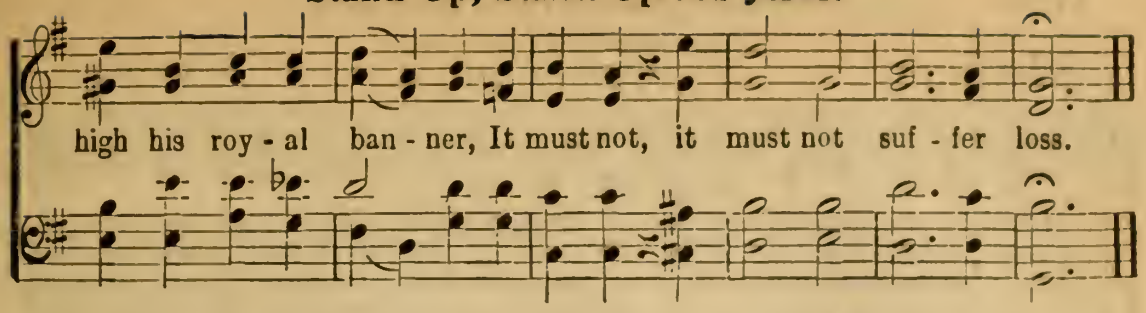
CHORUS. *Harmony.*



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
stand up



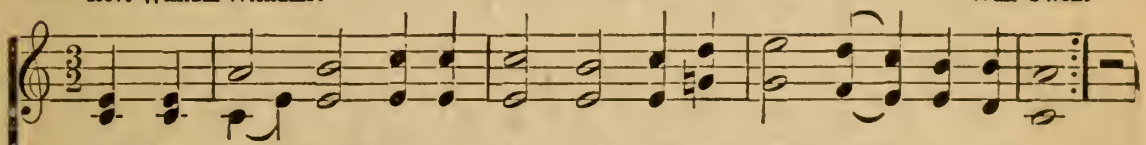
## Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.



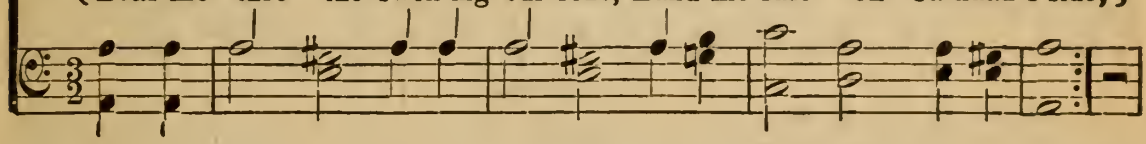

## 103 Songs of Praises.

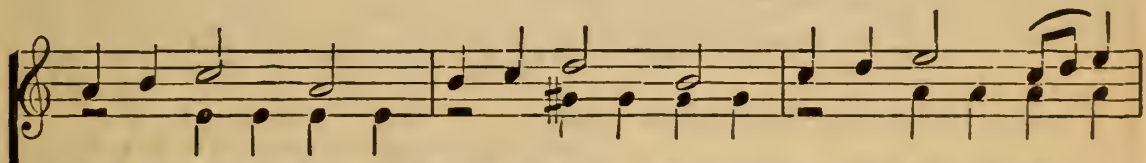
(Bryn Calfaria.)

Rev. William Williams. Wm. Owen.

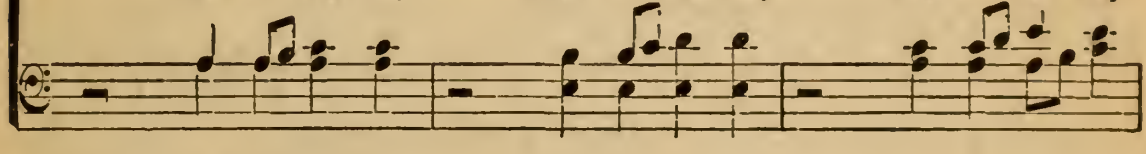


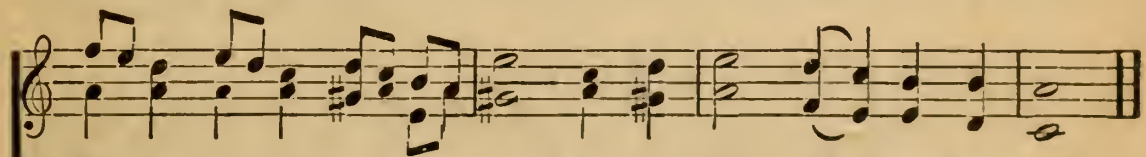
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
   I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fount-ain, Whence the heal - ing wa-ters flow;
   Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro';
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side;
   Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side;



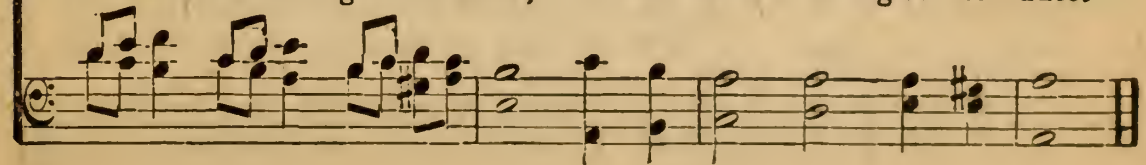


Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
Strong De-liv - 'rer, Strong De-liv - 'rer, Strong De-liv - 'rer,
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,





Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.



# Standing on the Promises.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es that can not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es, I now can see Per-fect, present cleansing
4. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-
5. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I can not fail, List'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment

let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God.
stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

# 105 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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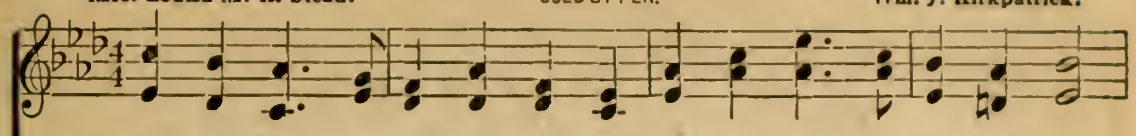
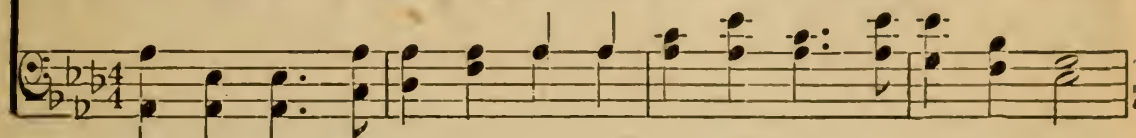
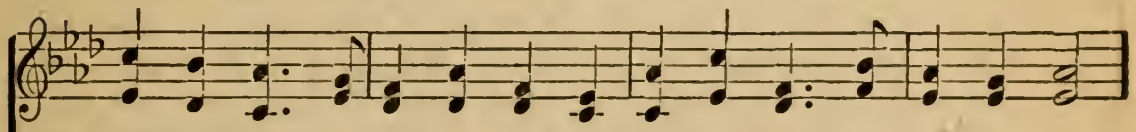
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

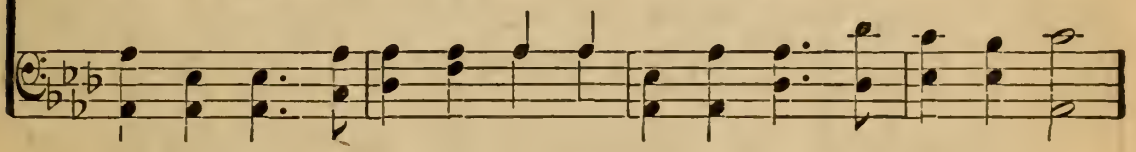


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;

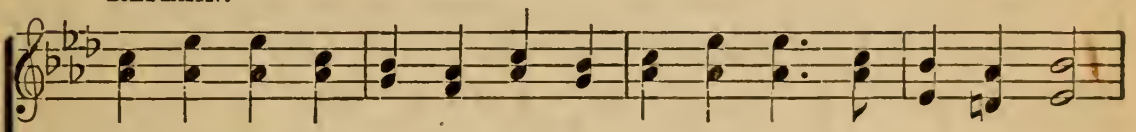




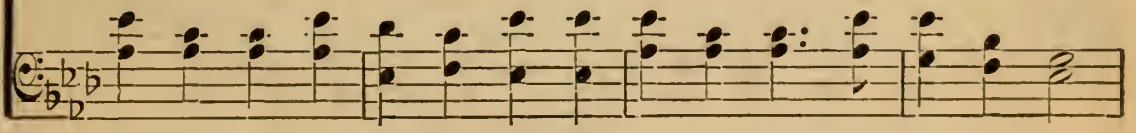
Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

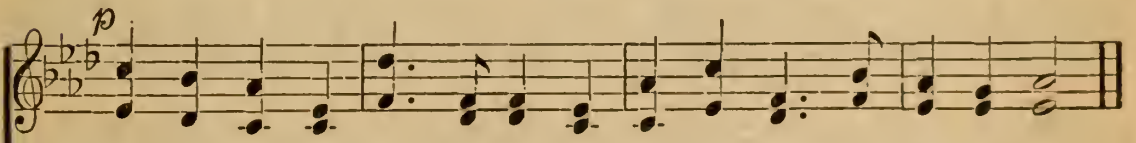


REFRAIN.

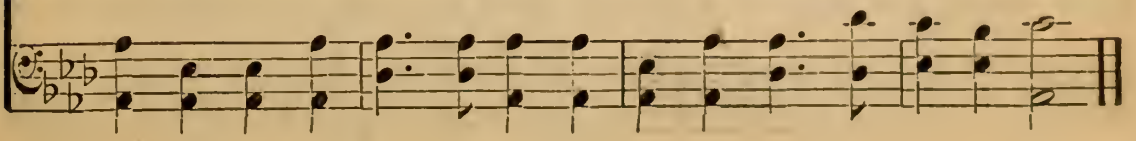


Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



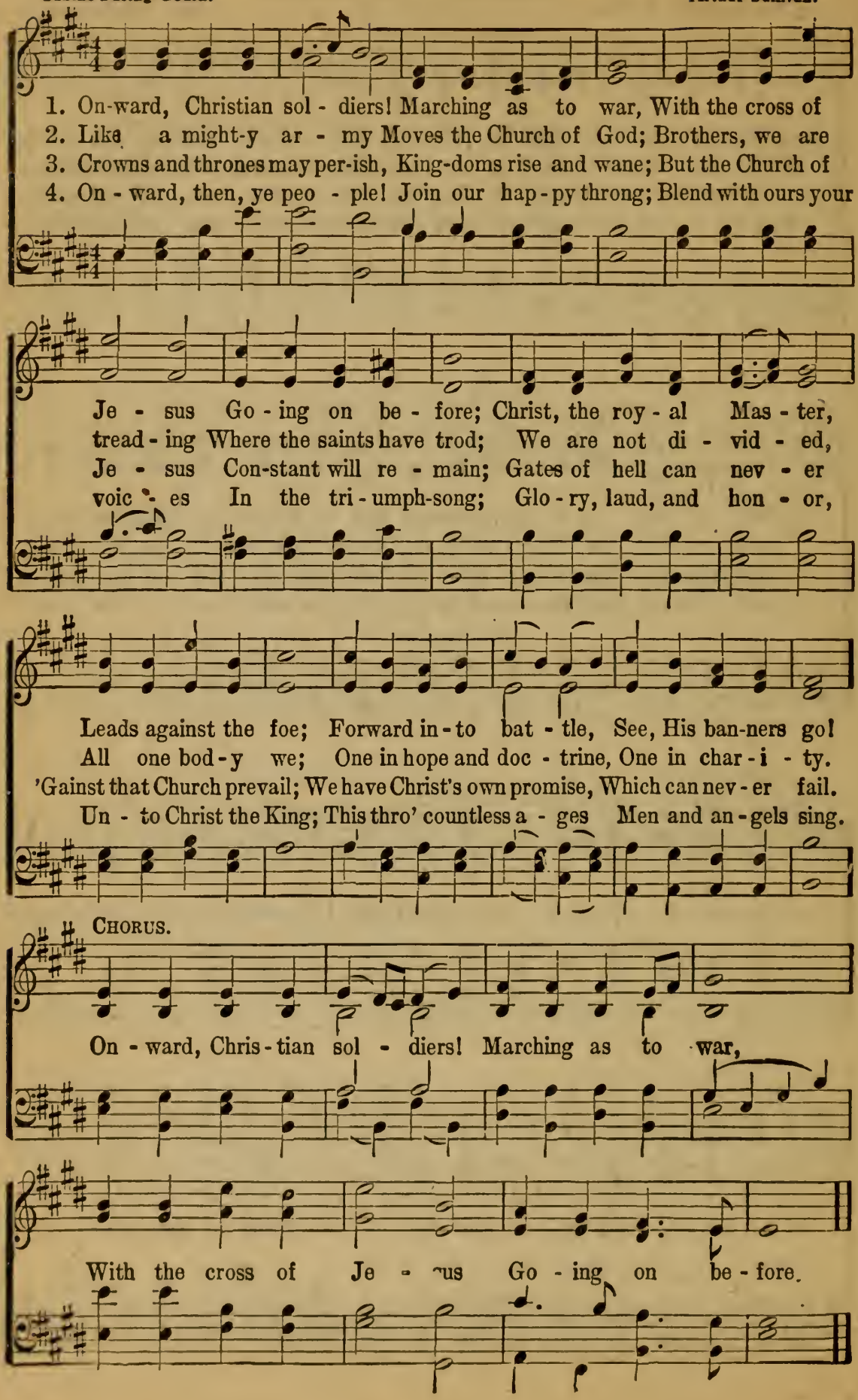


Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.



# 106 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.



# 107 I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest; And when, in

tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal-
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS.

long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

# Yield Not to Temptation.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. P. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you, Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn - est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

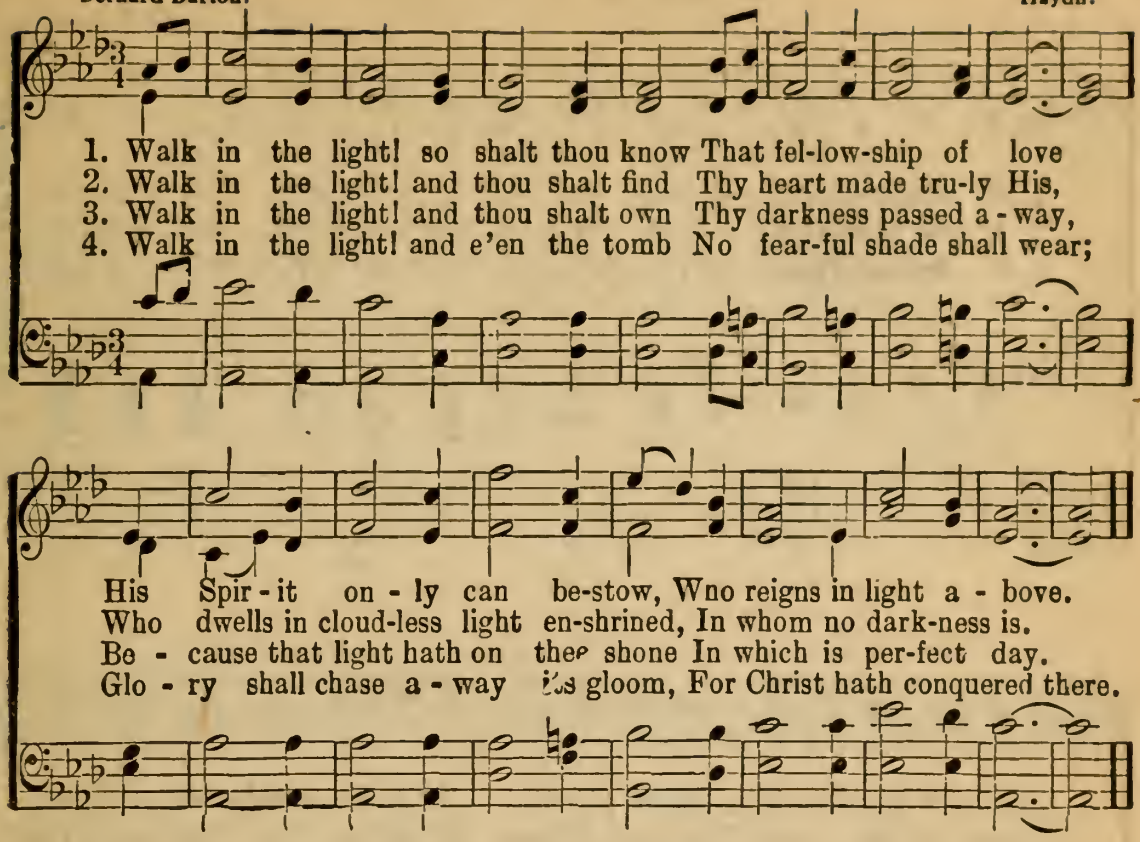
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

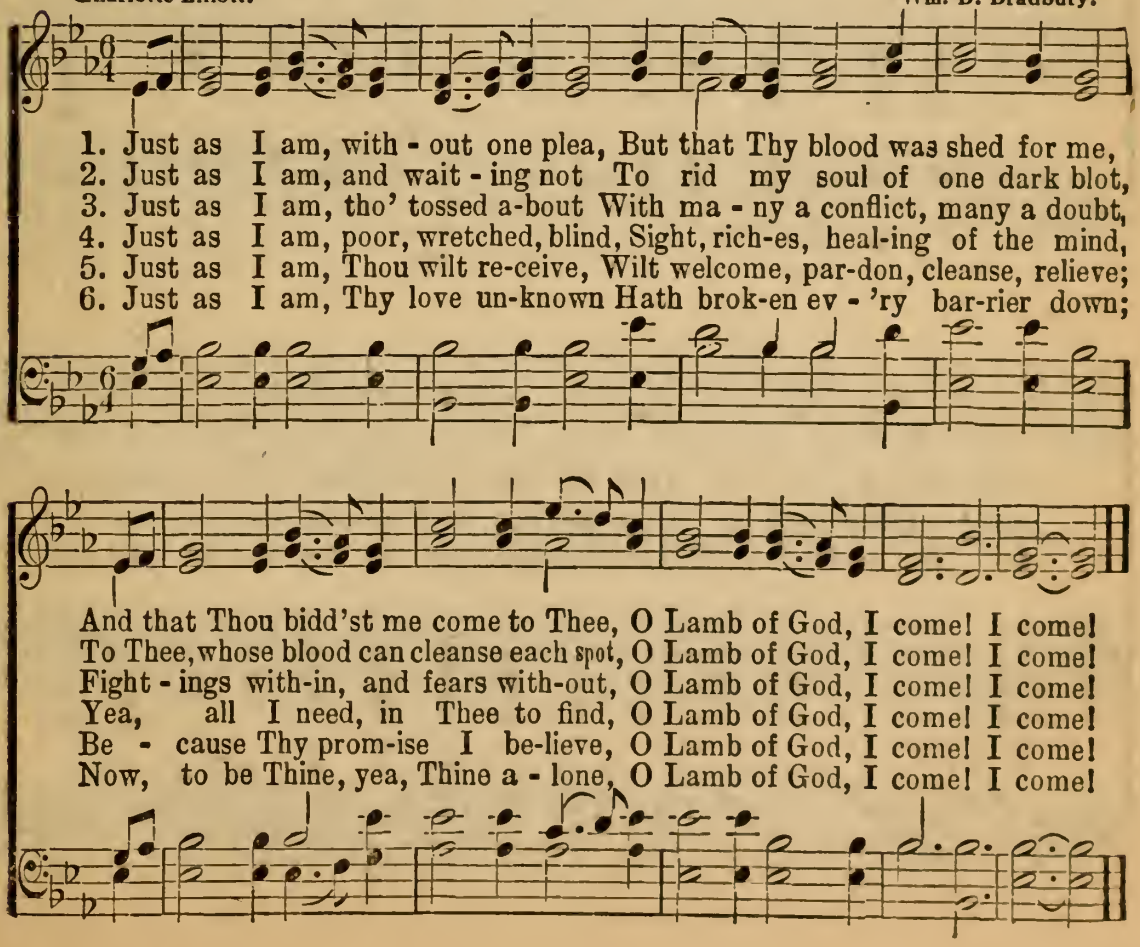
## 109 Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. Haydn.




## 110 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.



# Mother.

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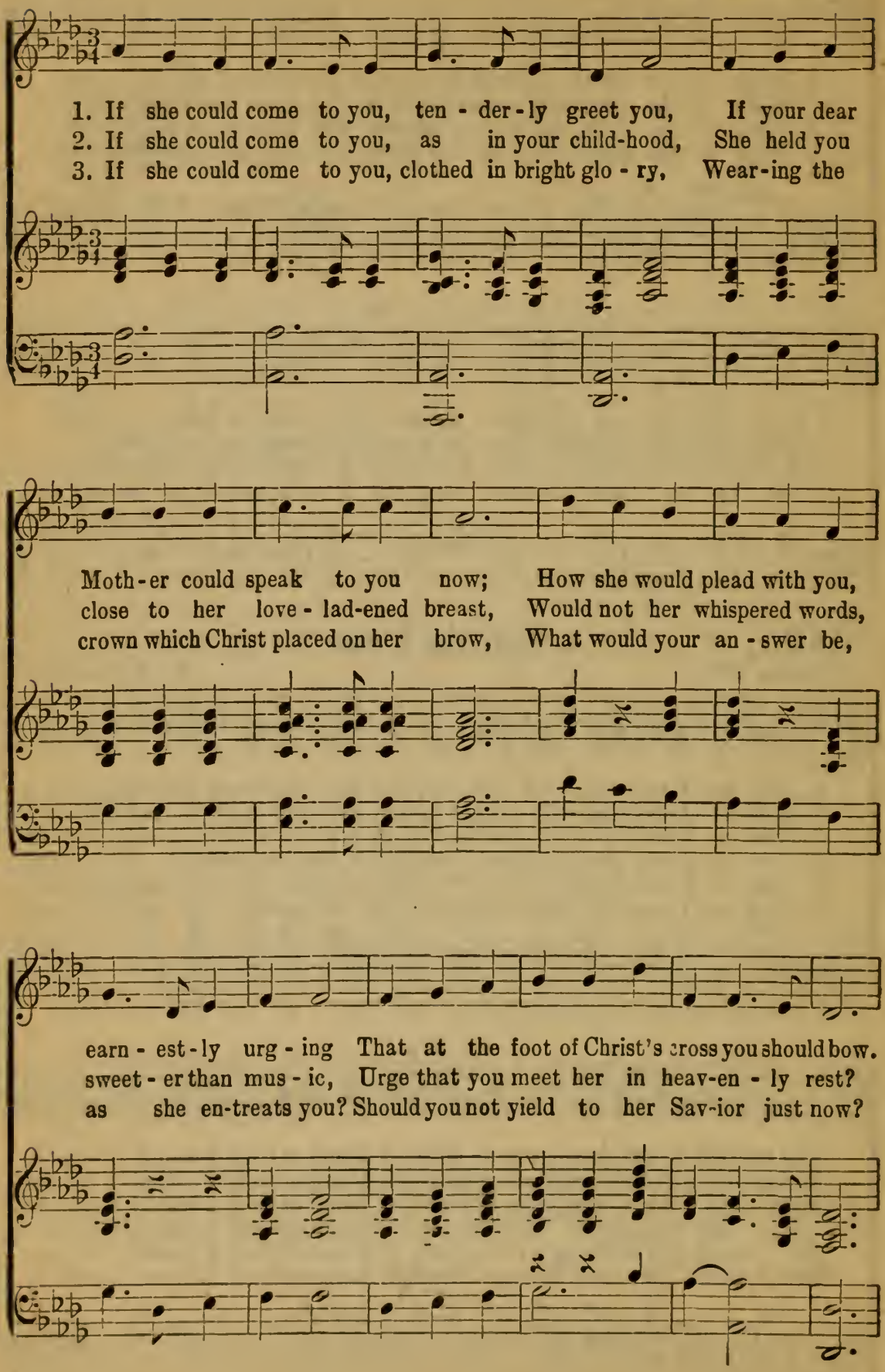
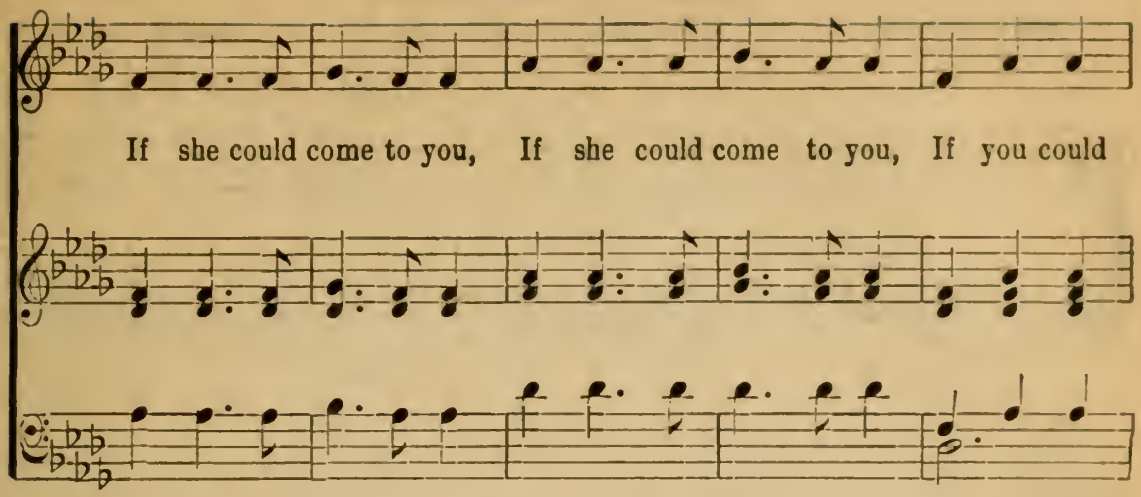
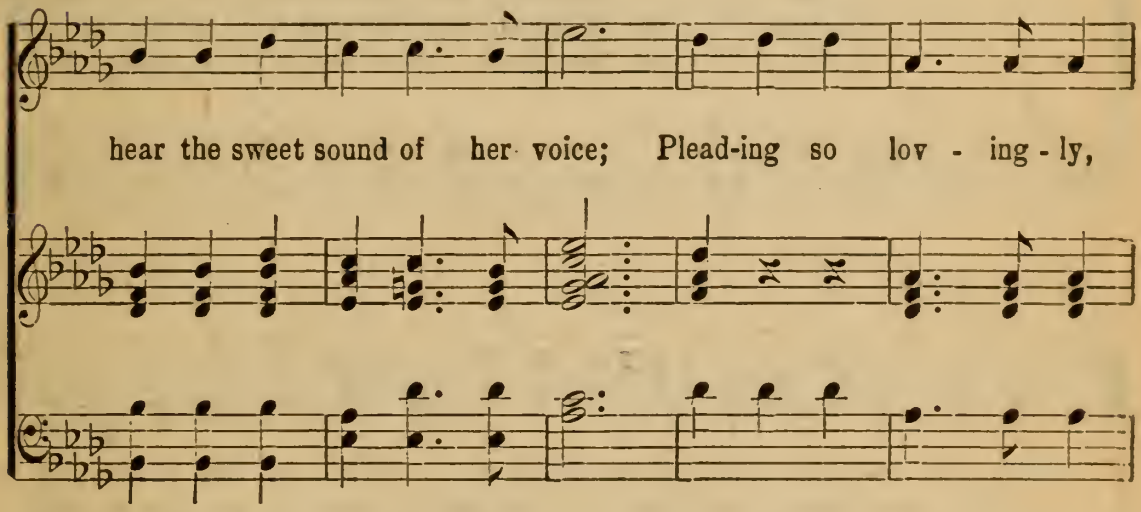
N. S. A. Nellie Albright Weber.

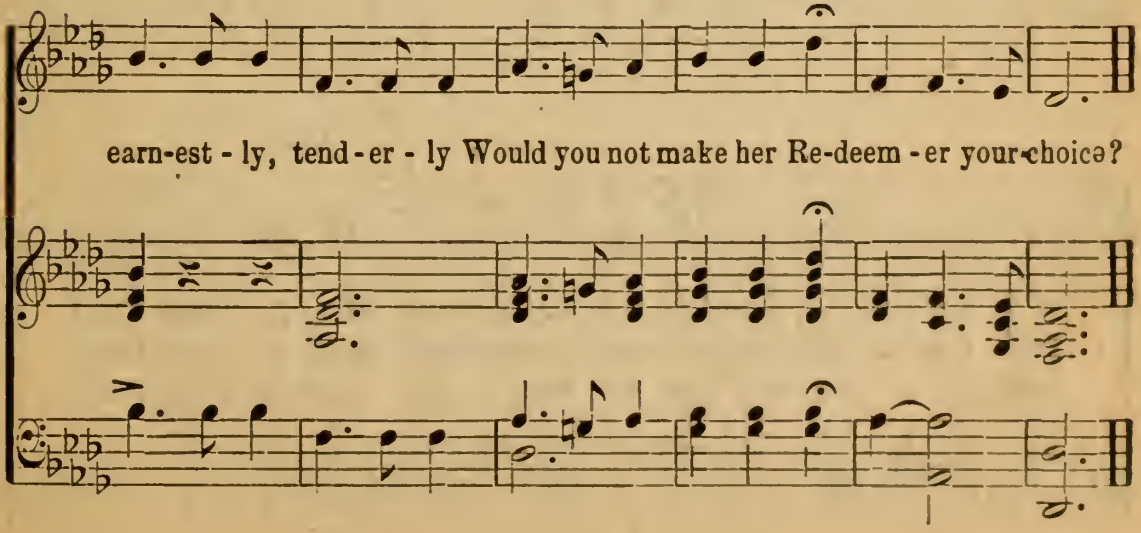


# Mother.

CHORUS.



# Make Jesus King.

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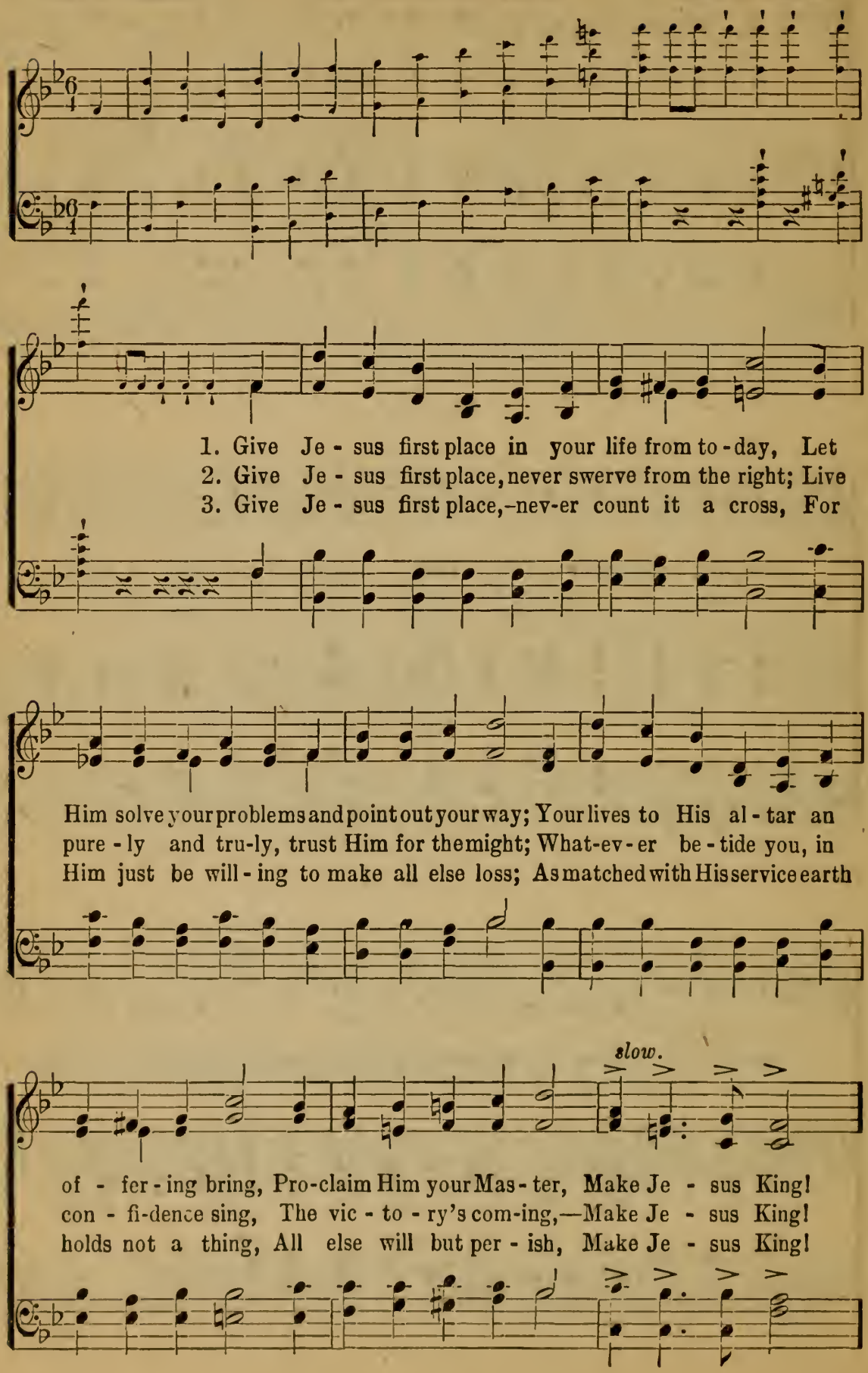
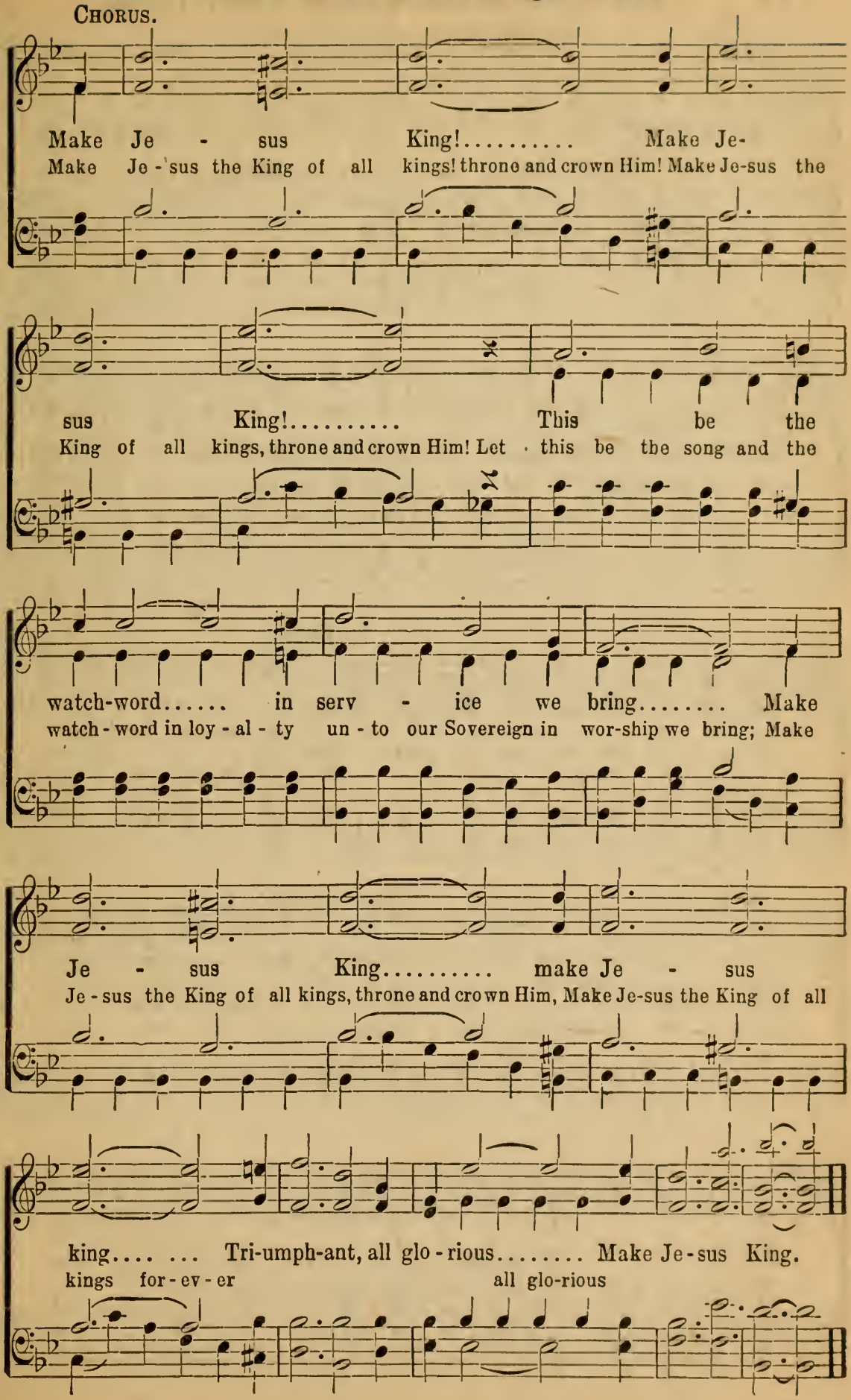
John R. Clements. Chas. H. Gabriel.



# Make Jesus King.

CHORUS.



# 113 His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

A. H. A.

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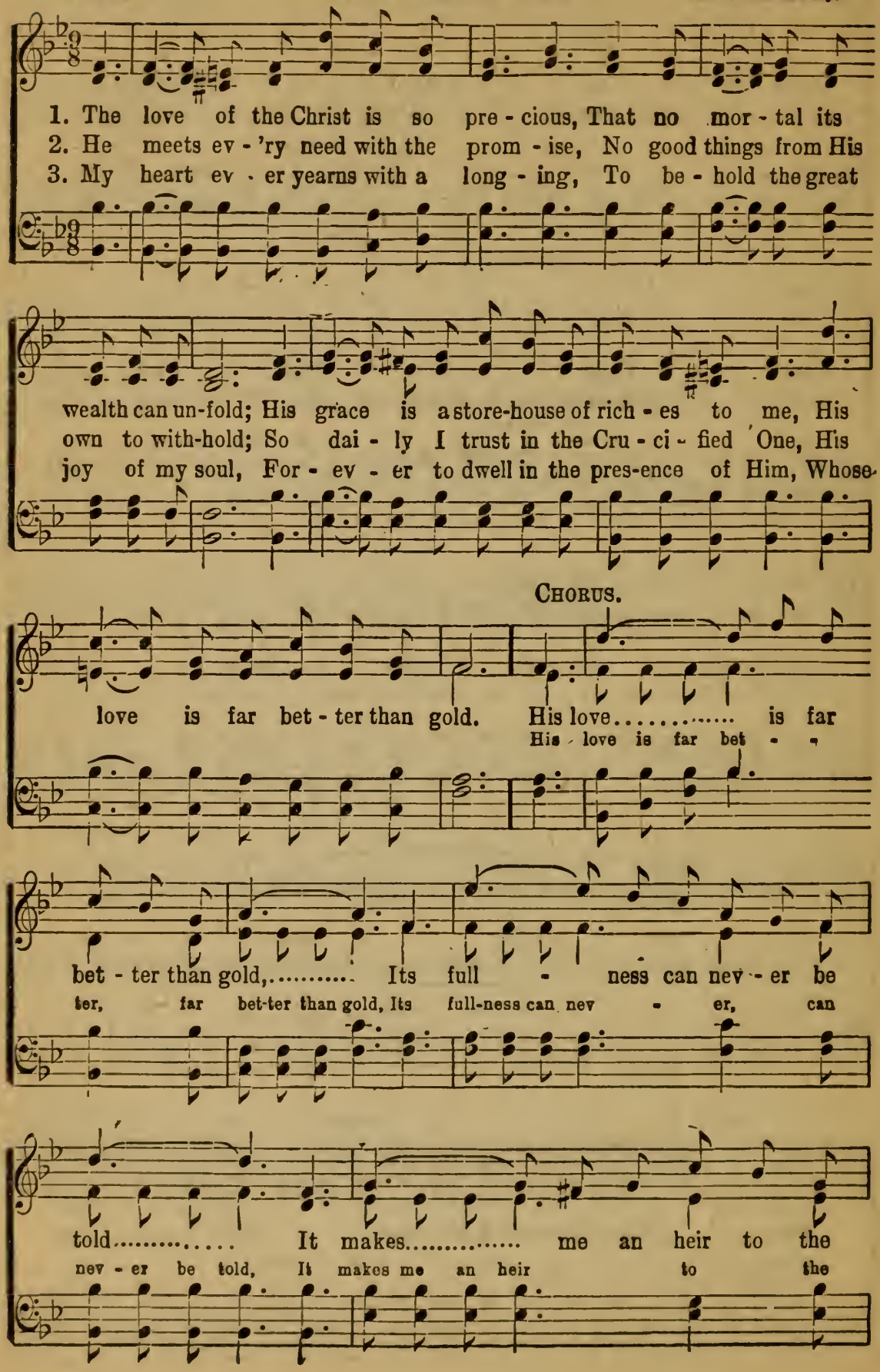
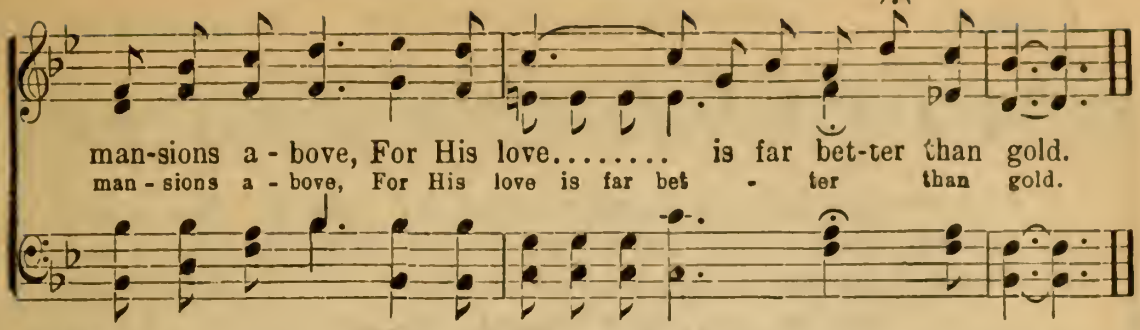
Rev A. H. Ackley.

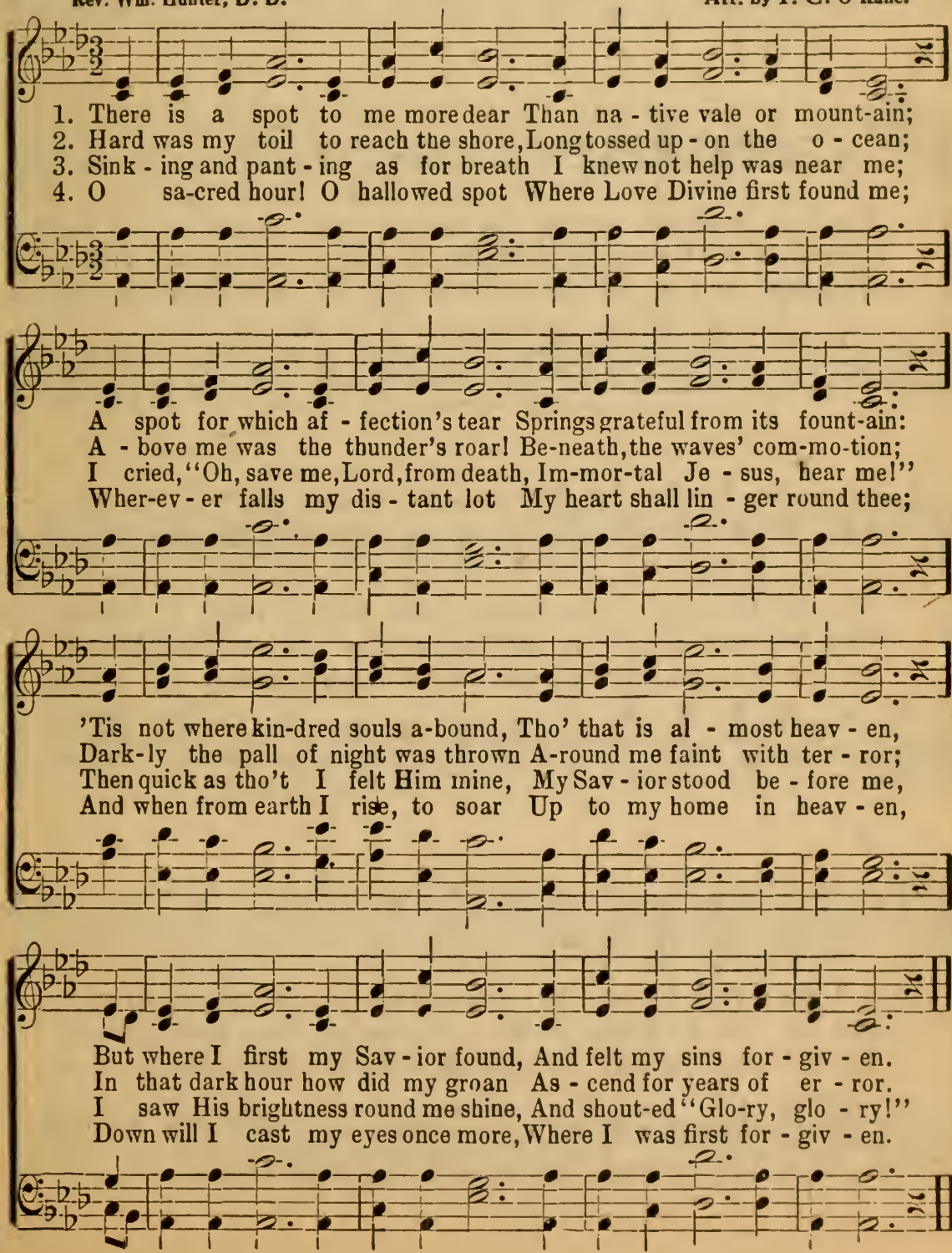


## His Love is Far Better Than Gold.



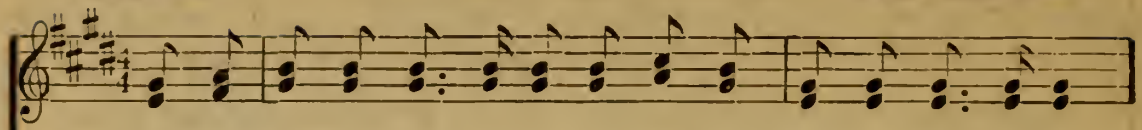

## 114 The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D. Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.

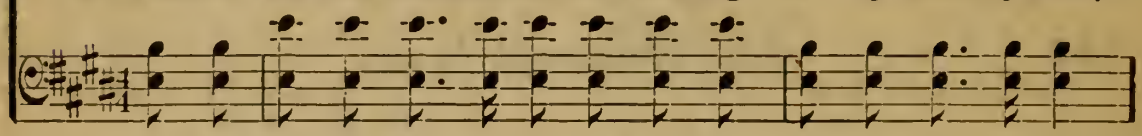


# 115 The Saviour of the Faithful.

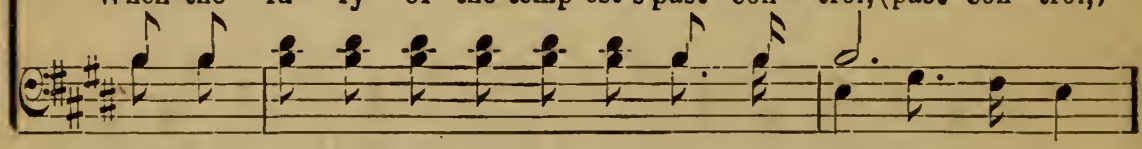
Ralph Bunsen. COPYRIGHT. 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON. Nellie Albright Weber.



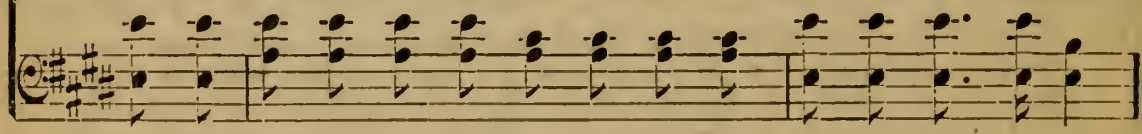
1. When temp-ta-tions bold as-sault me and my soul is sore - ly tried,
2. Thro' the wil - der - ness and des - ert; 'mid the fields of thorn - y care,
3. When con - fus - ions wild surround me drowning ev - 'ry friend-ly voice,

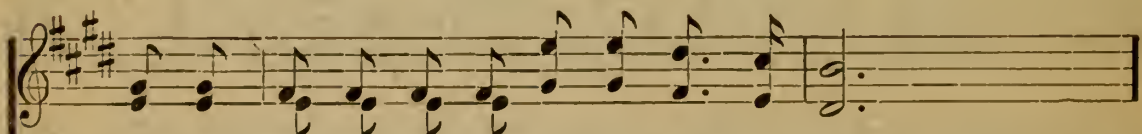


When the temp-ter wag - es bat - tle for my soul, (for my soul,)
When life's la - bor on my strength makes heav-y toll, (heav - y toll,)
When the fu - ry of the temp-est's past con - trol, (past con - trol,)

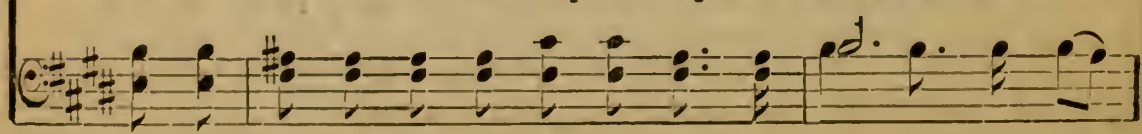


'Mid the test - ing, I am rest-ing, for in Je - sus I a-bide,
When I'm work-ing, nev - er shirk-ing, ev - 'ry bur - den Christ doth share,
Nev - er fear - ing deaths ap - pear - ing, in Christ's pres-ence I re-joice,





And the Vic - tor of the mountain keeps me whole. (keeps me whole.)
And the toil - ing Son of Ma - ry keeps me whole. (keeps me whole.)
For the Mas - ter of the tempests keeps me whole. (keeps me whole.)



# The Saviour of the Faithful.

CHORUS

For the Sav - iour of the faith-ful keeps me whole,
keeps me whole,

For the Sav - iour of the faith-ful keeps my soul,
keeps my soul,

'Mid life's sad-ness, He brings gladness; ev - 'ry sor - row He'll con-

sole, For the Sav-iour of the faith - ful keeps me whole.

# 116 The Joy of Christ's Pardon.

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Ralph Bunsen — Lewis Thomas.

1. There is par-don to-day for the sin-ners who stray Like a prod-i-gal far from his home-land; Thro' the des-erts so wild, He seeks each wayward child
2. There is par-don so near, with its heav-en-ly cheer, For each wan-der-er seek-ing the home-path For our King on His throne, bends in mer-cy to own,
3. There is par-don just now, if in faith you will bow As a pen-i-tent wear-y with weep-ing With His in-fin-ite grace, ev-'ry sin He'll ef-face,

CHORUS.

And shel-ters him safe in Love's Keeping. What joy it is to find par-don, Par-don so rich and so free; From God's pal-ace a-bove, warm with wel-com-ing love, Oh there is rich joy in Christ's par-don.

# The Unspoken Message.

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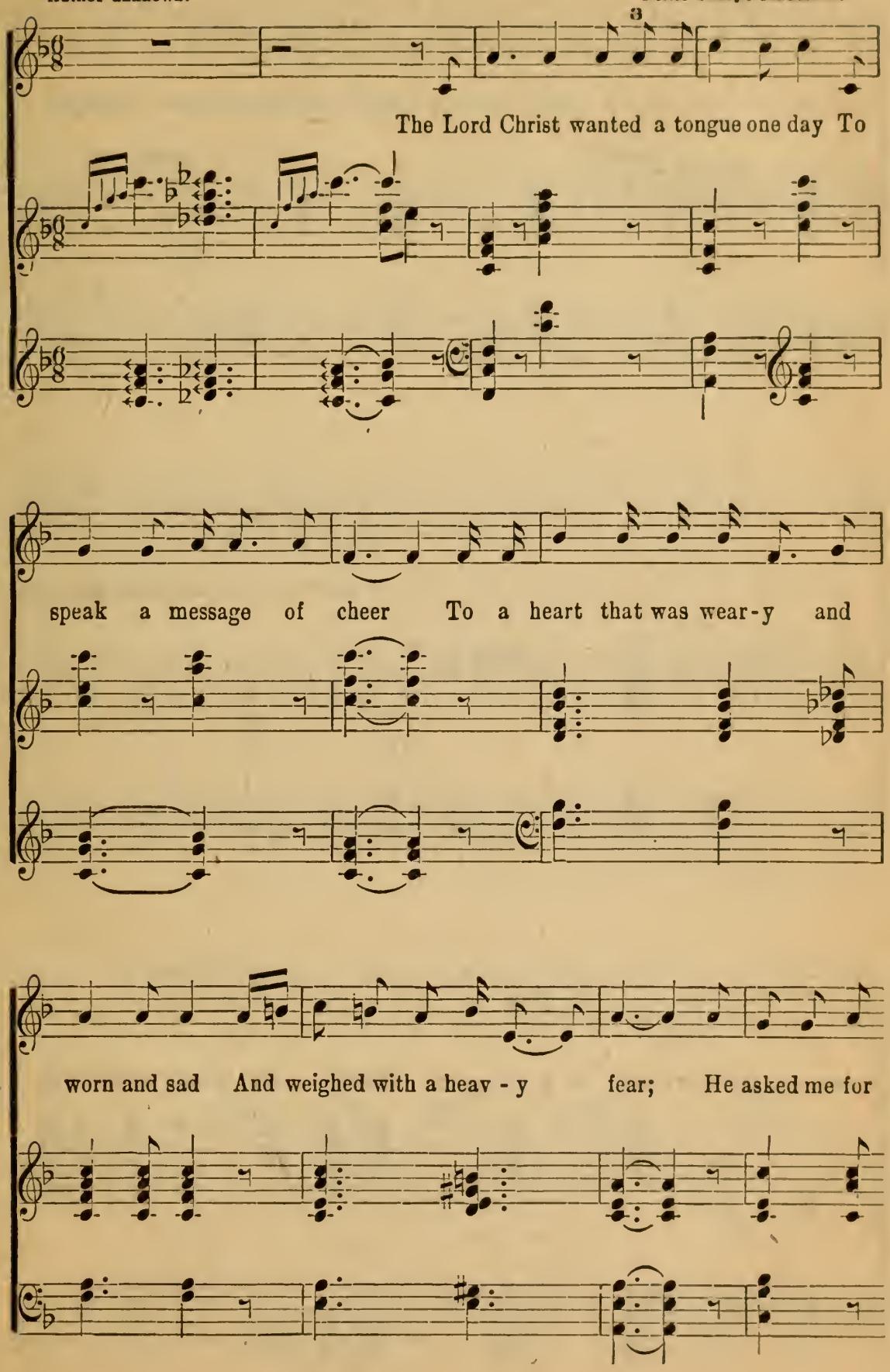
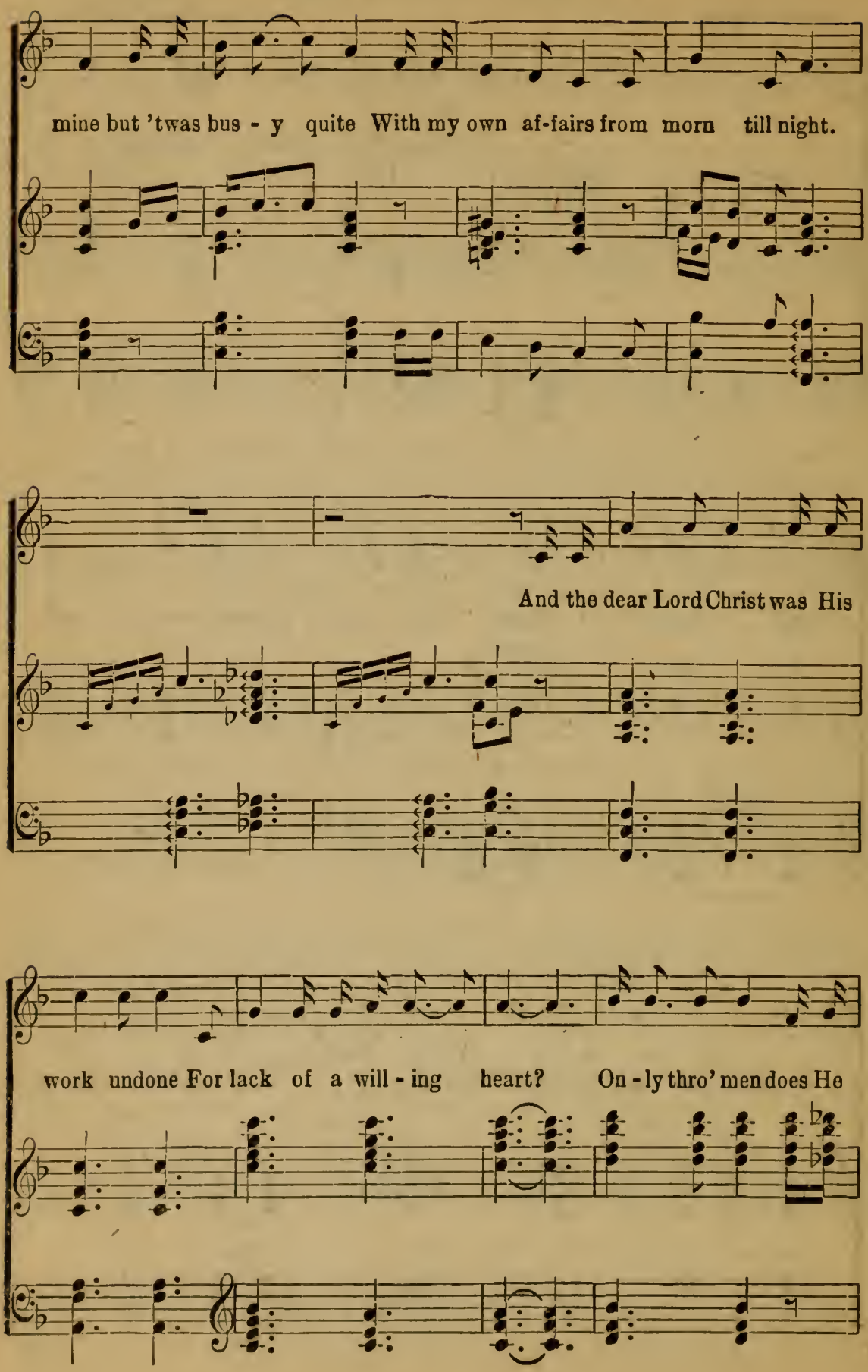
Author unknown.

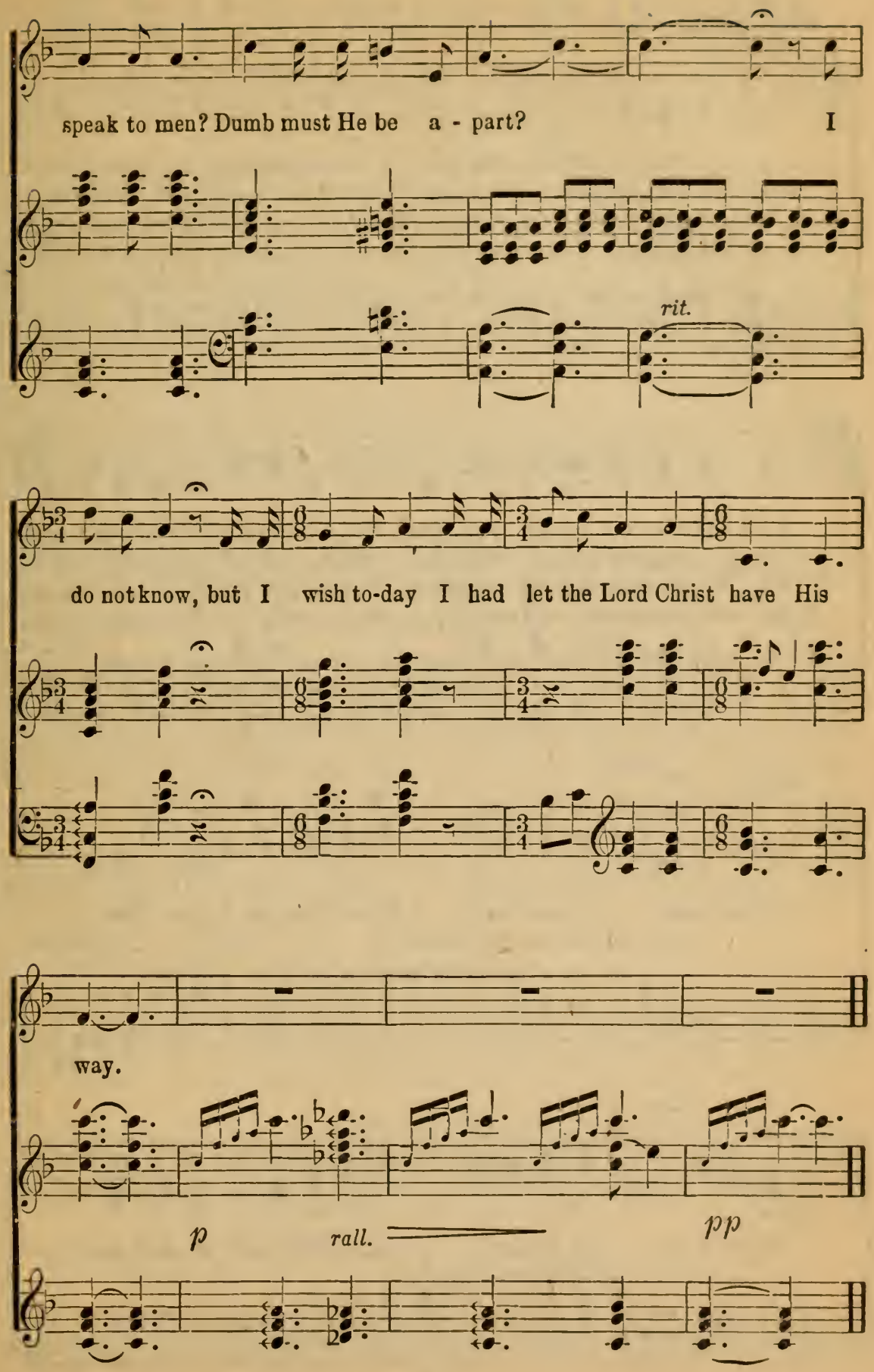
Music by
Nellie Sharpe Anderson.



# The Unspoken Message.



# The Unspoken Message.



# God Be With You.

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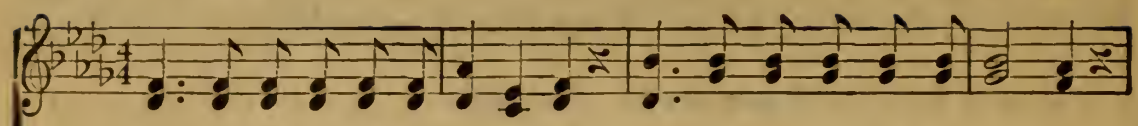
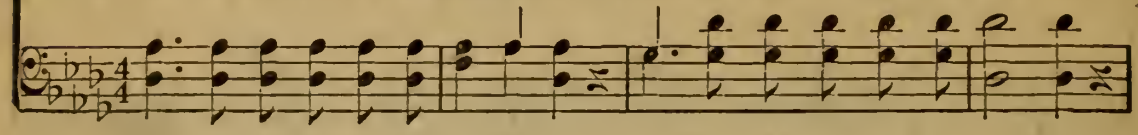
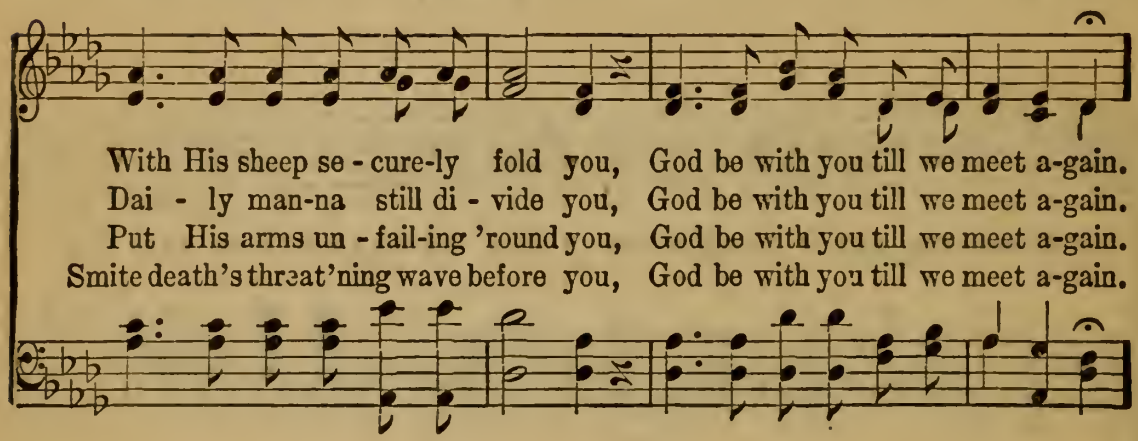
Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.



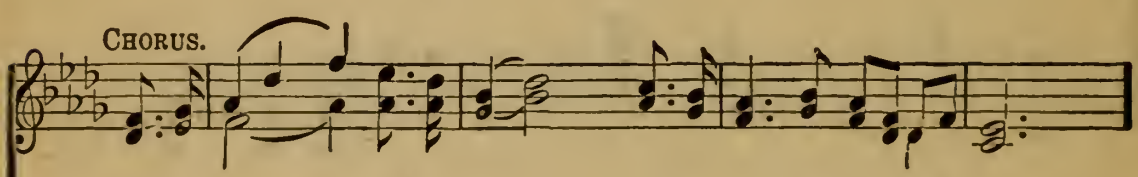
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,



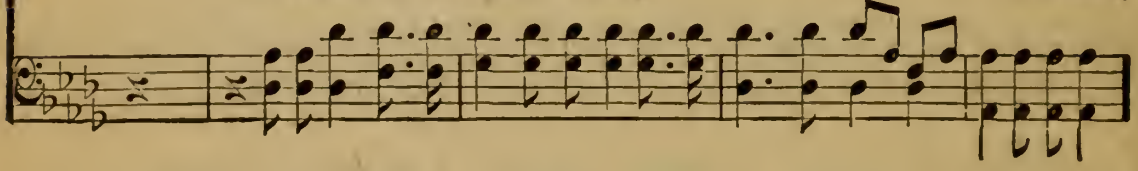


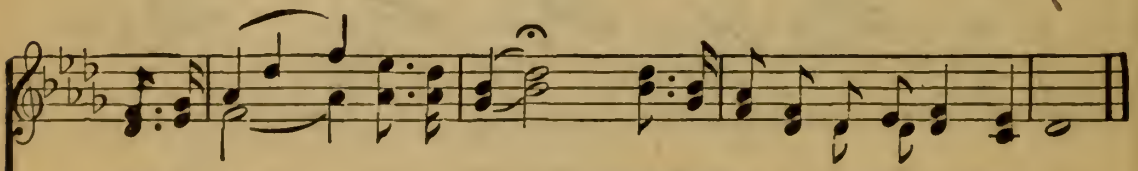
With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

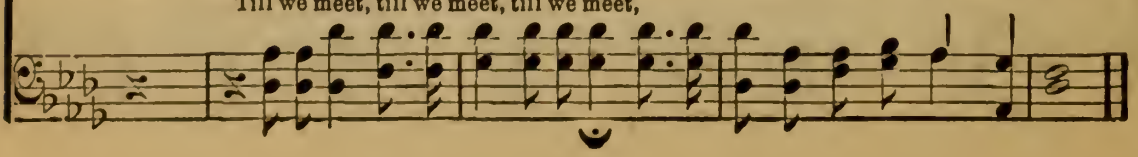


'Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,





Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



# Children's Songs

## 119 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT 1902. BY JOHN CHURCH COMPANY, USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see,
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a - way, Still He doth love me wher- ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

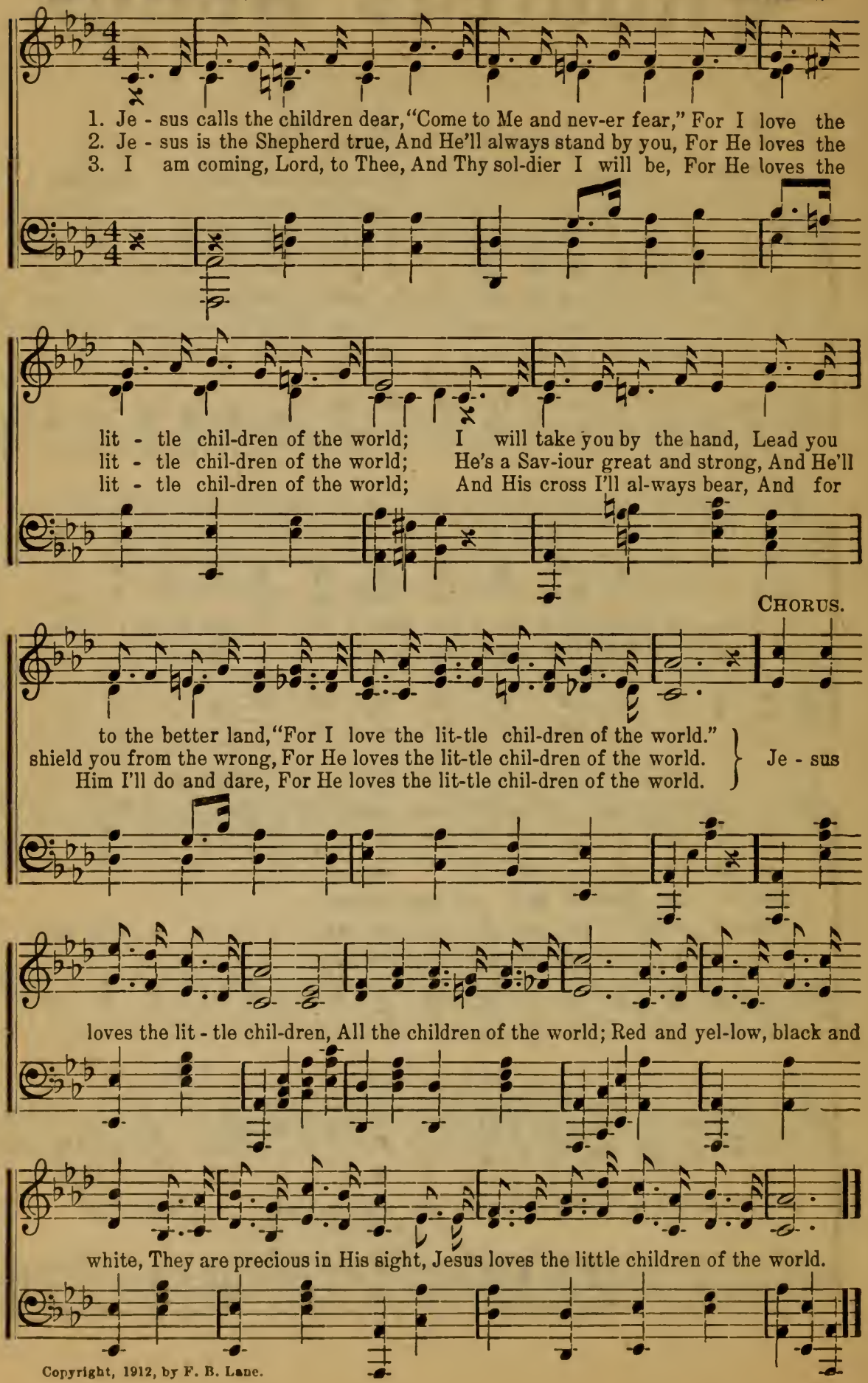
This is the dear-est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re-mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me.

1 2

Je - sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

# 120 Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Rev. C. H. Woolston, D. D. C. H. Marsh.

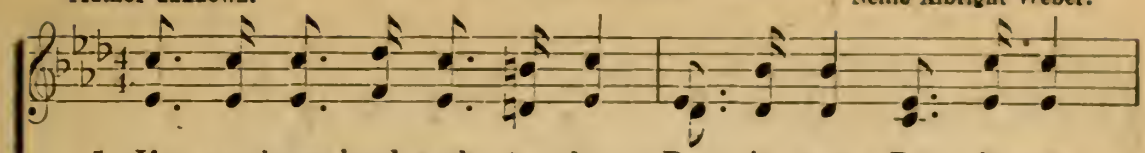



Copyright, 1912, by F. B. Lane.

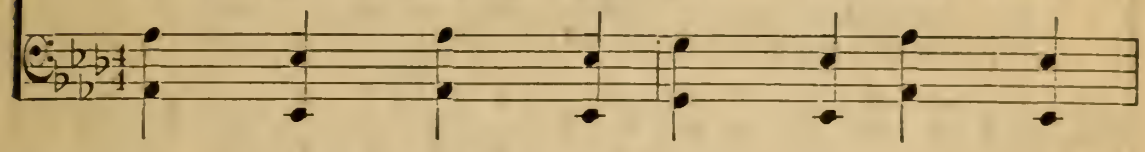
# Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

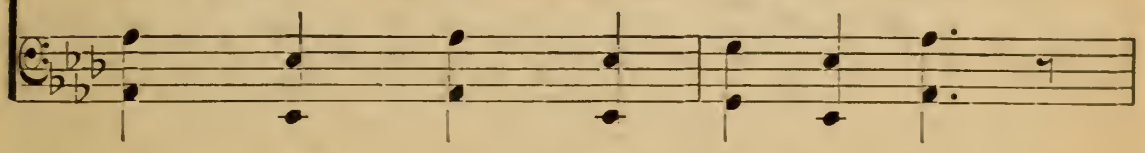
Author unknown. Nellie Albright Weber.



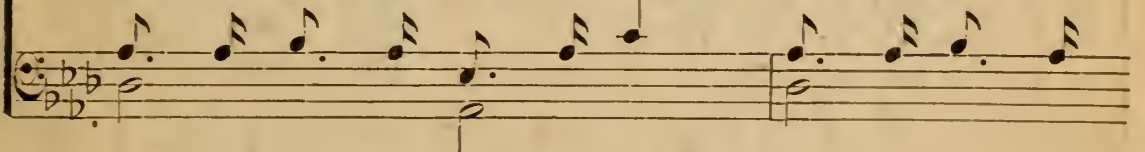
1. If you have hard work to do, Do it now, Do it now,
2. If you have a song to sing, Sing it now, Sing it now,
3. If you have kind words to say, Say them now, Say them now,
4. If you have a smile to show, Show it now, Show it now,



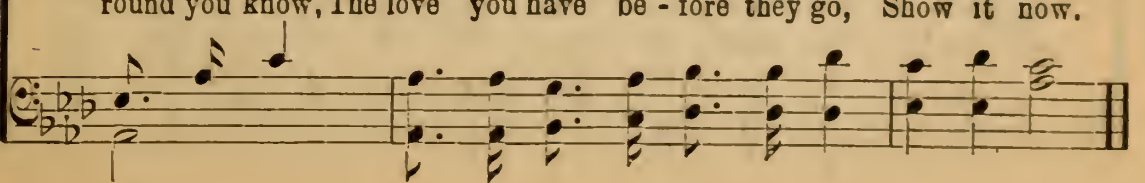
If you have hard work to do, Do it now; To-
If you have a song to sing, Sing it now; —
If you have kind words to say, Say them now; To-
If you have a smile to show, Show it now; —



day the skies are clear and blue, To - mor - row clouds may
Let the tones of glad - ness ring, Clear as song of
mor - row may not come your way. Do a kind - ness
Make heart's hap - py ros - es grow, Let your friends a-

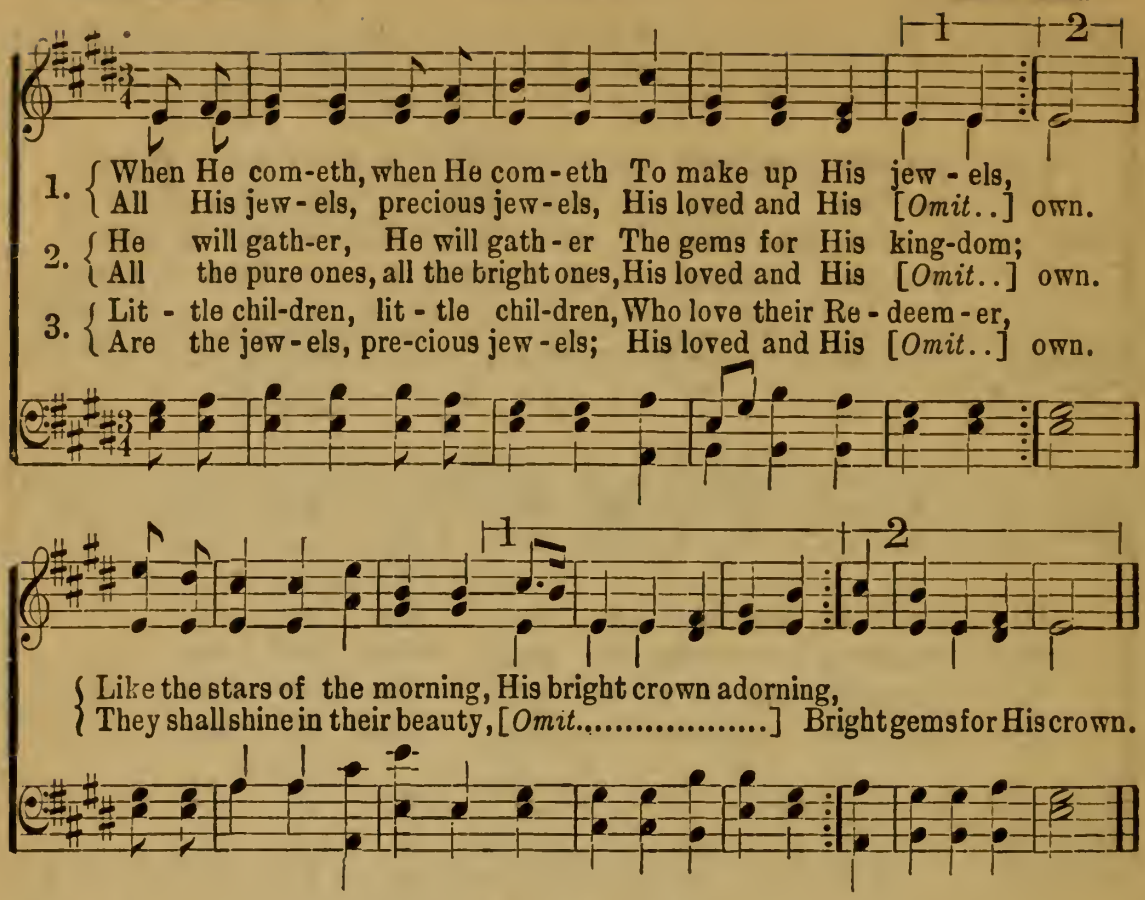


come in view, Yes - ter-day is not for you, Do it now.
bird in spring, Ev - 'ry day some mus - ic bring, Sing it now.
while you may, Loved ones will not al - ways stay, Say them now.
round you know, The love you have be - fore they go, Show it now.



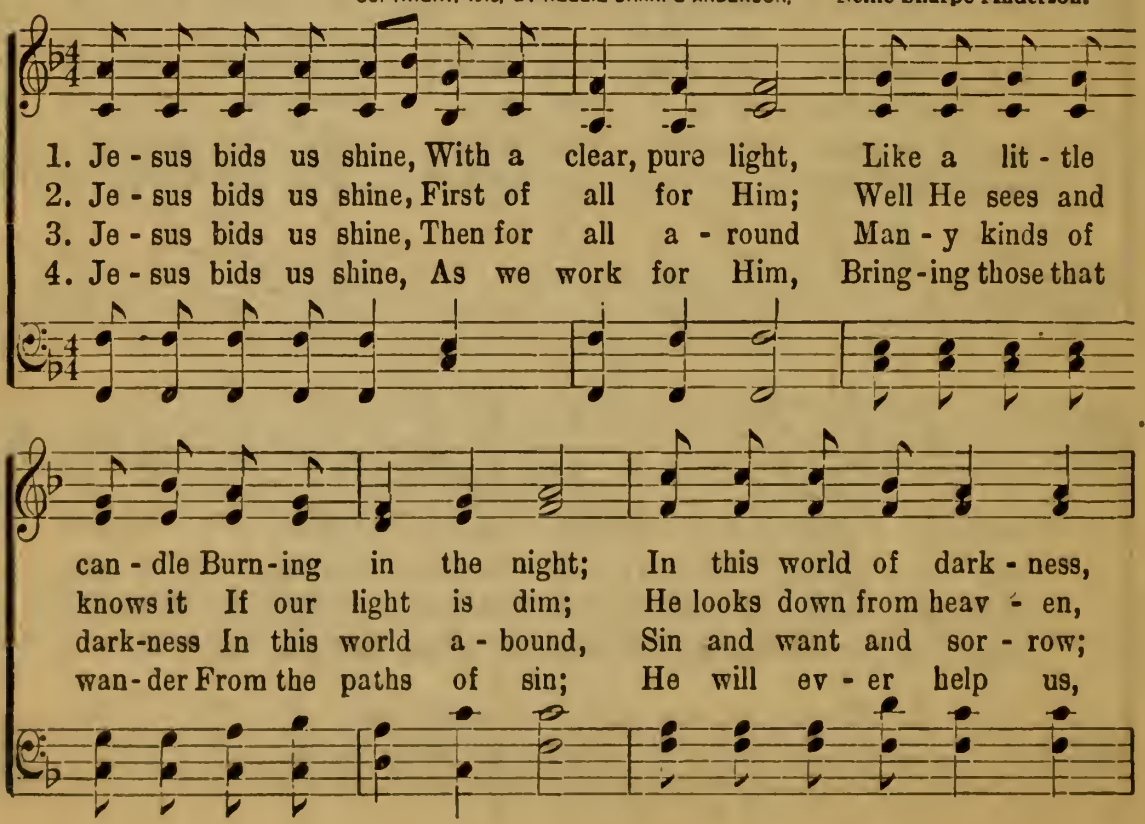
## 122 Jewels.

W. O. Cushing. COPYRIGHT. 1902. BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. F. Root.

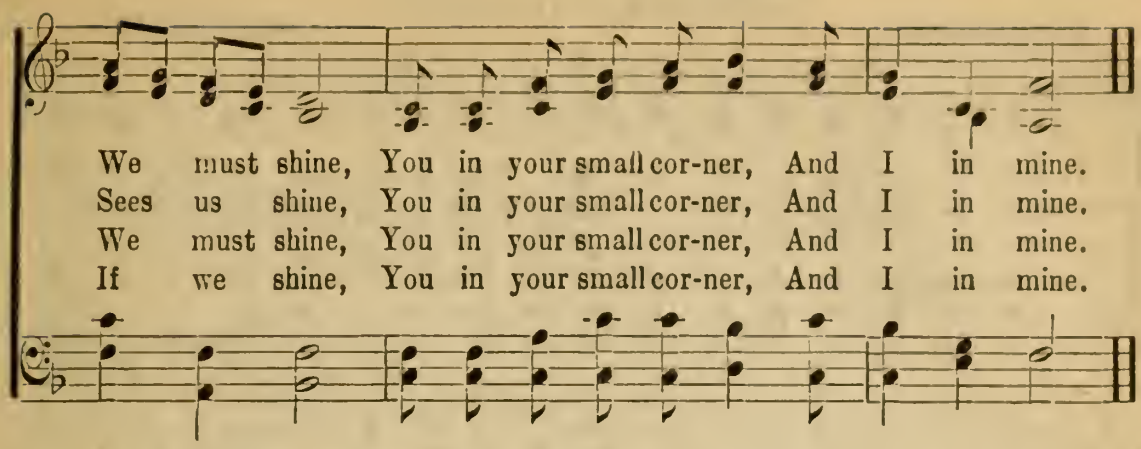



## 123 Little Candles.

COPYRIGHT. 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON. Nellie Sharpe Anderson.

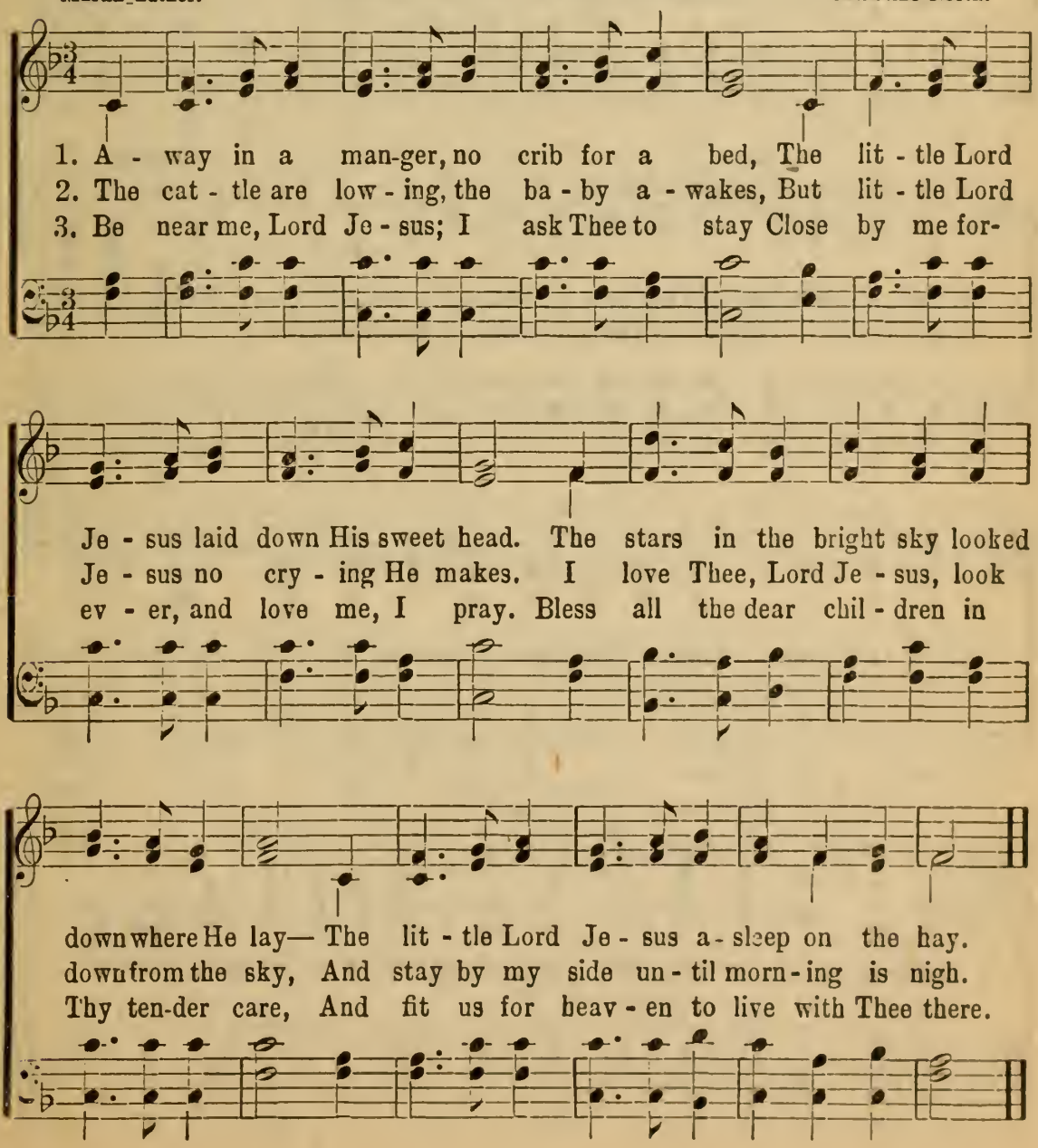


## Little Candles.




## 124 The Babe in the Manger.

Martin Luther. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON. Catherine North.



# Just Be Happy.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

Ripley D. Saunders. Nellie Albright Weber.

1. Just be - ing hap - py is a fine thing to do, And look-ing on the
2. Just be - ing hap - py helps oth-er souls a-long, Their bur-dens may be

bright side rath-er than the blue, Sad or sun-ny mus-ing is largely in the
heav - y and their faith not strong, Your own sky will lighten if oth-er skies you

CHORUS.

choosing, And just be - ing hap - py is brave work and true. Just be hap-py
bright-en, By just be - ing hap - py with a heart full of song.

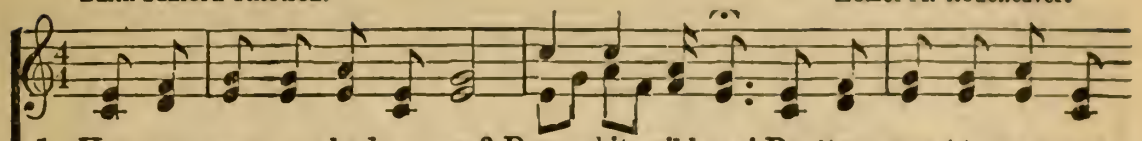
kind and true, That is what God now asks of you; Some may have

great-er work to do, But just be-ing hap-py is a good work too.

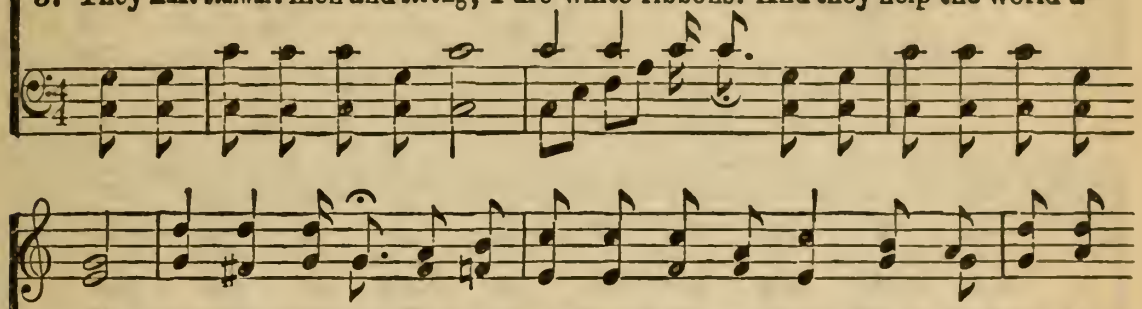
# Pure White Ribbons!

COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

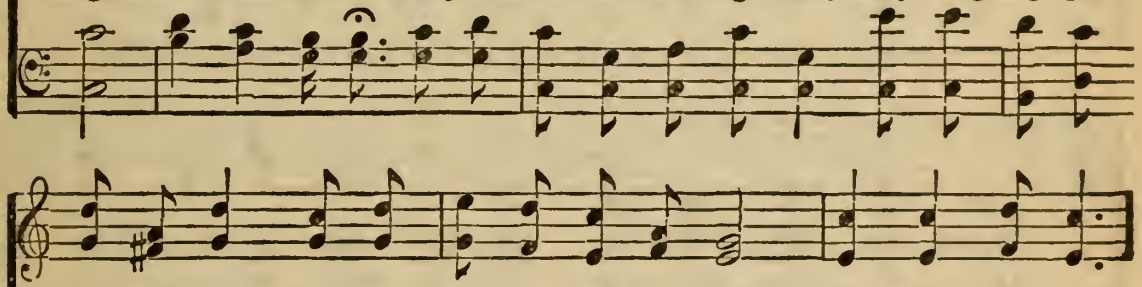
Edith Sanford Tillotson. Homer A. Rodeheaver.



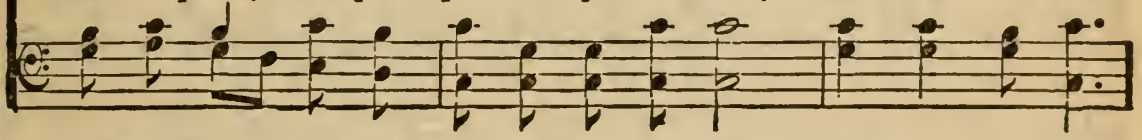
1. Have you seen our badges new? Pure white ribbons! Don't you want to wear one
2. They will drive strong drink a-way, Pure white ribbons! They will sure-ly win the
3. They make stalwart men and strong, Pure white ribbons! And they help the world a-



too? Pure white ribbons! They are em-blems of a band That is work-ing
day, Pure white ribbons! They will right the wrongs we bear, Drive out pov - er
long, Pure white ribbons! They make sin and suff'ring cease, They bring hap - pi-

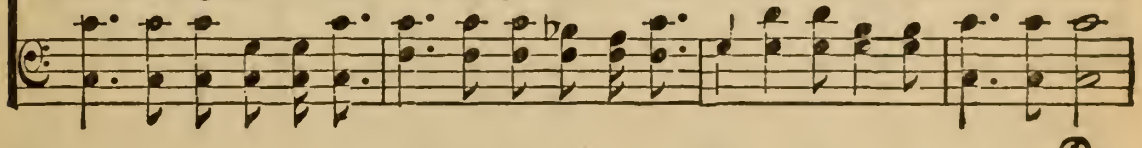


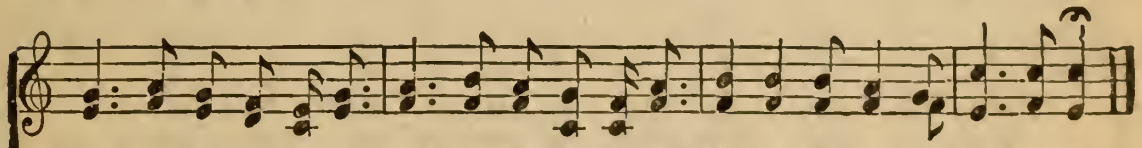
hand in hand, And for tem-per - ance they stand, Pure white rib-bons!
ty and care, So we're ver - y proud to wear Pure white rib-bons!
ness and peace, Make pros - per - i - ty in-crease, Pure white rib-bons!



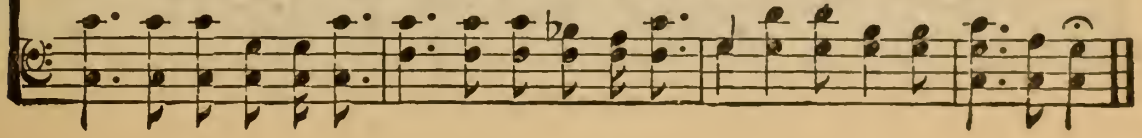
CHORUS.

Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!





Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!



# Song To the Flag.

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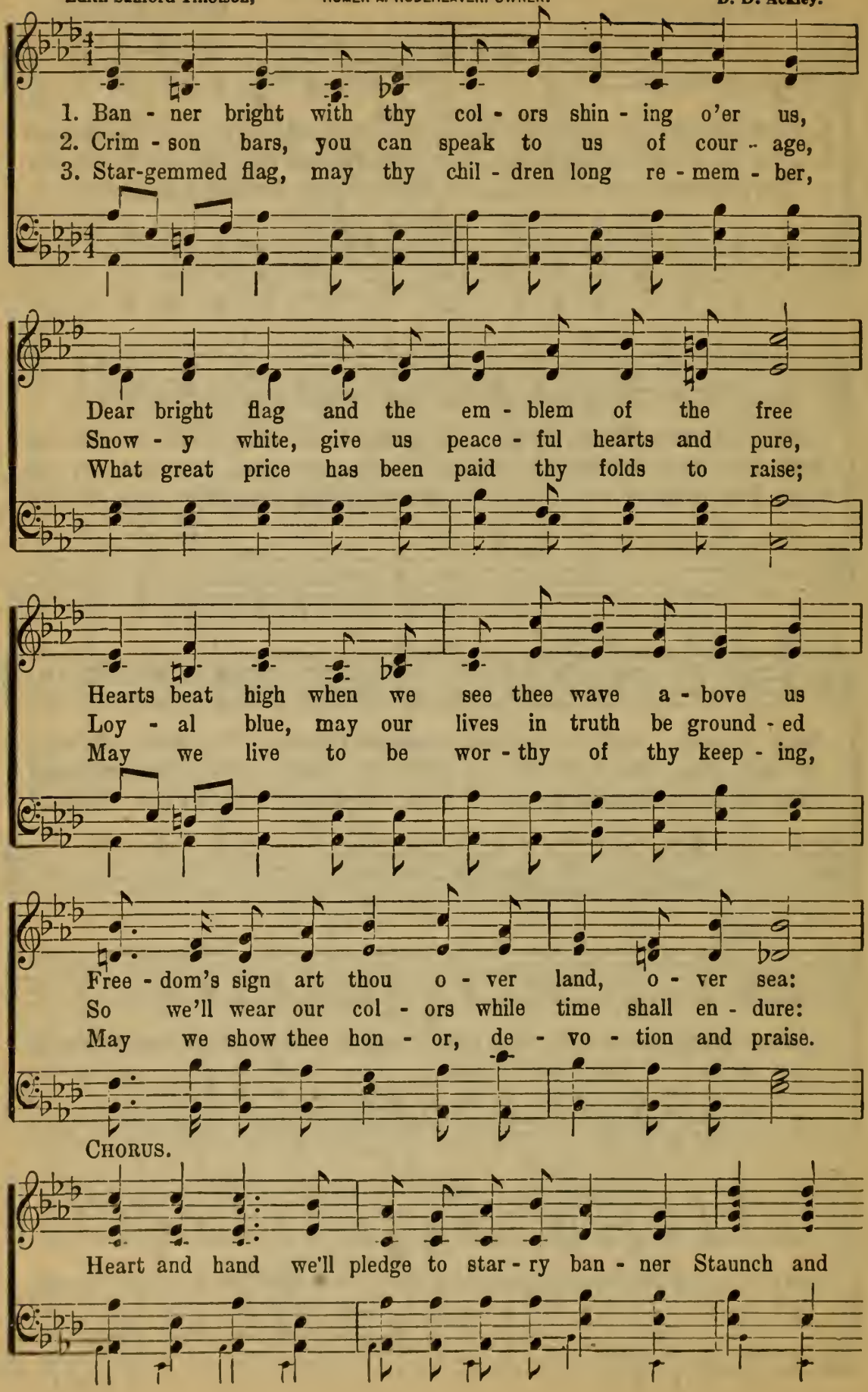
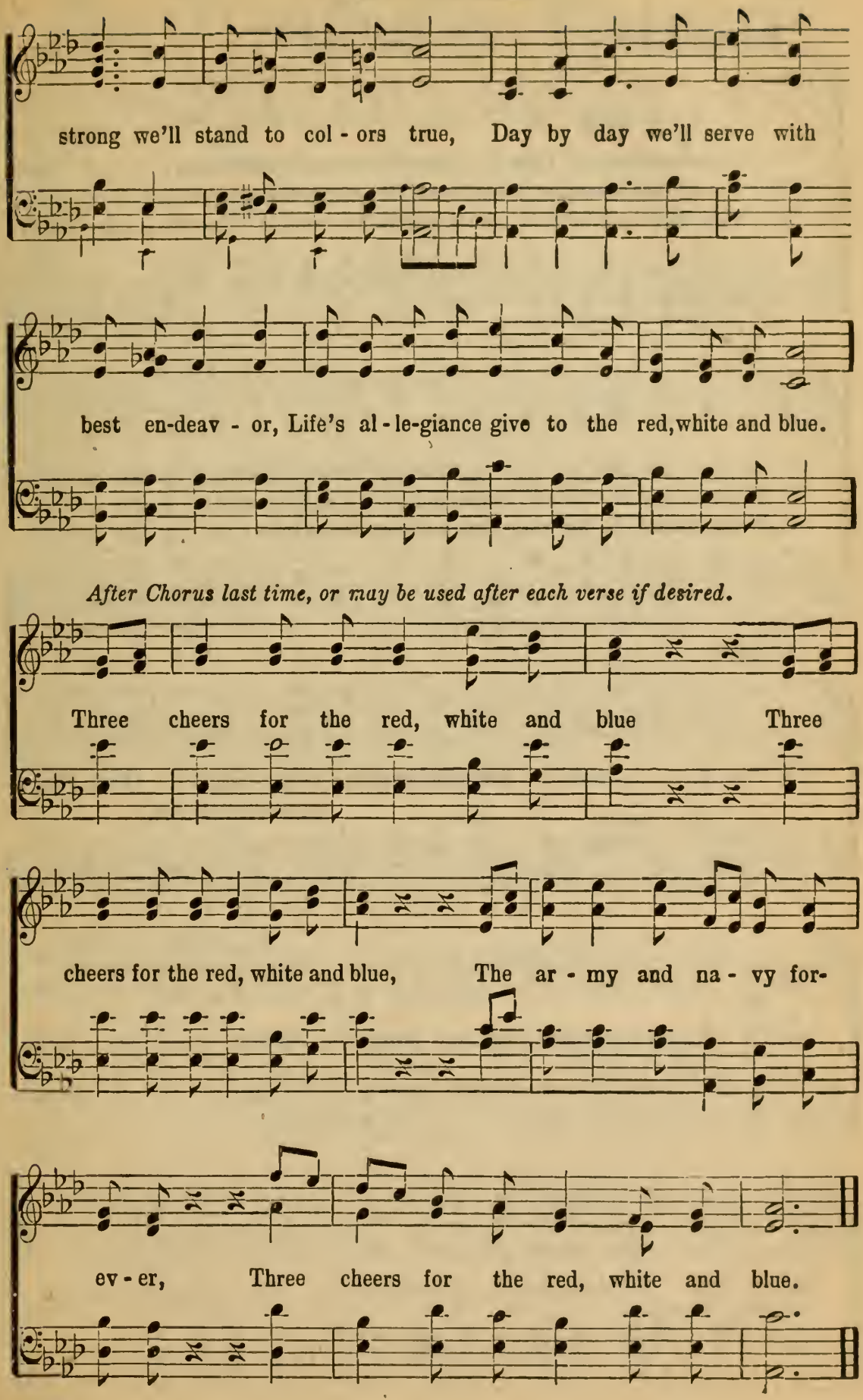
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Edith Sanford Tillotson, B. D. Ackley.



# Song To the Flag.



# Swing Song.

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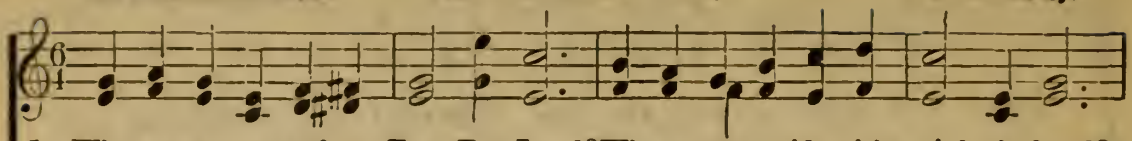
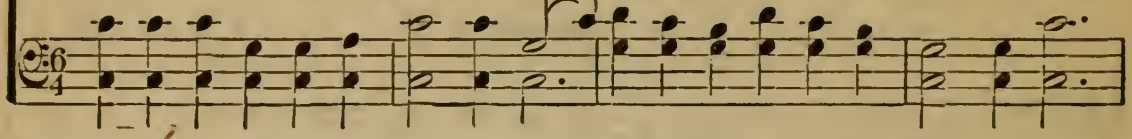
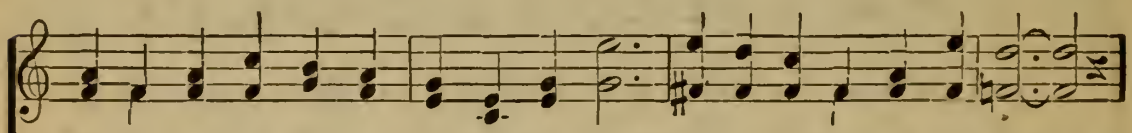
Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.

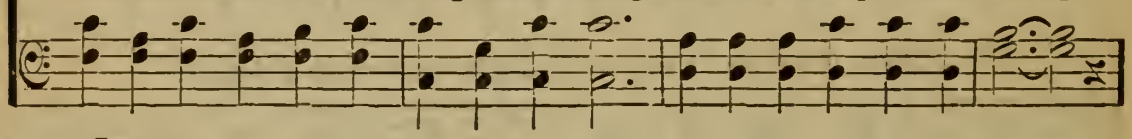


1. Who wants to travel to Tree Top Land? Who wants to ride with a jol - ly band?
2. Who wants to see where the Robin lives? Who wants the pleasure that flying gives?
3. Who wants to peep into Cloudland bright? Who wants to follow the sunbeams' light?

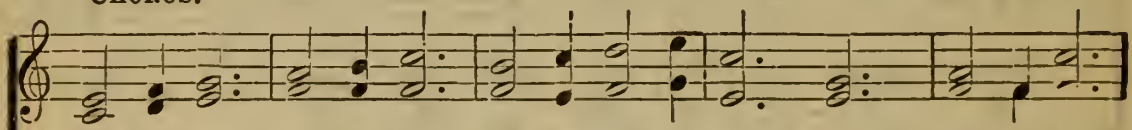




Who likes to rise like a bird on the wing? Come and we'll go in the swing!
Who loves to hear what the soft breezes sing! Come then with us in the swing!
Come then, the fare is the song that we bring, Come take a trip in the swing!

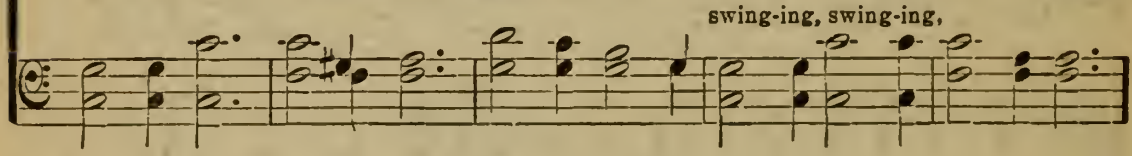


CHORUS.

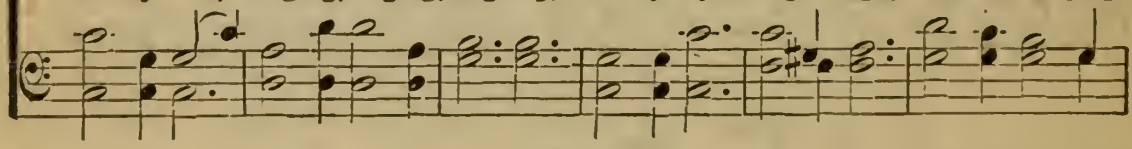


Off we go— to and fro, Swinging, swinging, swing - ing; O what fun—

swing-ing, swing-ing,

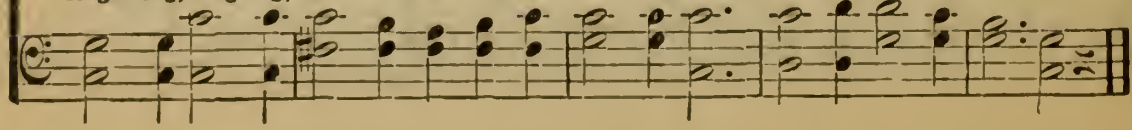


ev-'ry one, Singing, singing, sing-ing; Merry lay—laughter gay, Ringing, ringing,



ring - ing; Light and free as the birds are we! O, the joy of swing-ing!

ring - ing, ring-ing,



# Invitation Hymns

## 129 There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PERMISSION W. L. THOMSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be parted right and left,
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come? Are you ready?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m*

*pp*

1 2

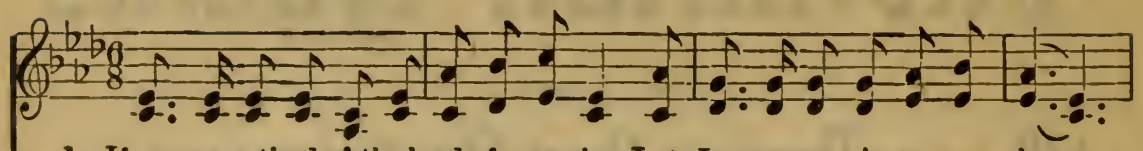
Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

# 130 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

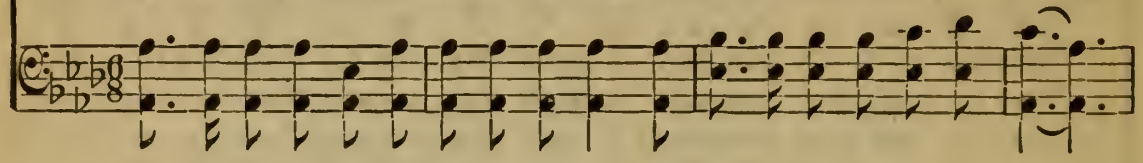
C. H. M.

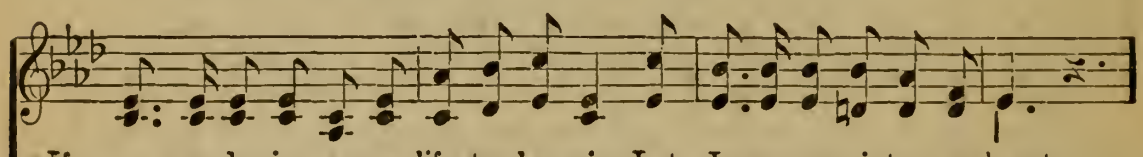
COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

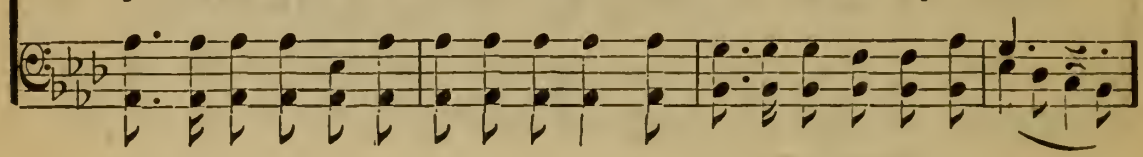


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;

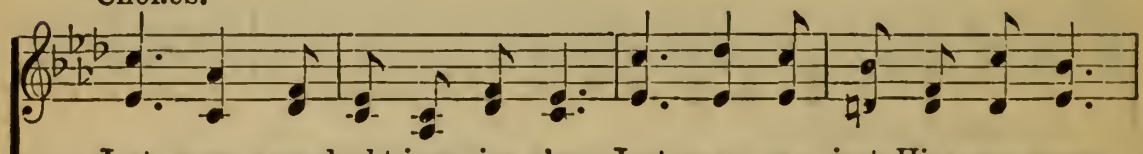




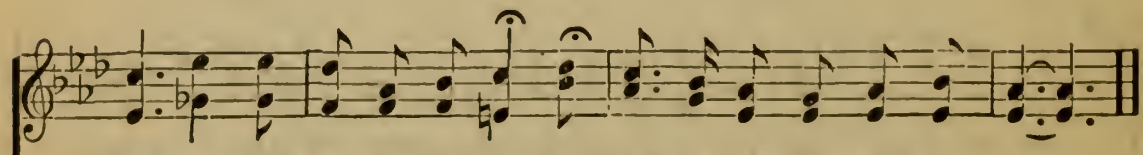
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come into your heart.



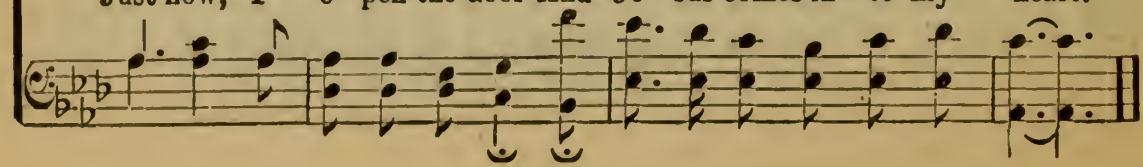
CHORUS.



Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more;
Just now, my doubt-ings are o'er; Just now, re - ject-ing no more;



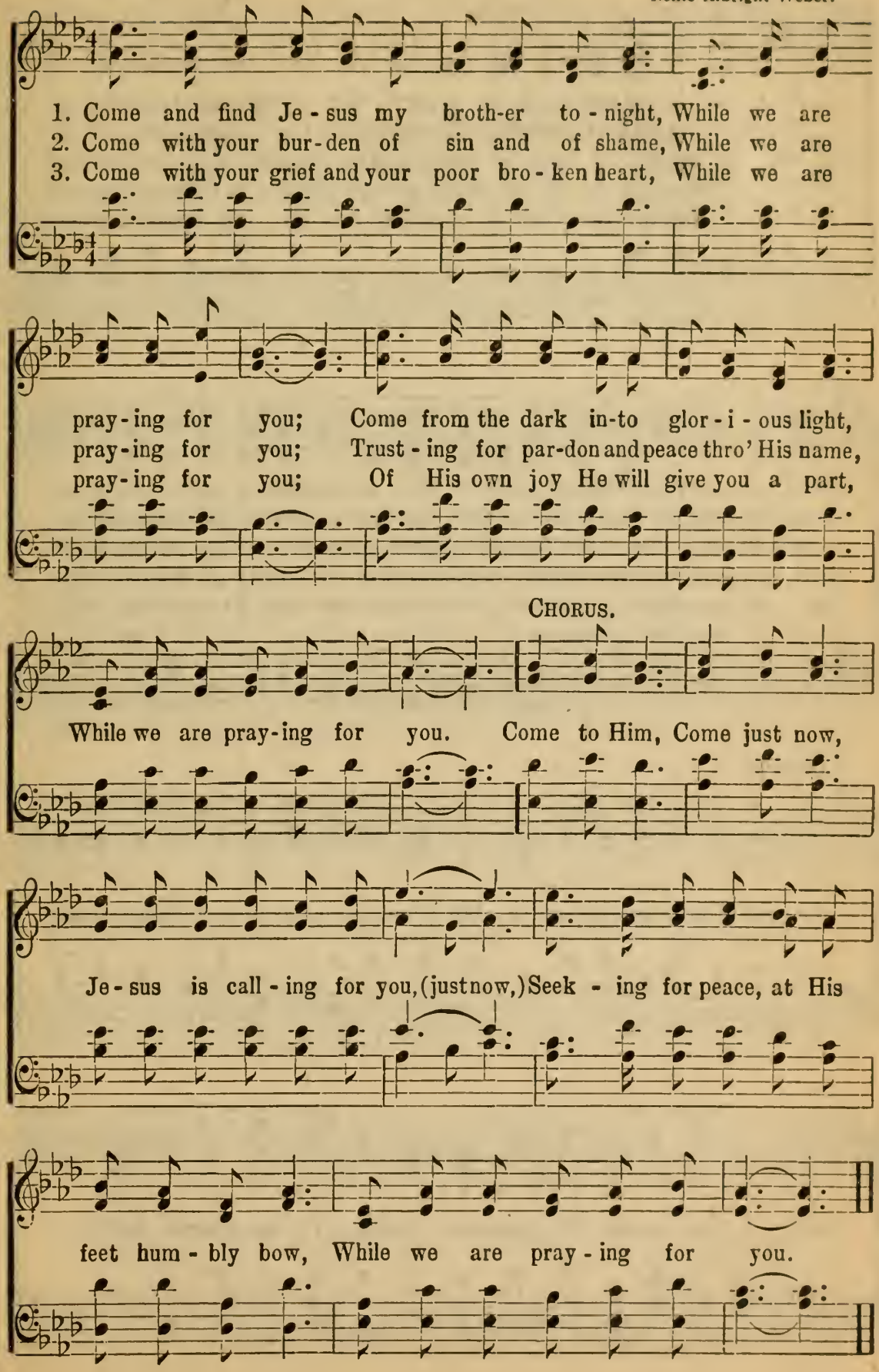
Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.



# 131 While We Are Praying For You.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

Words and Music by
Nellie Albright Weber.



# I Am Coming Home.

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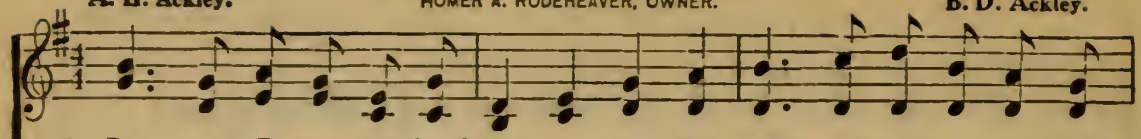
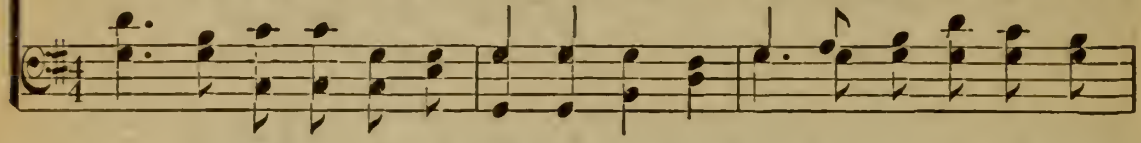
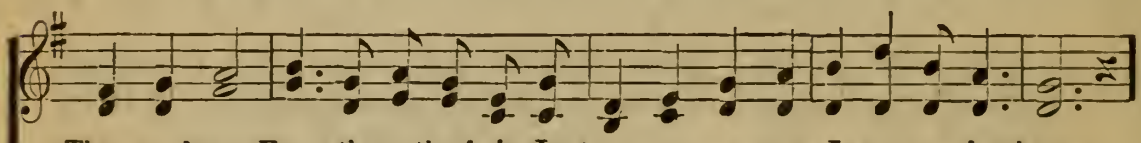
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

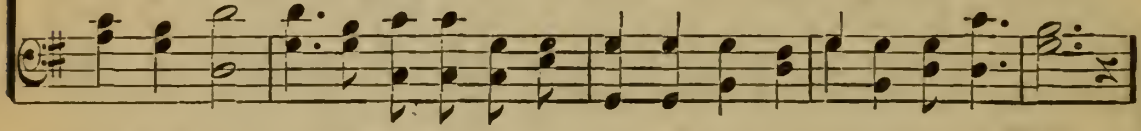


1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to-day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis-er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sins His blood will

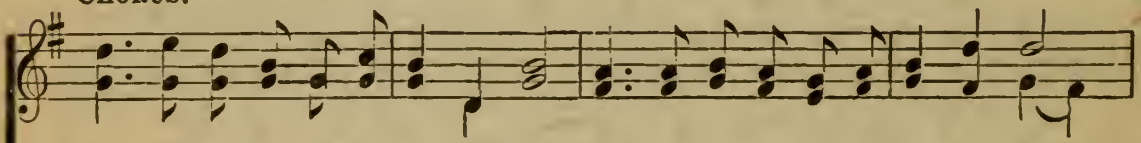




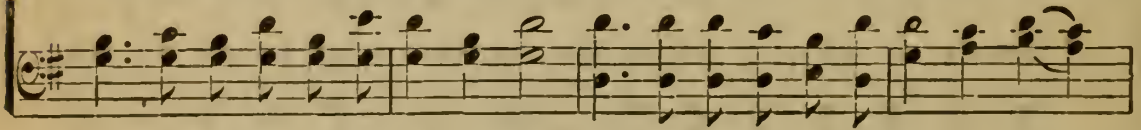
Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now I am com-ing home.
throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy sav-ing grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am com-ing home.
still a - tone, Flowing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.

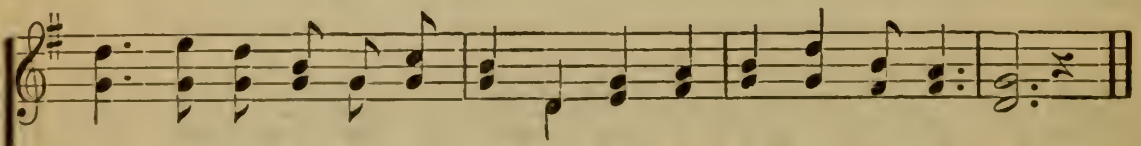


CHORUS.



Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, Nev-er, nev-er-more from Thee to stray;





Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

# 133 Jesus Will Save You Now.

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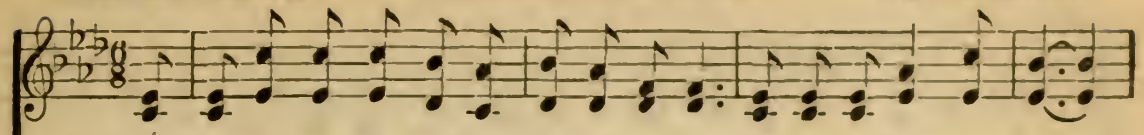
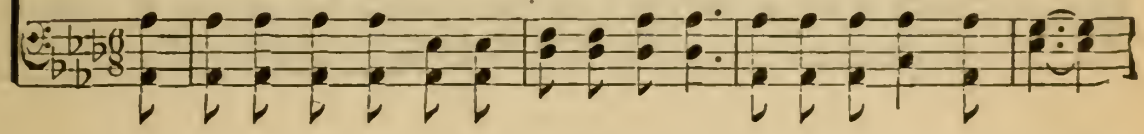
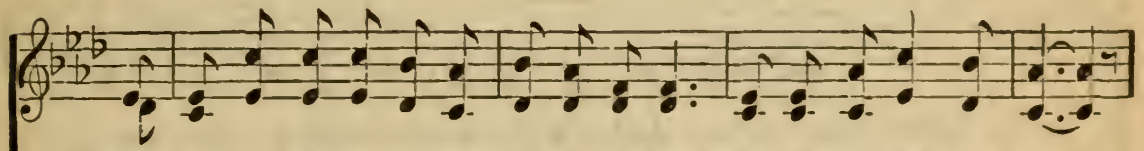
Rev. R. H. McDaniel. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

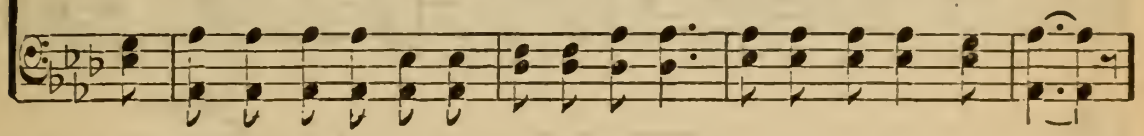


1. Come, ye who are wea - ry of sin and oppressed, Je-sus will save you now;
2. Your sins may be ma - ny and dark be their stains, Je-sus will save you now;
3. "O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?" Je-sus will save you now;
4. The Spir - it is pleading, O spurn not His call, Je-sus will save you now;
5. Your loved ones in glo - ry are beck-on-ing, come, Je-sus will save you now;

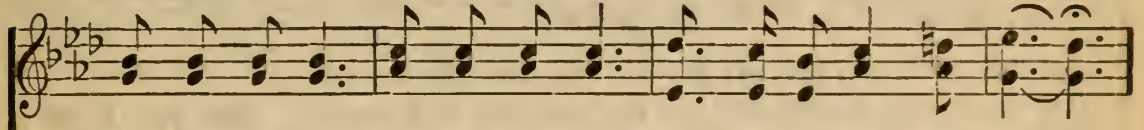




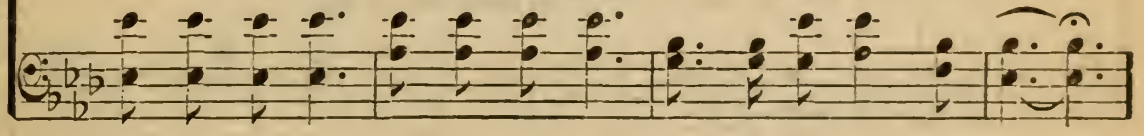
Come, bring Him your burdens and He will give rest, Je-sus will save you now.
Come, seek-ing for mercy, t'will not be in vain, Je-sus will save you now.
He waits to receive you, will hear when you cry; Je-sus will save you now.
O come, ere the shadows of death round you fall, Je-sus will save you now.
They're waiting and longing to welcome you home; Je-sus will save you now.

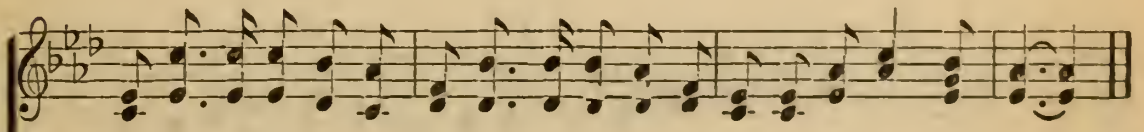


CHORUS.

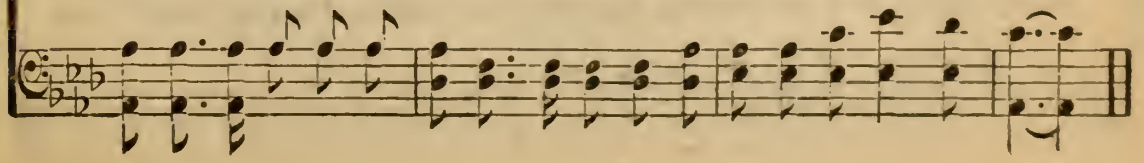


Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save you now;





Come, then, be-liev-ing His par-don re-ceiv-ing, And Je-sus will save you now.



# 134 I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
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Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav-

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

CHORUS.

*f*

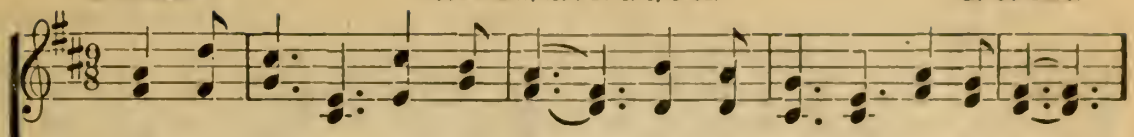
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! **For you I am**
brightness, Dear friend could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

*p* *f* *pp rall.*

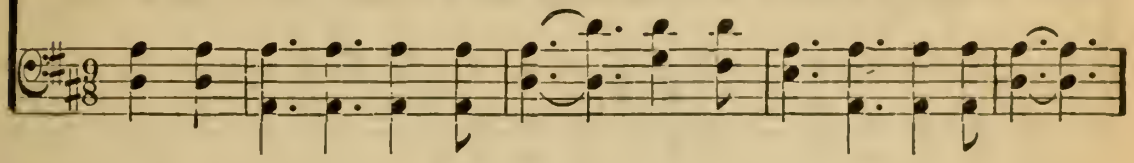
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

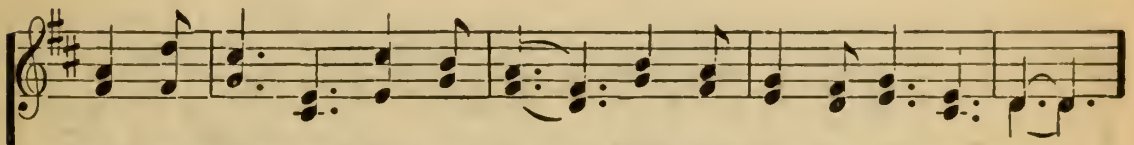
# Why Not Now?

El Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE. C. C. Case.

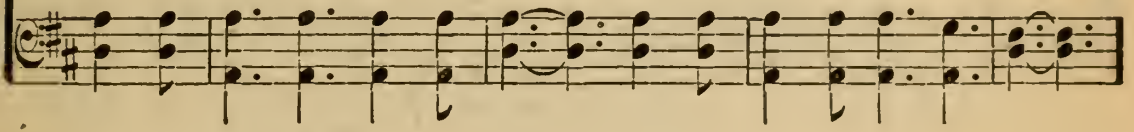


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you fail to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

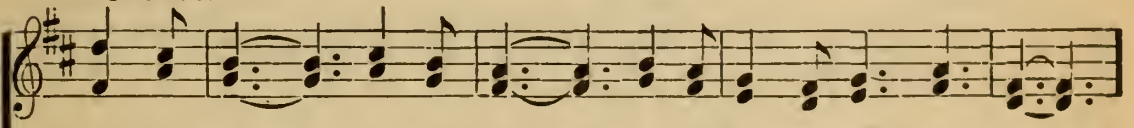




While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

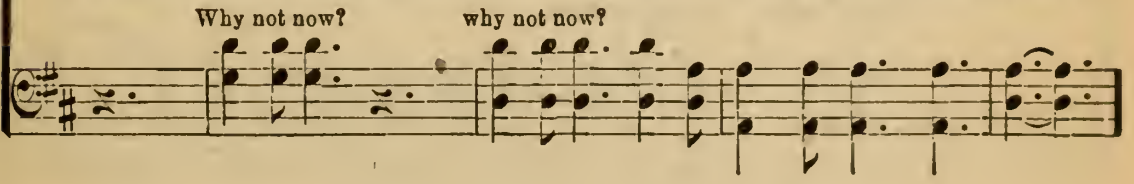


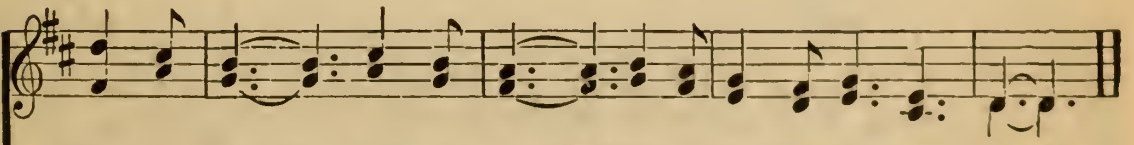
CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?

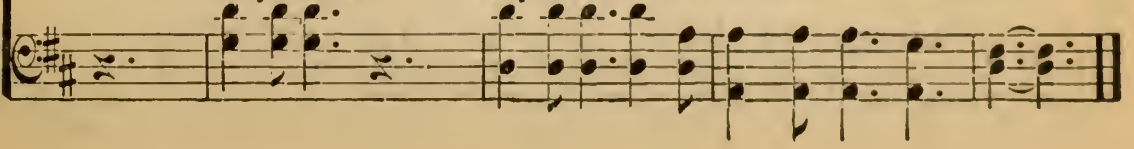
Why not now? why not now?





Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?

Why not now? why not now?



# Softly and Tenderly.

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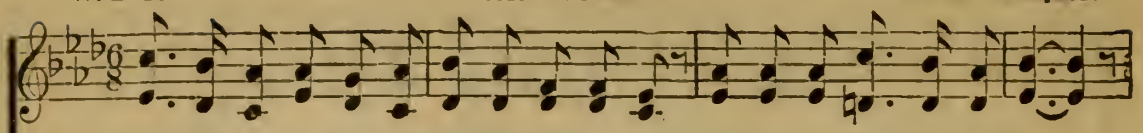
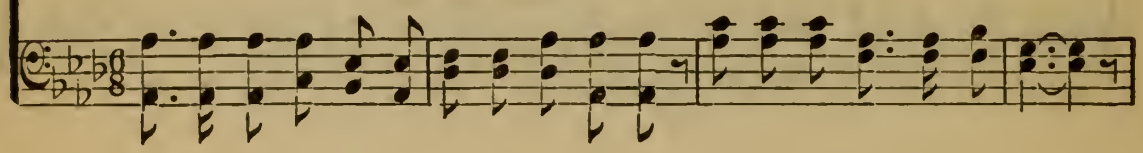
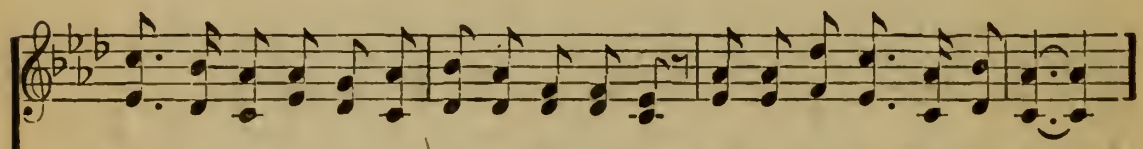
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

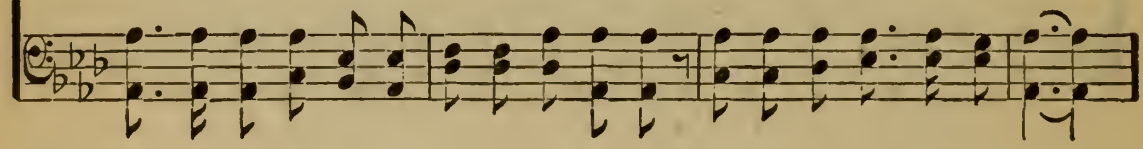


1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me,

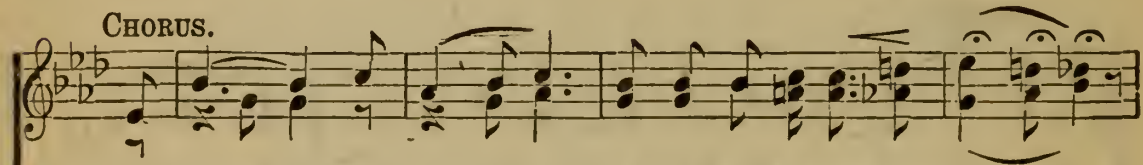




See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching and waiting for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death warnings coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

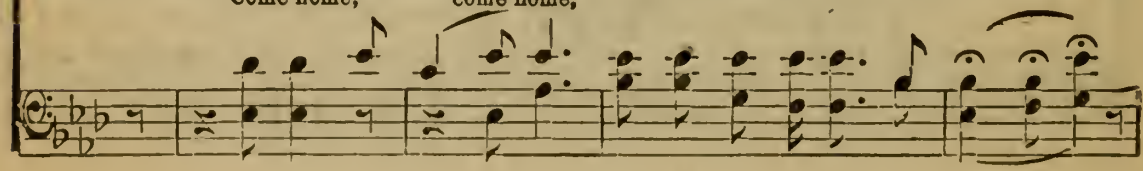


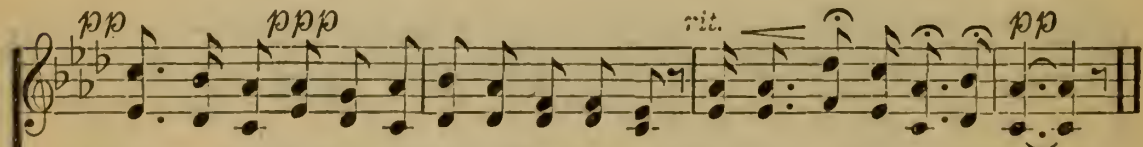
CHORUS.



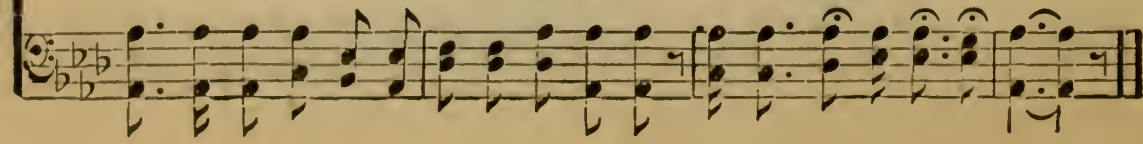
Come home, come home, Ye that are wea-ry, come home,

Come home, come home,






Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!



# 137 Still Undecided.

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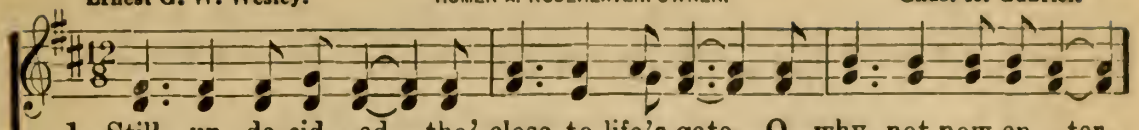
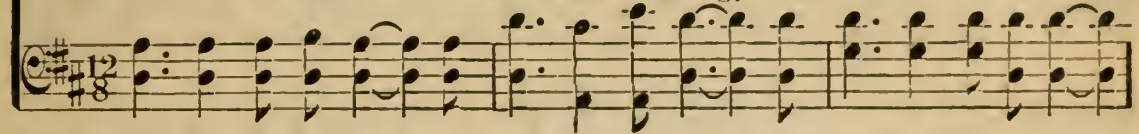
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

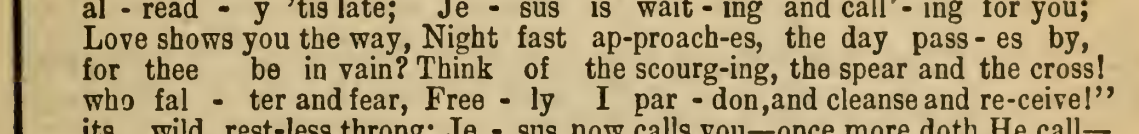
Ernest G. W. Wesley. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Still un-de-cid-ed, tho' close to life's gate, O why not now en-ter,
2. Still un-de-cid-ed, why yet still de-lay? All things are read-y,
3. Still un-de-cid-ed! for thee He was slain, And why should His suff'ring
4. Still un-de-cid-ed! His voice sounds so clear: "Come all ye who wea-ry
5. Still un-de-cid-ed! O wait not too long; O turn from the world and

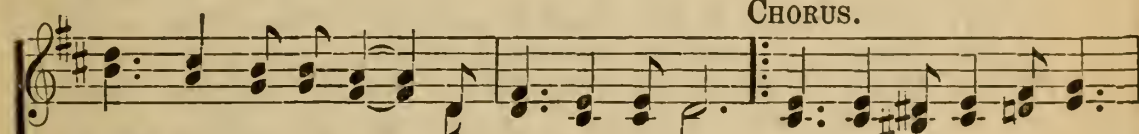


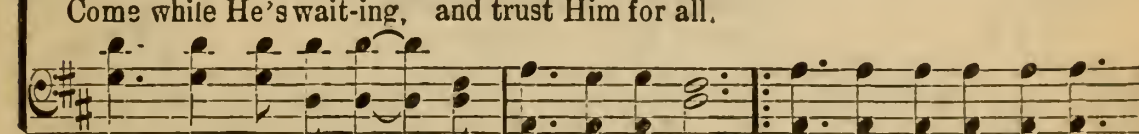
al-read-y 'tis late; Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for you;
Love shows you the way, Night fast ap-proach-es, the day pass-es by,
for thee be in vain? Think of the scourg-ing, the spear and the cross!
who fal-ter and fear, Free-ly I par-don, and cleanse and re-ceive!"
its wild, rest-less throng; Je-sus now calls you—once more doth He call—



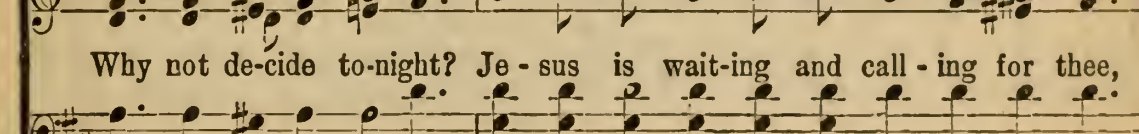
CHORUS.

Chains He will sev-er—all things He can do.
Heed now His pleading:—"O why will you die?"
Life He would give you,—all else is but loss. Why not de-cide to-night?
Why not ac-cept Him and on Him be-lieve?
Come while He's wait-ing, and trust Him for all.

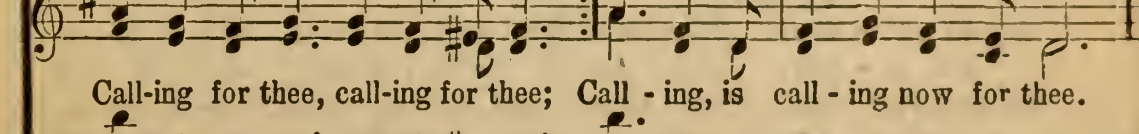




Why not de-cide to-night? Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for thee,



Call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee; Call-ing, is call-ing now for thee.



## 138 Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. Witter. BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing
2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will bear your
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-ceive the

for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come,
bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come,
bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come,

sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

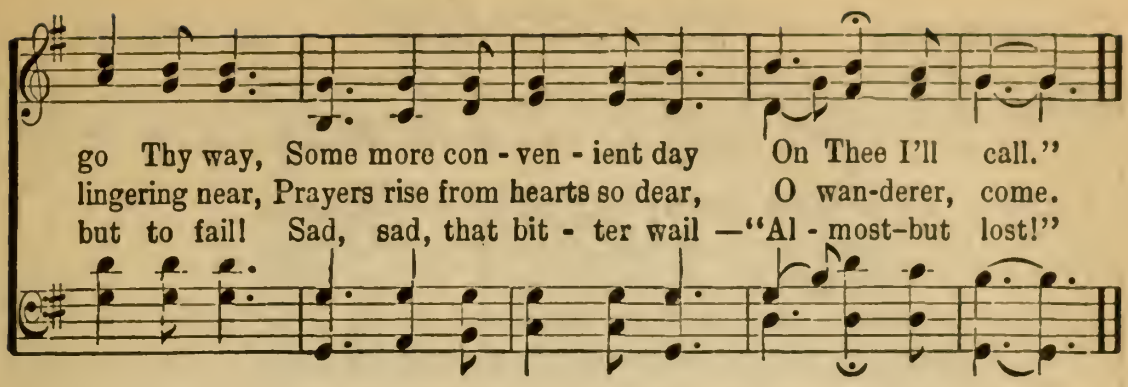
## 139 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad-ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad-ed," come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad-ed," har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

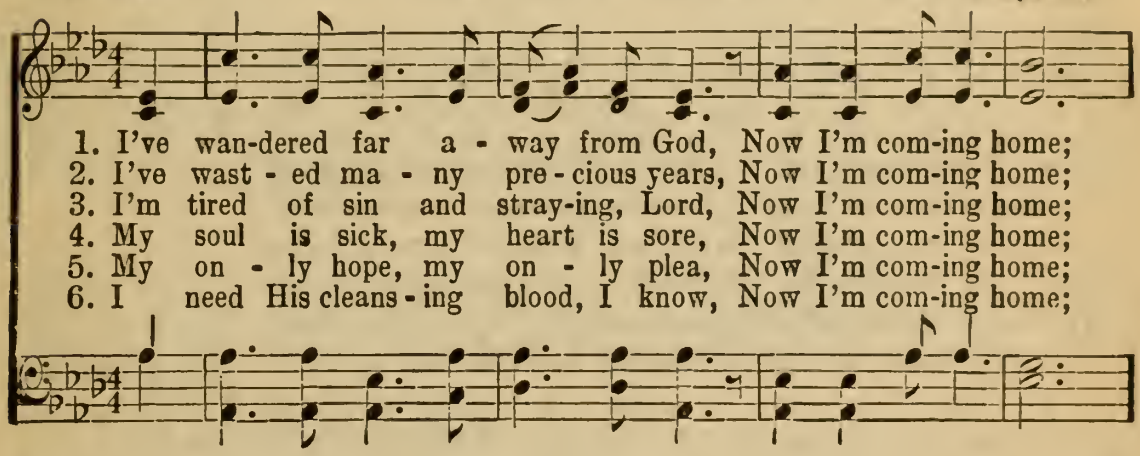
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is

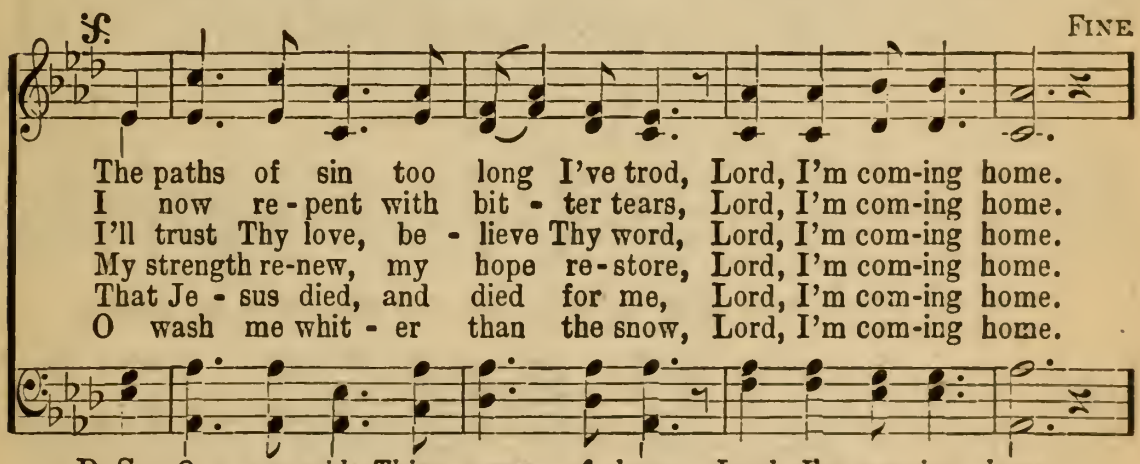
## "Almost Persuaded."

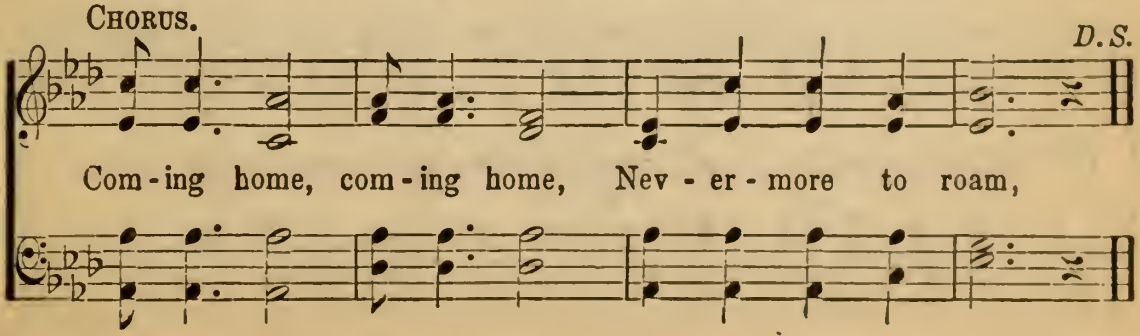



## 140 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



# 141 Souls Are Coming Home.

T. O. Chisholm.

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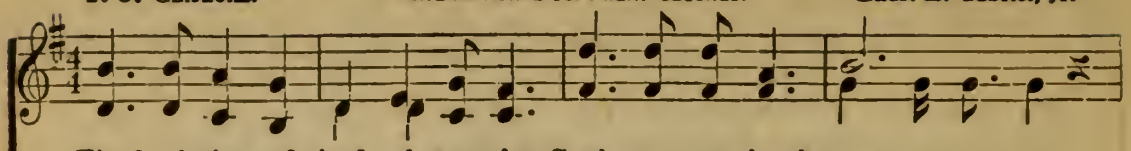
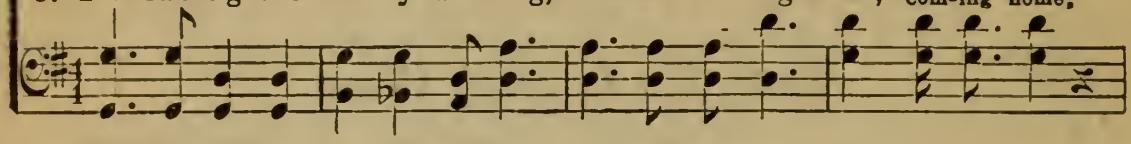
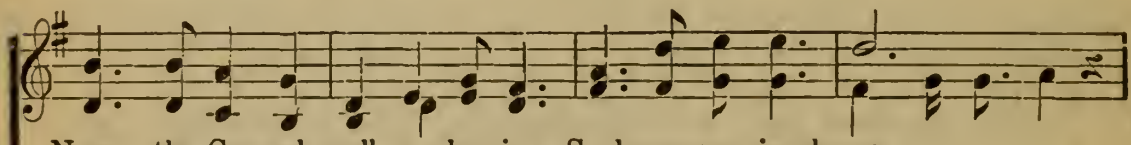
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

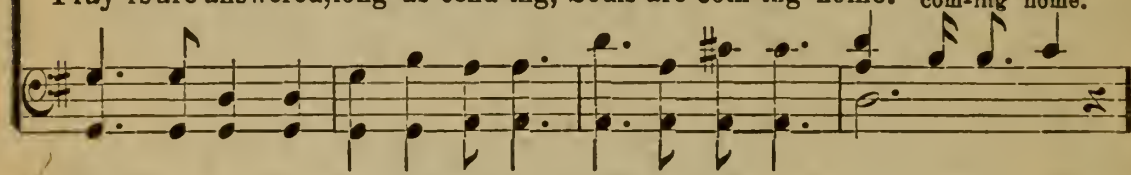


1. Tired of sin and tired of stray-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
2. To the Fa-ther's arms re-turn-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
3. Yield-ing to the Spir-it's plead-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
4. Stirred by mem'ries sweet and tender, Souls are com-ing home;
5. Earth-ly fol - lies left be-hind them, Souls are com-ing home;
6. T'ward the gate of mer-cy bend-ing, Souls are com-ing home; com-ing home;

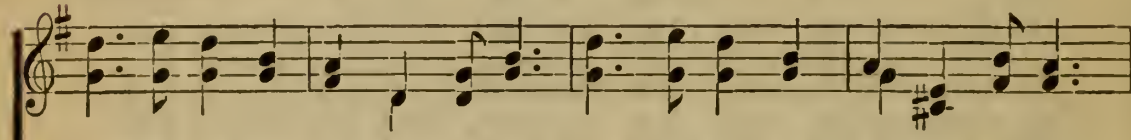




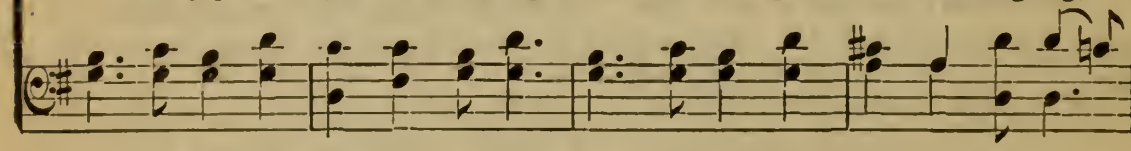
Now the Gos-pel call o - bey-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
While the light of hope is burn-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
Long in des - ert-plac - es feed-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
All to Je - sus to sur-ren-der, Souls are com-ing home.
To be freed from chains that bind them, Souls are com-ing home.
Pray'rs are answered, long as-cend-ing, Souls are com-ing home. com-ing home.

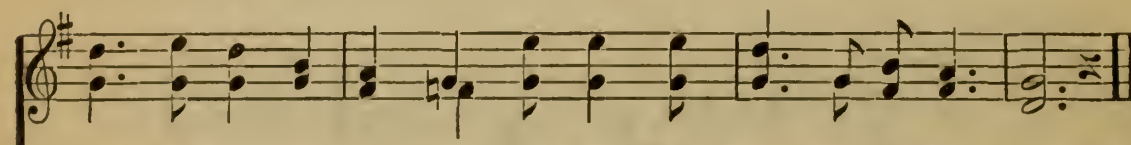


CHORUS.

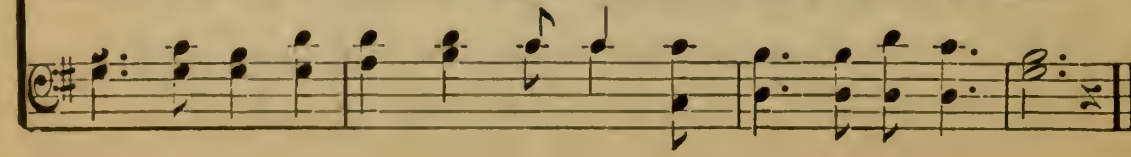


O what joy the sight is bring-ing! How the an - gel choirs are sing-ing,





Heav'n is with their mu - sic ring - ing While souls are com-ing home!



# Say Not Tomorrow.

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E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O, say not to-mor - row! To - day is the time, While Je - sus is
2. O, say not to-mor - row; Make sure of to - day, Make sure of the
3. O, say not to-mor - row! The Lord is so near, Step in - to His

call - ing to you; The bells of the Gos-pel ring out their sweet chime,
fast fly - ing hour; The Sav - ior is wait-ing; no long - er de - lay;
wide o - pen arms; Be - gin the new life, while His whispers you hear;

CHORUS.

Re - ech - o - ing prom - is - es true.
Be saved by His won-der - ful pow'r. Be-hold, the ac-cept - a - ble
Re - joice in Em - man - u - el's charms. Be - hold, the ac-

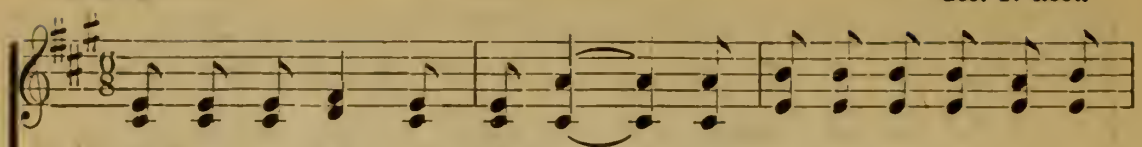
time!..... Wait not for the last ev'ning chime;..... O, come while the
cept - a - ble time! Wait not for the last ev'ning chime;

Spir - it still pleads o'er and o'er; To-mor-row will come never more.....
come nev - er - more.

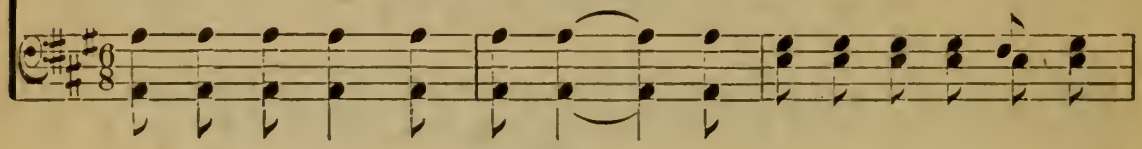
# 143 Why Do You Wait?

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

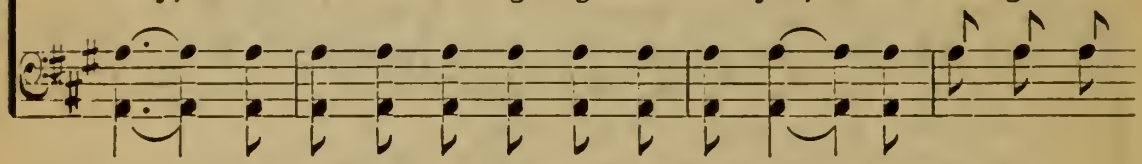
G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



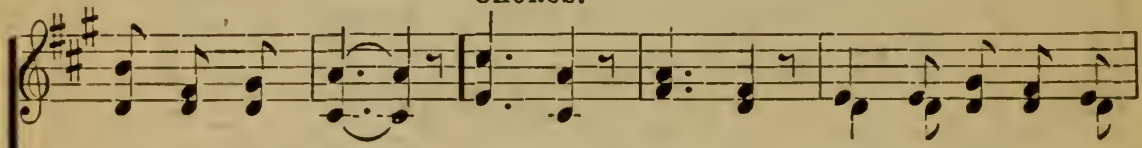
1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? O, why do you tar-ry so
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-



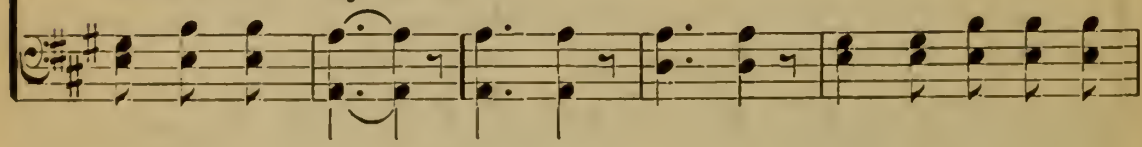
long? Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His
lay? There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er
in? Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your
way; Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and



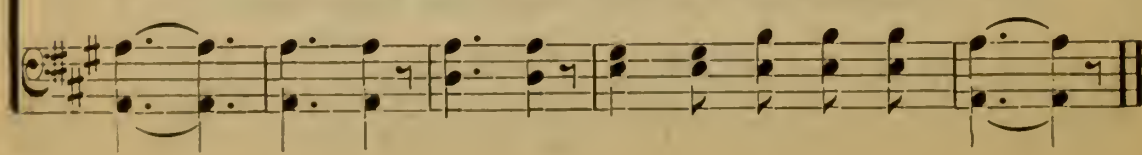
CHORUS.



sanc-ti-fied throng.
way but His way. Why not? why not? Why not come to Him
bur-den of sin?
death in de-lay.



now? Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?



# Chorus Selections

## 144 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov - li - er place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh, come to the church in the vale.
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil - lows; Dis- turb not her rest in the vale.
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

D. S.—*spot is so dear to my child - hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.*

FINE. CHORUS.

Come to the church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No

Oh, come, come, come

# The House That Stood the Storm

COPYRIGHT, 1911 BY RODEHEAVER & HERBERT.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

J. B. Herbert.

"Who-so-ev-er hear-eth these say-ings of mine, Who-so-ev-er

D.C.—"Who-so-ev-er hear-eth these say-ings of mine, Who-so-ev-er

hear-eth these say-ings of mine, and do-eth them not, and

hear-eth these say-ings of mine, and do-eth them well, and

do-eth them not, shall be lik-ened un-to a foolish man, which built his

do-eth them well, shall be lik-ened un-to a wise man, which built his

FINE.

house up-on the sand." "And the rains de-scend-ed, and the

house up-on a rock."

# The House That Stood the Storm.

floods came, and the winds.... blew,.. the winds.... blew and

beat, and beat up - on that house, and beat up - on that house, And it

1 *slower.* 3 *very deliberately.* D. C.

fell!.. it fell!.. and.. great was the fall there - of."

2

fell not! And it fell not! for it was found - ed up-on a

*ff* *slower.* *ff*

rock!.... For it was founded up-on a rock,

up - on a rock!

rock!

# Crown Him!

COPYRIGHT. 1911. BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let men and an - gels loud pro-claim
2. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! To seek and save the lost He came
3. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Mine, mine shall be the tears of shame

*rit.* – – –

The won-ders of His works and ways, And raise to Him un - end - ing praise;
To earth a Stranger, and un-known, A ran - som for His lov'd, His own;
That such a Sav - ior was de - nied, Was scourged, condemned and cru-ci - fied;

He built the heav'ns, the stars He made; By Him was earth's foun-da-tion laid;
He came to break the bonds of sin, Our souls from Sa-tan's pow'r to win;
Yet, bless-ed news—He lives a-gain! The pow'rs of dark-ness were in vain!

Be - fore Him let all na-tions fall, And crown Him Lord of all; And
He speaks—O hear His right-eous call, And crown Him Lord of all; And
Let all the earth His name ex - tol, And crown Him Lord of all; And

crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!
Lord of all, Lord of all, Crown Him Lord of all, and crown Him Lord of all!

# Crown Him!

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!.....
Lord of all, Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!

CHORUS.

Crown Him! crown Him! Hon-or, love and mer-cy
Won-der-ful is He! wis-dom, pow'r and ma-jes-ty, Hon-or, love, and

Won-der-ful maj-jes-ty!

un-to Him be-long; Crown Him!
mer-cy a-lone to Him be-long; All earth shall yet be-fore Him fall, Ev-'ry

Won-der-ful!

Crown Him! Praise Him with a glad tri-umph-ant song,
na-tion shall ex-tol Him in praise with glad tri-umph-ant song, For

ma-jes-ty!

Crown Him! crown Him! Shall crown Him Lord of all.
Lord of all, shall crown Him Lord of all,

# 147 The Lord Is King.

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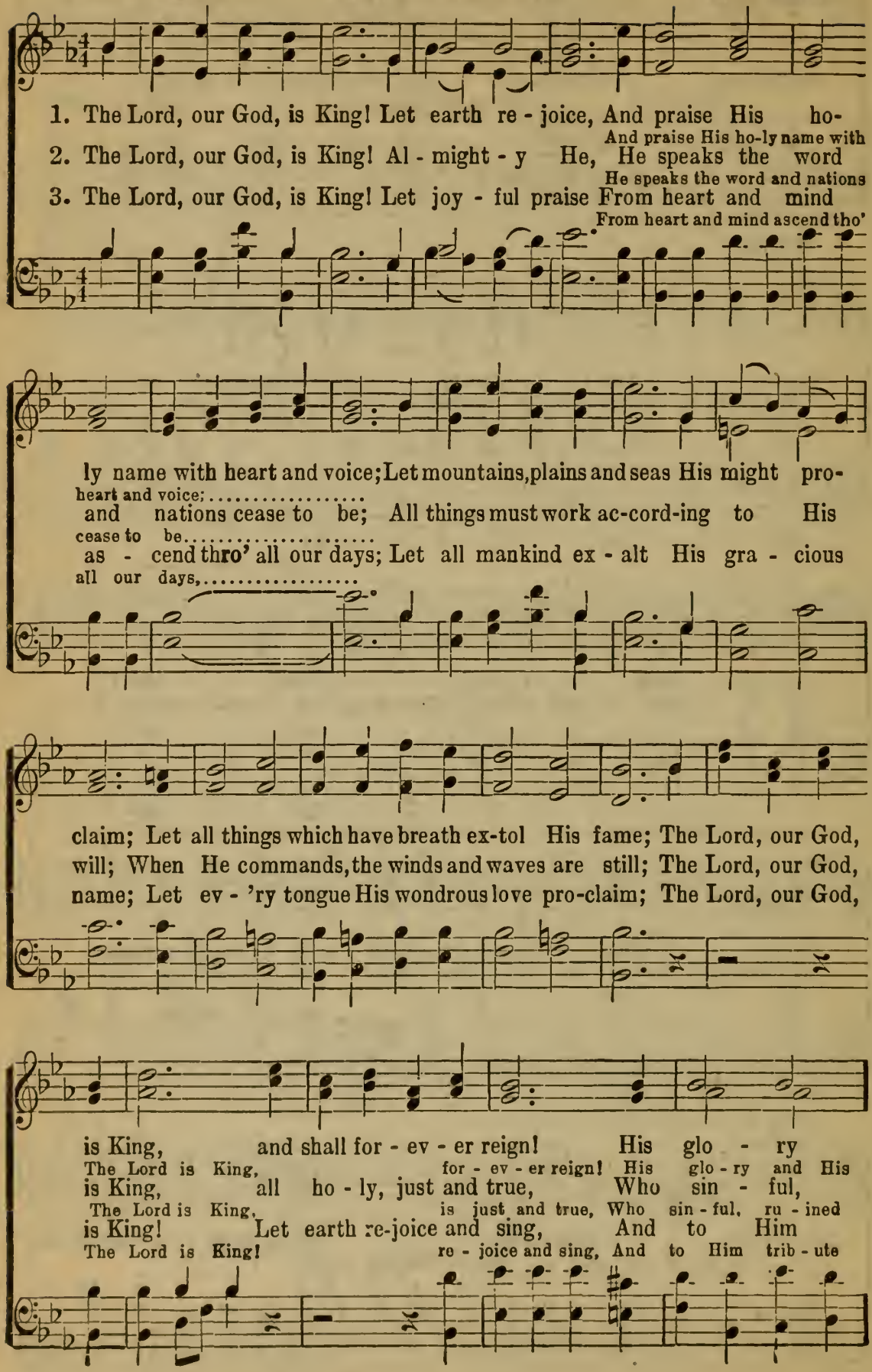
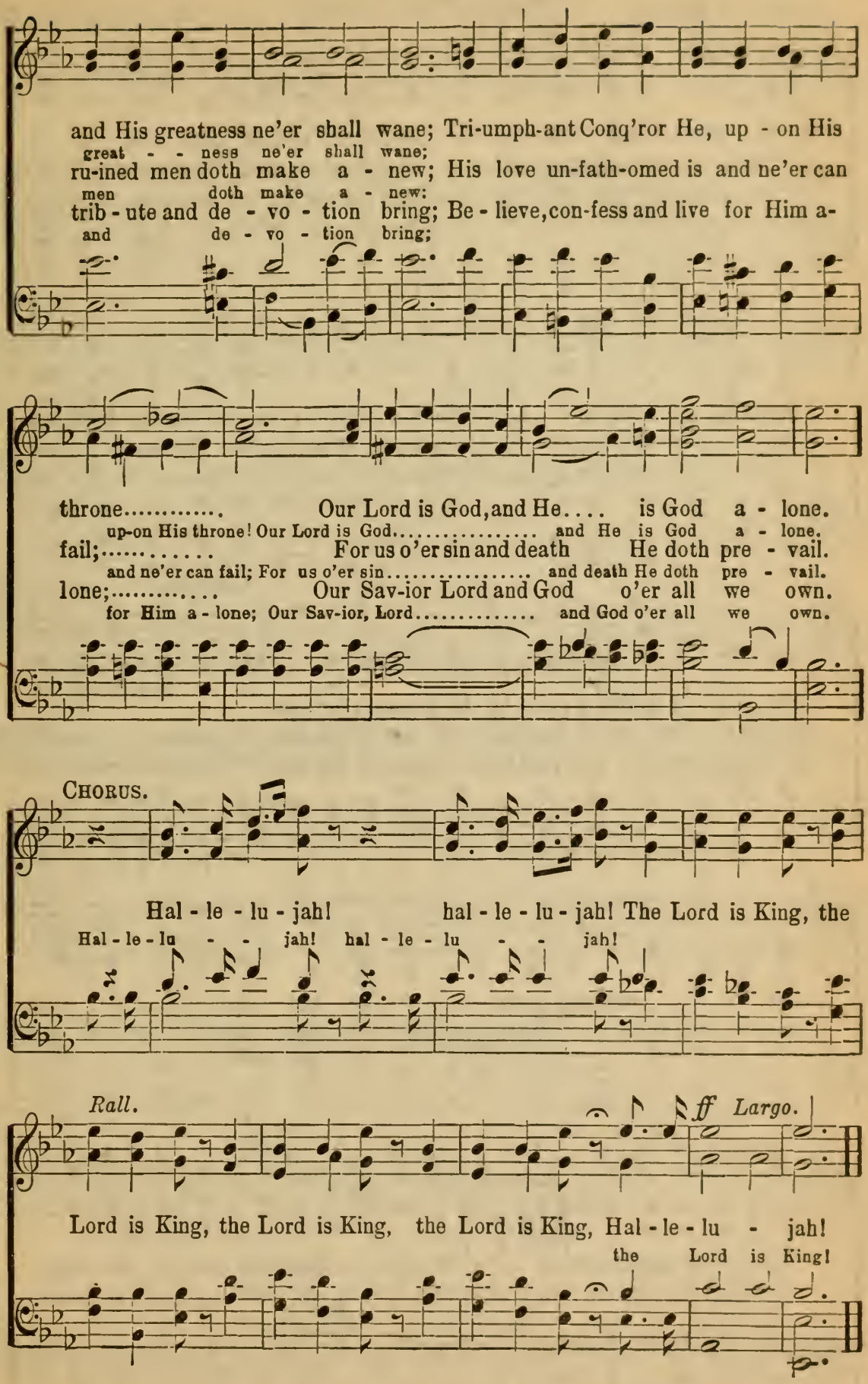
B. G. W. Wesley. Chas. H. Gabriel.



# The Lord is King.



# The Gospel Harvest.

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Rev. R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The Mas - ter is call - ing for reap - ers to-day, List now to His plead-ing and haste to o - bey; The har - vest is great and the la - b'rs are few, Be-hold there's a place by the reap-ers for you.
2. Thrice hap - py are they who have en - tered the field, How sweet - ly they sing as their sick-les they wield; The Lord of the harvest their song doth in-spire, They nev - er of reap-ing, no, nev-er can tire. Oh haste..... to the reap - ers to Canaan's fair shore; What glo-ry there'll be when before Him they meet, And joy-ful - ly lay all their sheaves at His feet. Oh haste to the harvest, and

CHORUS.

har - - vest, and gath - - er the grain,..... And gath - er the grain, Haste to the har - vest and gath - er the grain, And if..... you are faith - - ful, Your la-bor shall not be in vain! if you are faith-ful, are loy - al and faithful, Your la - bor shall not be in vain!

*rit.*

# The Gospel Harvest.

A crown..... and a man - - sion to you..... will be

A crown and a man-sion to you will be giv'n, A crown and a man-sion to

giv'n,..... And joy ev - er-more in the Kingdom of heav'n, For - ev - er-

you will be giv'n,

*Omit last time.*

more..... And joy ev-er-more in the Kingdom of heav'n, For-ev-er-more,

ev-er - more,

*Last time only.*

more; In the Kingdom of heav'n,

more; In the King-dom of heav'n,..... And joy ev - er - more, In the

In the Kingdom of heav'n, For - ev - er - more.....

King - - dom of heav'n For - ev - er - more, For-ev-er more.

# Awakening Chorus.

COPYRIGHT. 1905. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A-wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-

A-wake! a-wake!
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a-wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a-
peat, re-peat a - new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the

A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
Re-peat, re-peat Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the

a - wake! And light is beam-ing
the earth, And shout a - new

*Male voices in unison.*

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

*Full harmony*

glad-ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

# Awakening Chorus.

*Unison.*

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-

sin is backward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

*Full Harmony.*

Proclaim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His

pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!

grand and glo - rious ban - ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

# 150 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT, H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled— O, wak-en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;

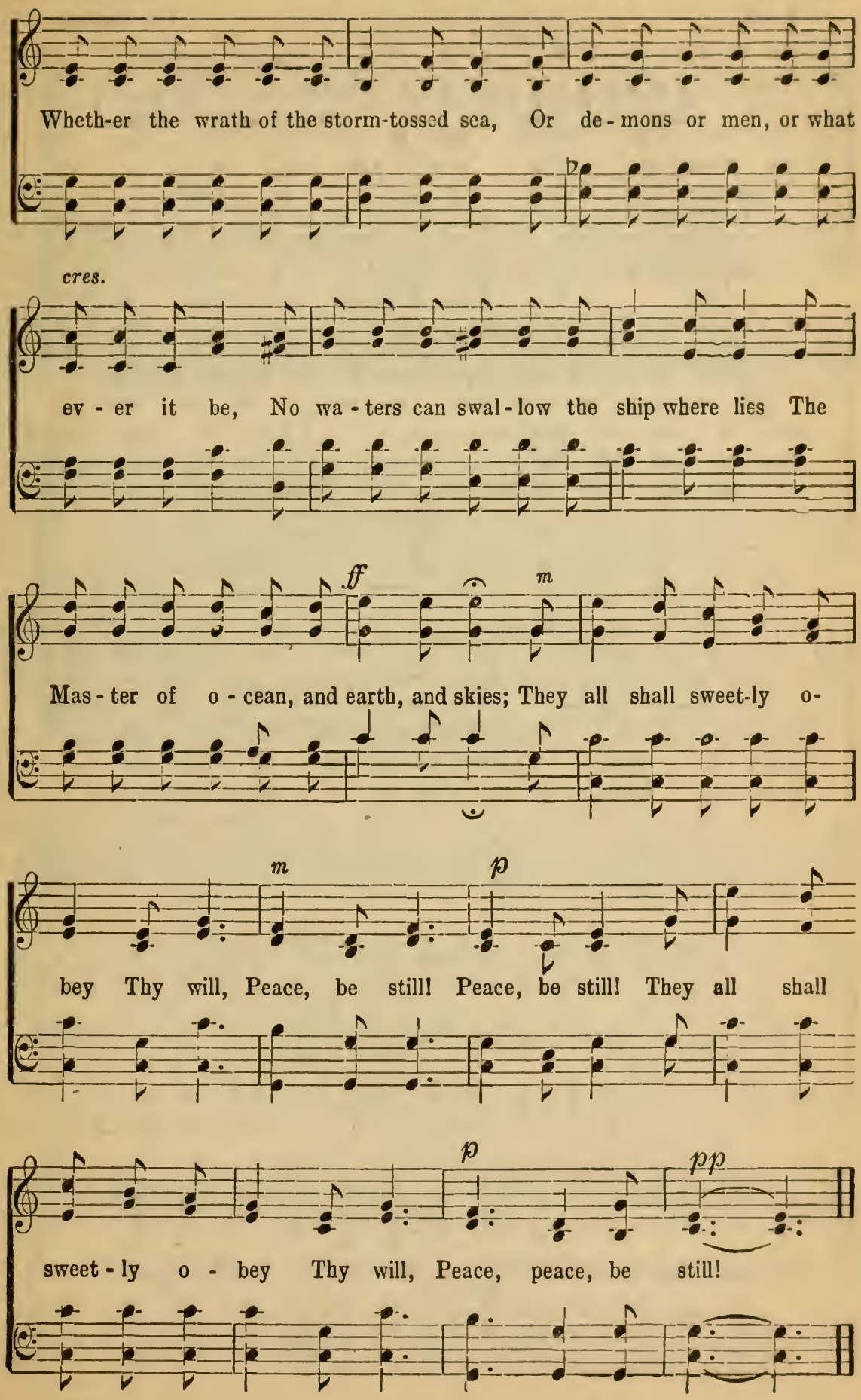
Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O, bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter O hast-en, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS. *p* *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace.... be still!.....
Peace, be still, peace, be still!

# Master, the Tempest is Raging.



# 151 Saved, Saved!

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,,.... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.... Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,..... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un - to me and I'll

lift - ed me... And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home, To live with me e - ter - nal - ly,".....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

*rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

# Sail On.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

*Solo and Chorus.*

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wear-y worn— The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarl-ing' waves that craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?

*ad lib.*

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
Take heart God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not al-ways

last! Sail on! Sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"
sail on! sail on!

*While the Sop. and Bass sustain the last "on," the Alto and Tenor repeat the "Sail on" three times. *rall, e dim.*

# 153 Send the Power Again.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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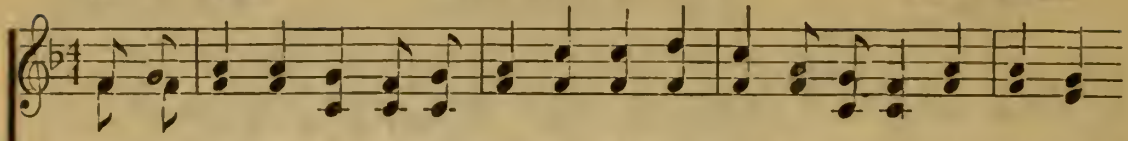
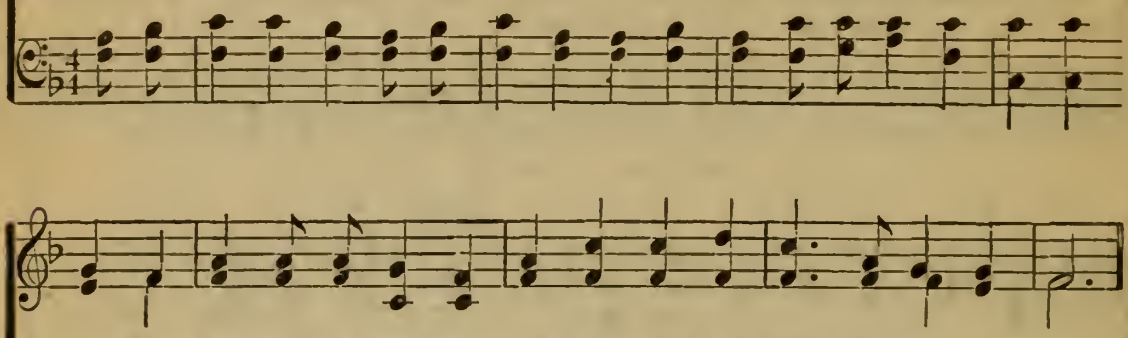
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

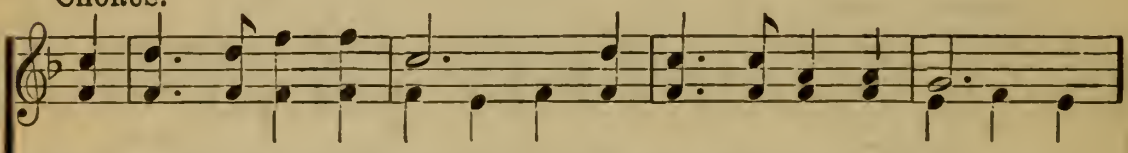
Chas. H. Gabriel.



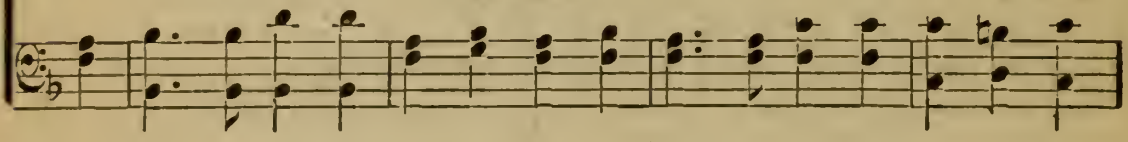
1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a fire in hearts grown cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold, Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
2. There was pow'r by which ev'ry tongue could speak, New life-giving pow'r unto the weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
3. There was pow'r to set ev-'ry cap-tive free And give to Thy servants lib - er- ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time pray'r, It thrilled ev'ry heart and lingered there, Till we in Thy glo-ry seemed to share—Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.



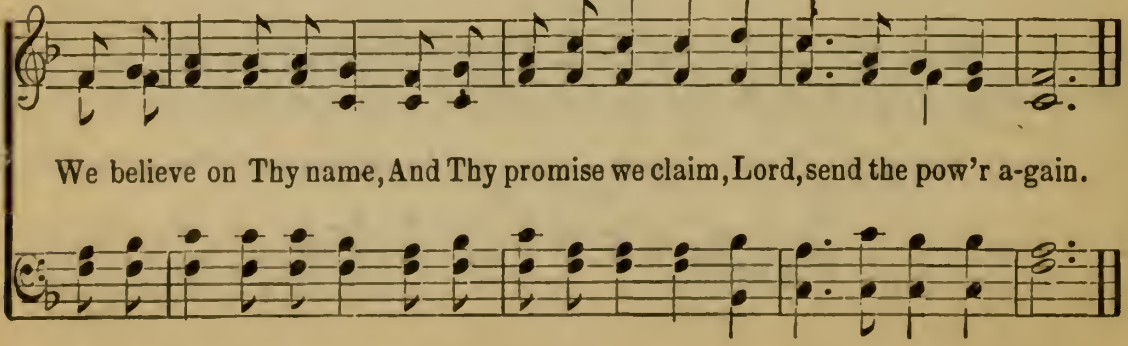
CHORUS.



Lord, send the pow'r a - gain, O send the pow'r a - gain!
A - men! A - men!



We believe on Thy name, And Thy promise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a-gain.



# Devotional Hymns

## 154 Send Thy Spirit.

Rev. W. E. Wink. *Tune*—"Ebenezer."

1. Send Thy Spir-it, I be-seech Thee, Gracious Lord, send while I pray;
Send the Com-fort-er to teach me, Guide me, help me in Thy way.

2. Thou hast heard me; light is breaking, Light I nev - er saw be - fore;
Now my soul, with joy a-waking, Gropes in fear - ful gloom no more.

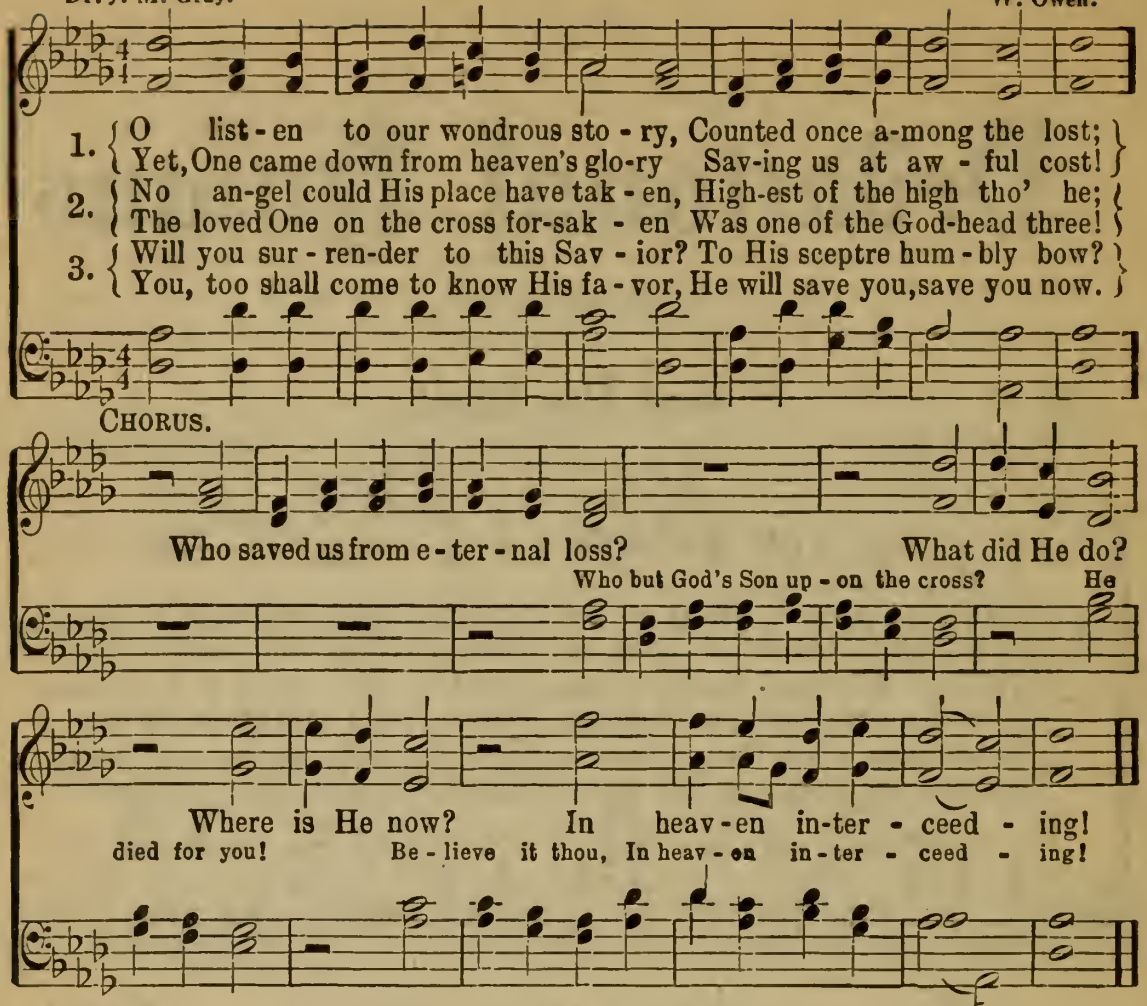
3. Mul-ti-tudes, whom Thou art seeking, Seek for Thee this ve - ry hour;
Sav-ior, let them hear Thee speaking, Come with soul con-vert-ing pow'r.

Sin - ful, wretched, I have wan-dered Far from Thee in dark - est night;
O the bliss! my soul de - clare it, Say what God has done for thee;
Lo, He comes—the ransomed own Him; This the song I hear them sing;—

Prec - ious time and tal-ents squandered,—Lead, O lead me in - to light.
Tell it out, let oth - ers share it—Christ's sal - va-tion, full and free.
"In my heart I will enthrone Him, Christ, my Sav-ior Lord and King."

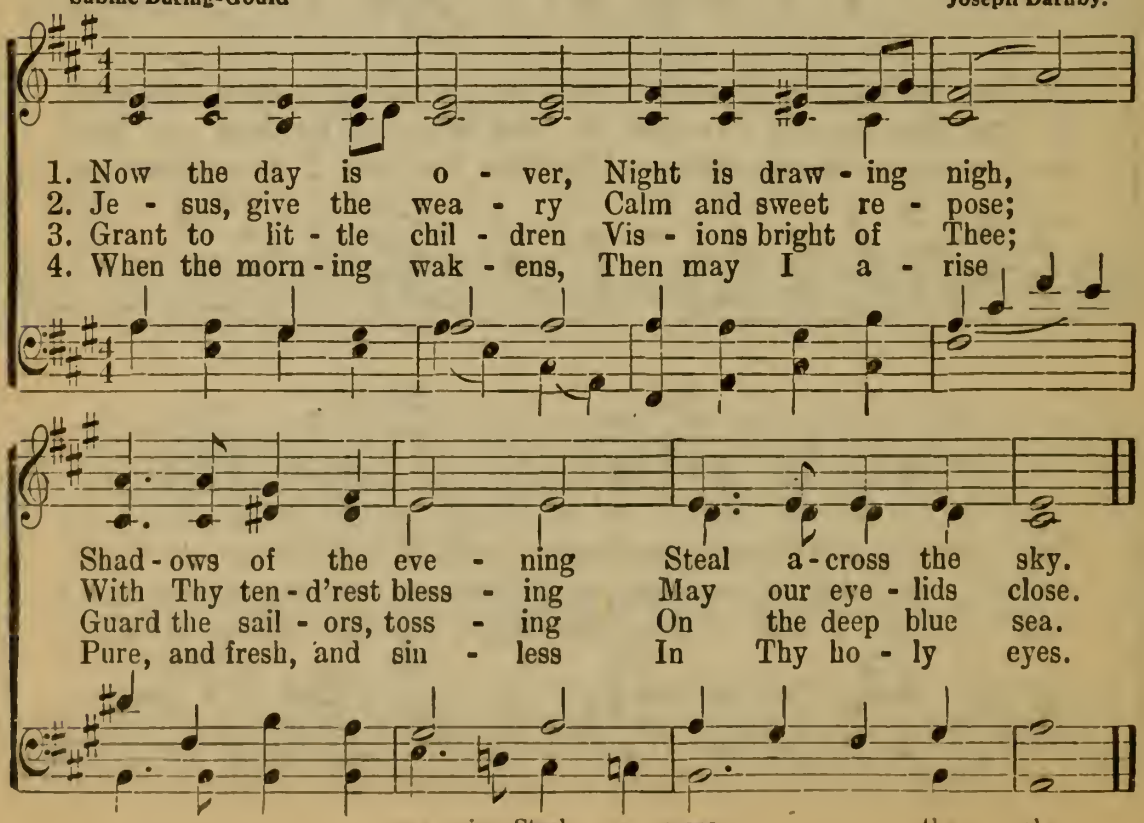
## 155 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen.



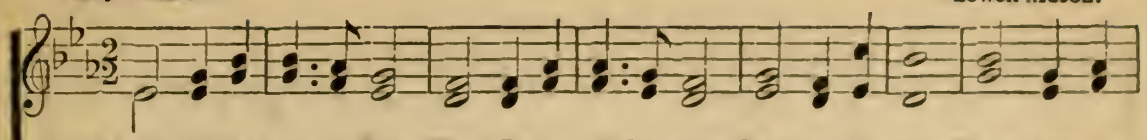

## 156 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould Joseph Barnby.

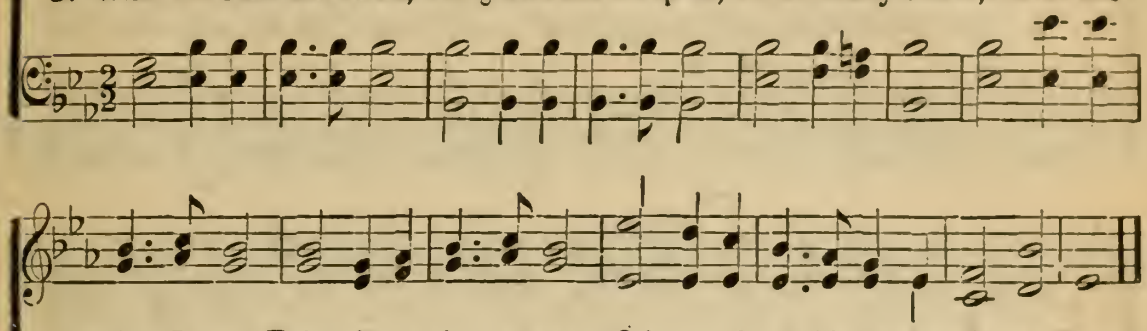


## 157 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

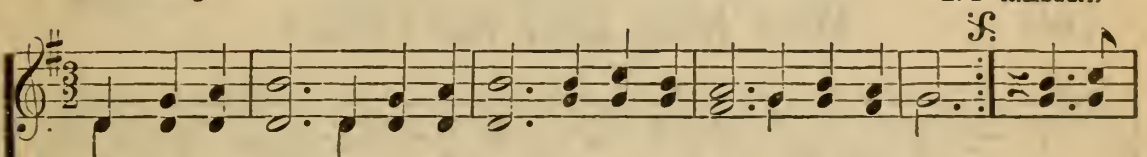


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-ior di-vine Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day be whol-ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire, As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside;

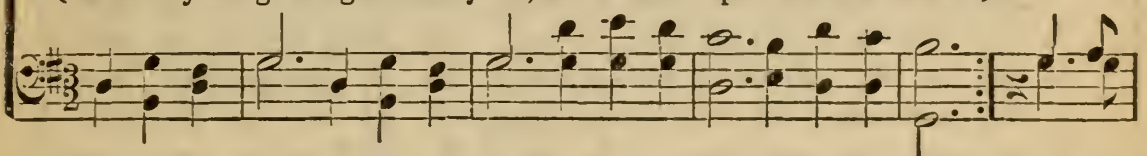


## 158 Happy Day.

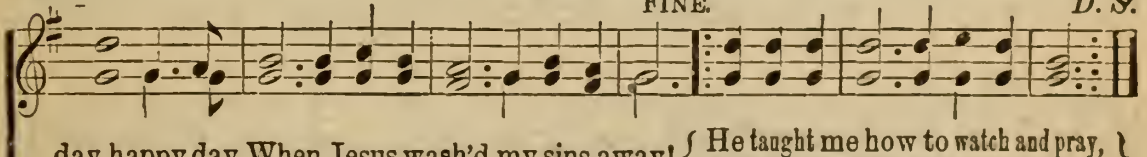
P. Doddridge. E. F Rimbault.



1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; }



FINE. D. S.

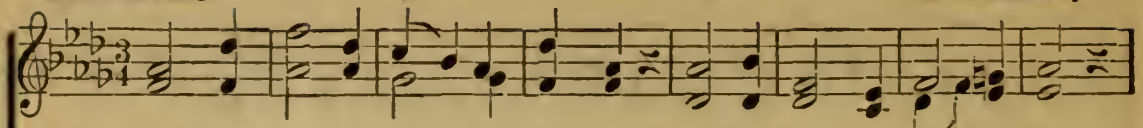


2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house
While to that sacred shrine I move.

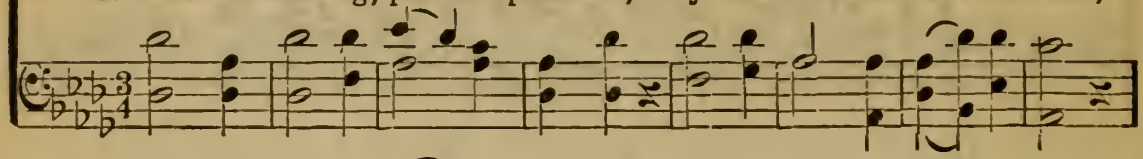
3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

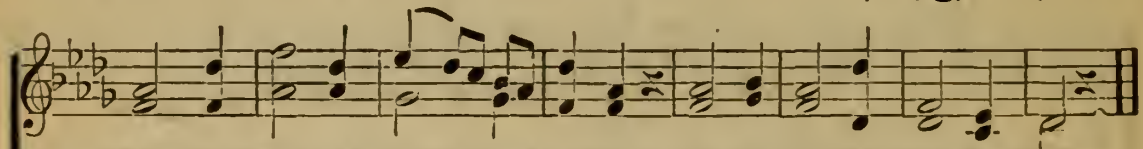
## 159 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

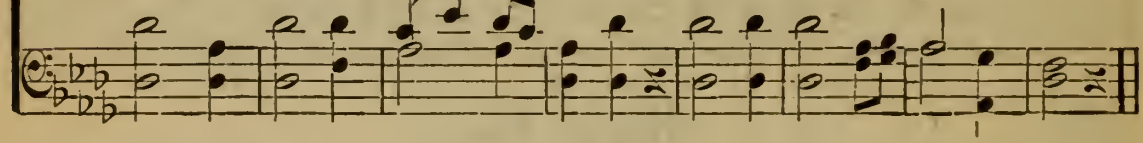


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc- ti - fied;

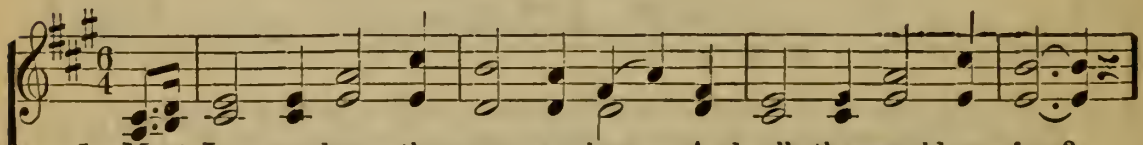




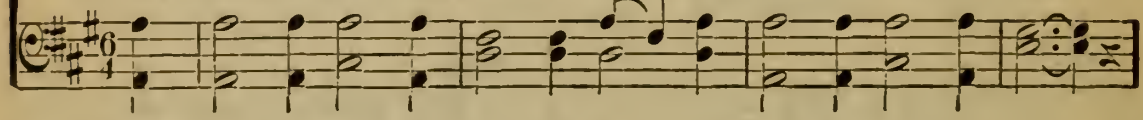
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

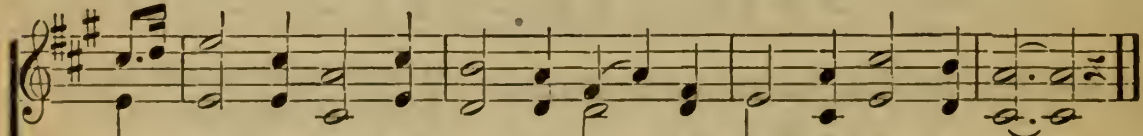


## 160 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

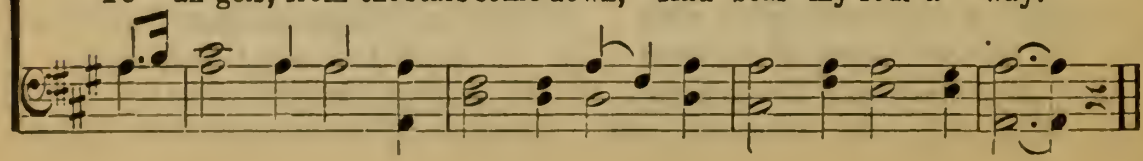


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glo-rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!



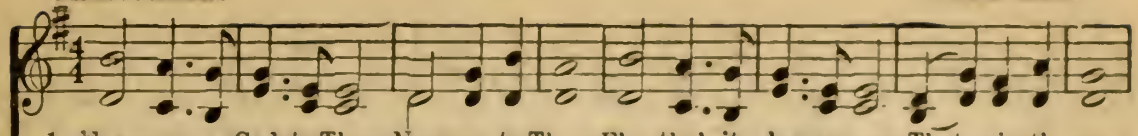


No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

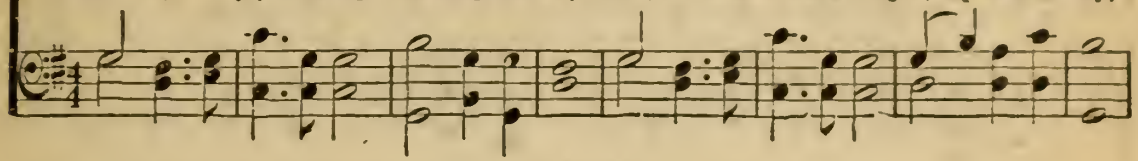


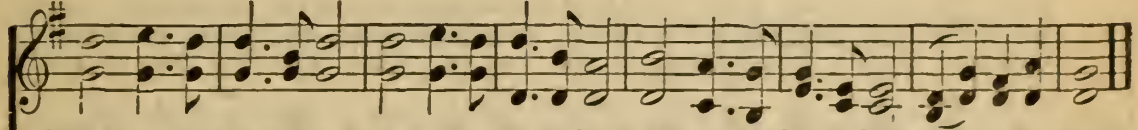
## 161 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

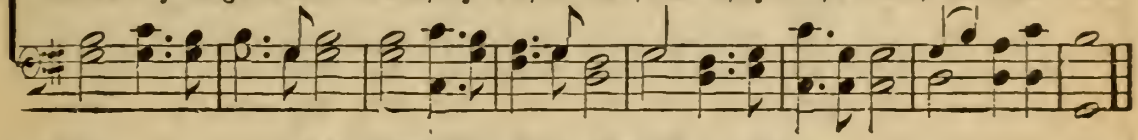


1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me·
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly;



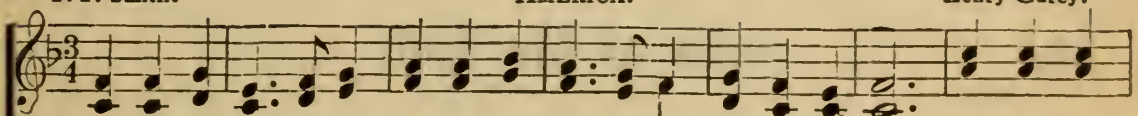


Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An - gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

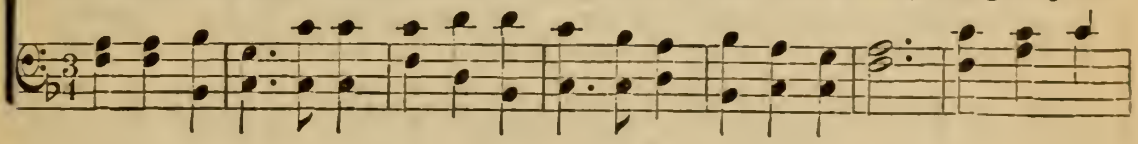


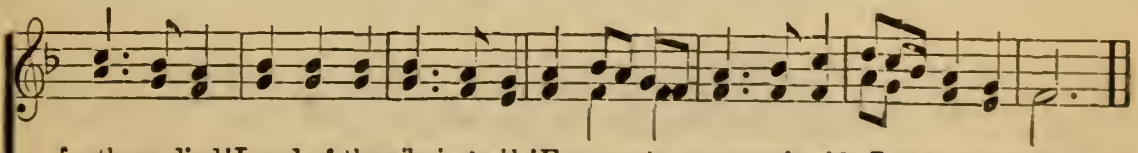
## 162 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. AMERICA. Henry Carey.

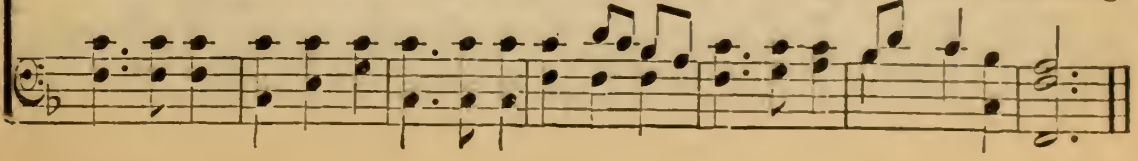


1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Author of lib - er-ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



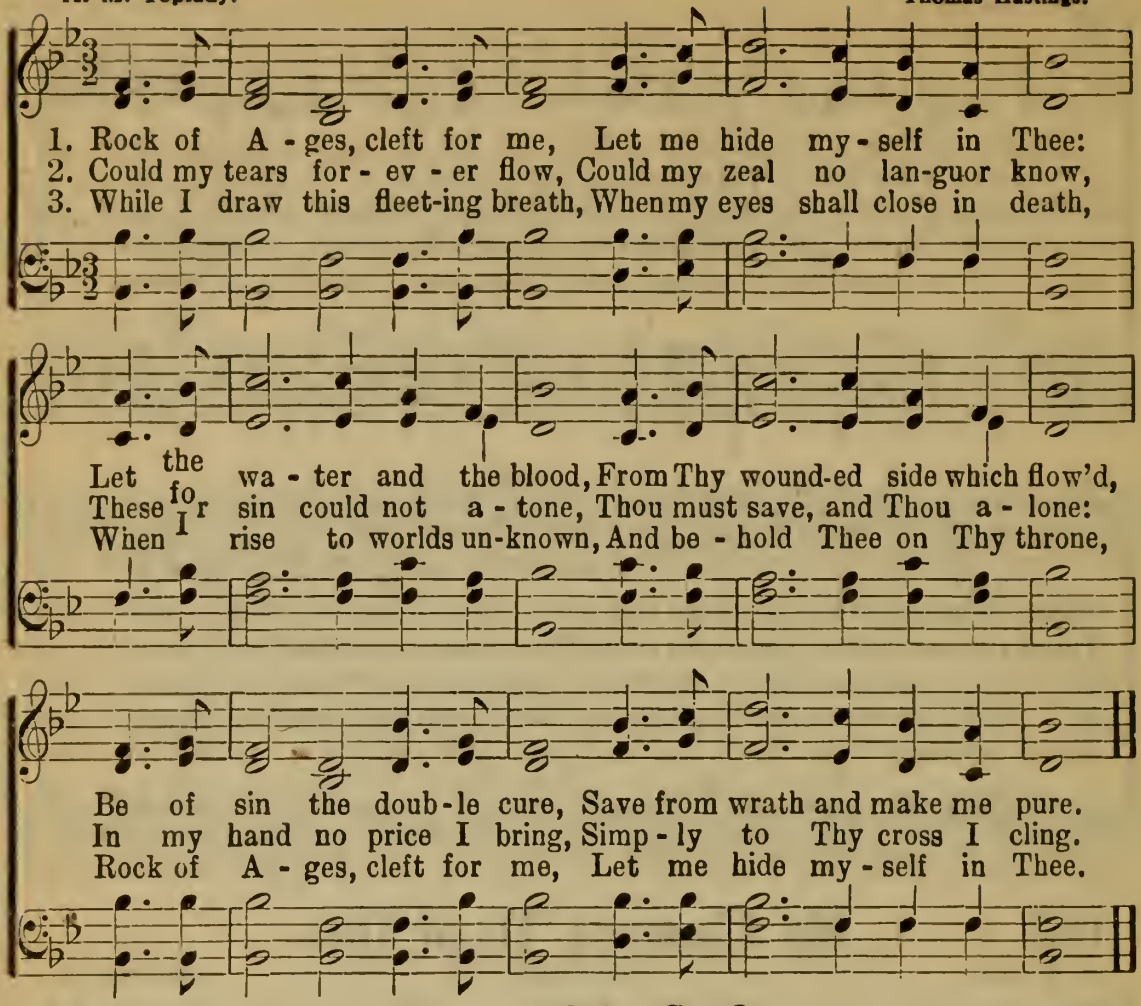


fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues a wake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



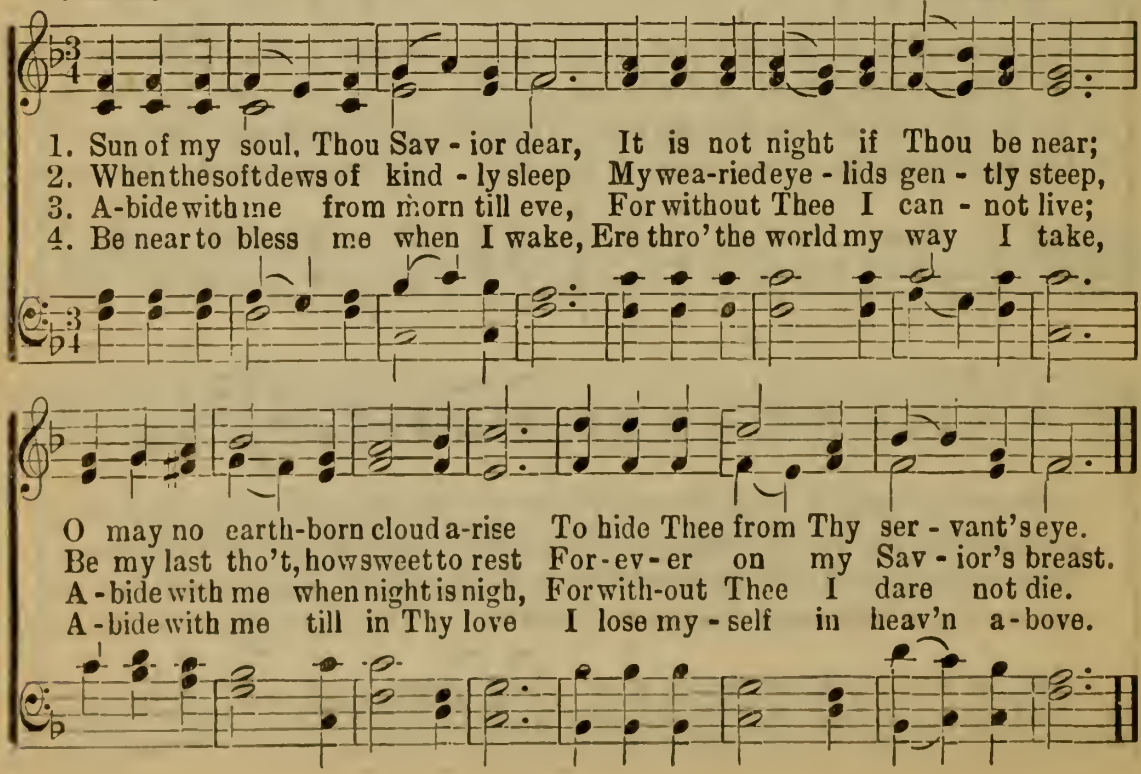
## 163 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.



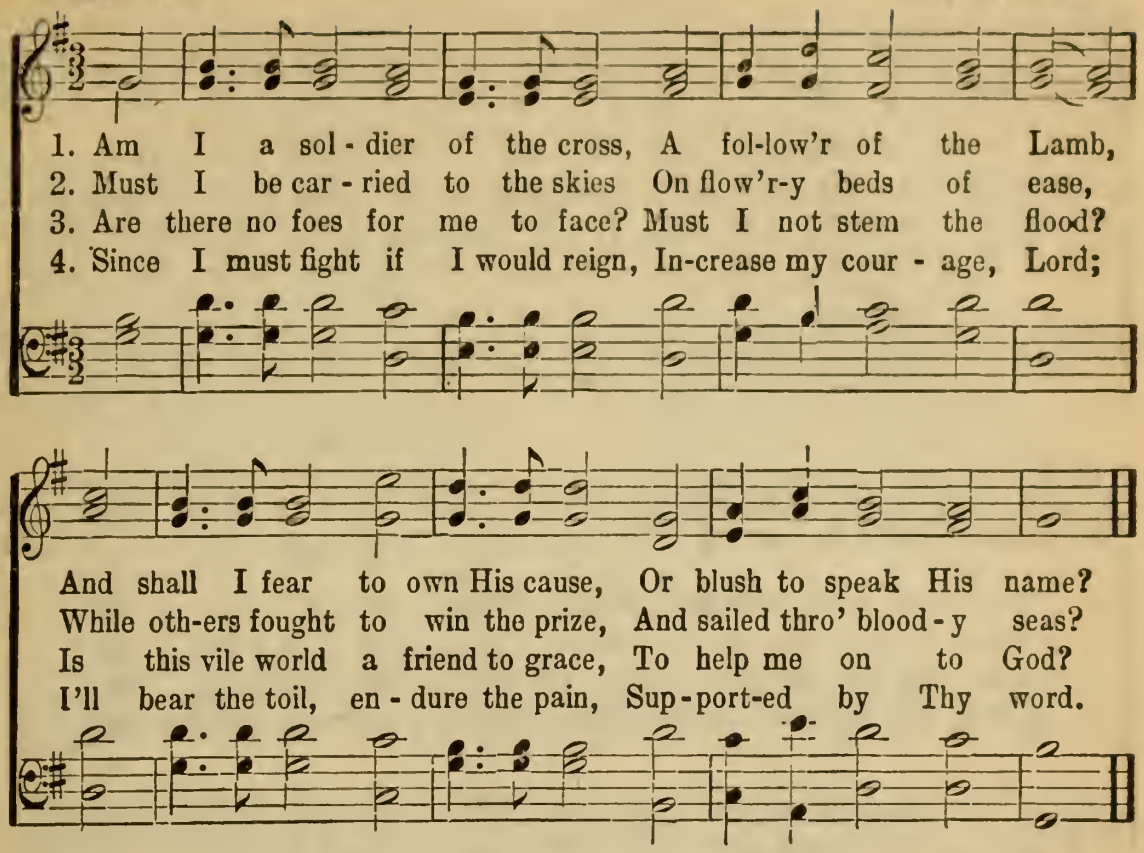

## 164 Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.



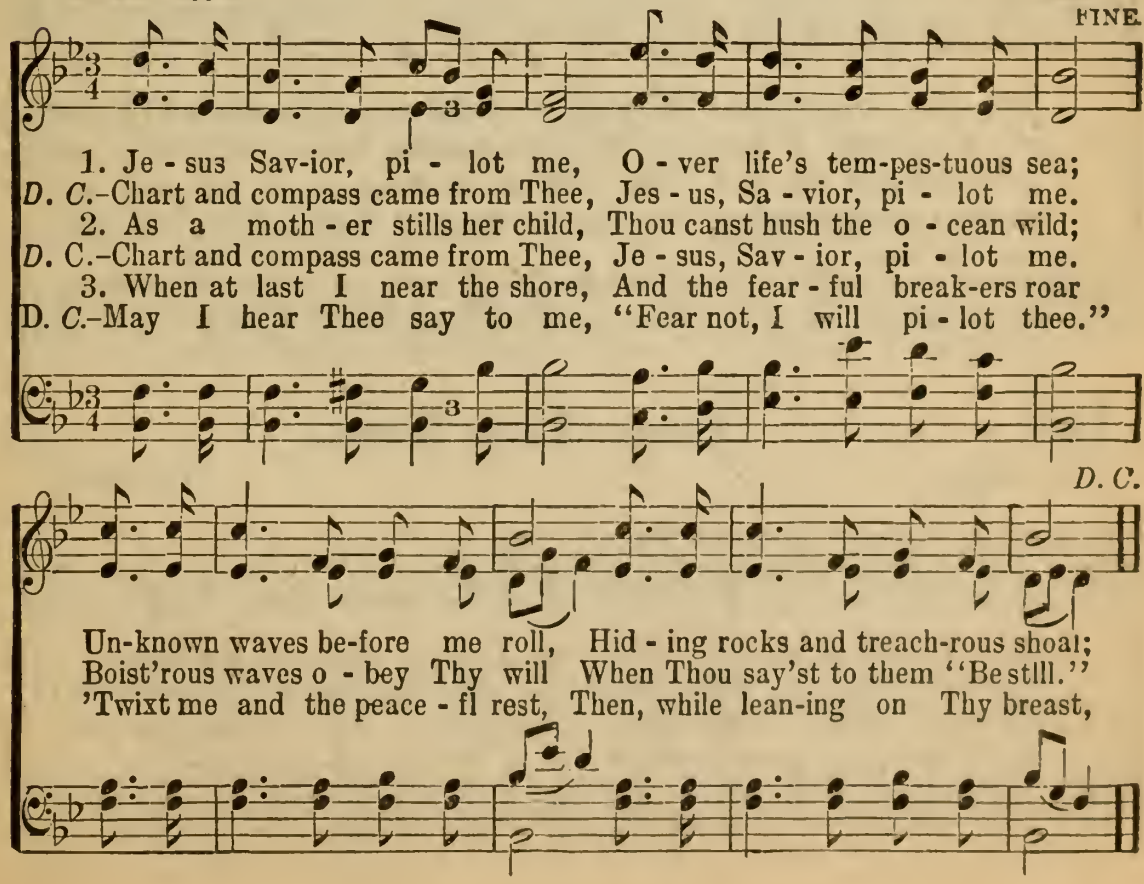
## 165 Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. Thos. A. Arne.




## 166 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.



## 167 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fall, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

## 168 Come, Thou Fount.

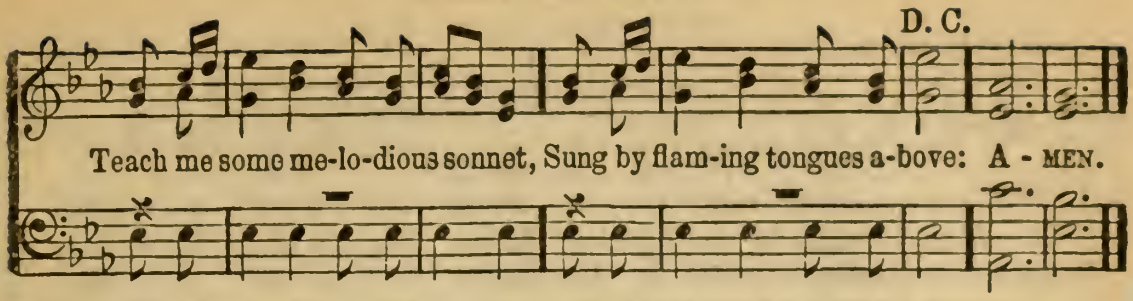
Geo. Robinson. John Wyeth.

FINE.

1 { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }

D. C.—Praise the mount; I'm fixed up-on it; Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.

## Come, Thou Fount.



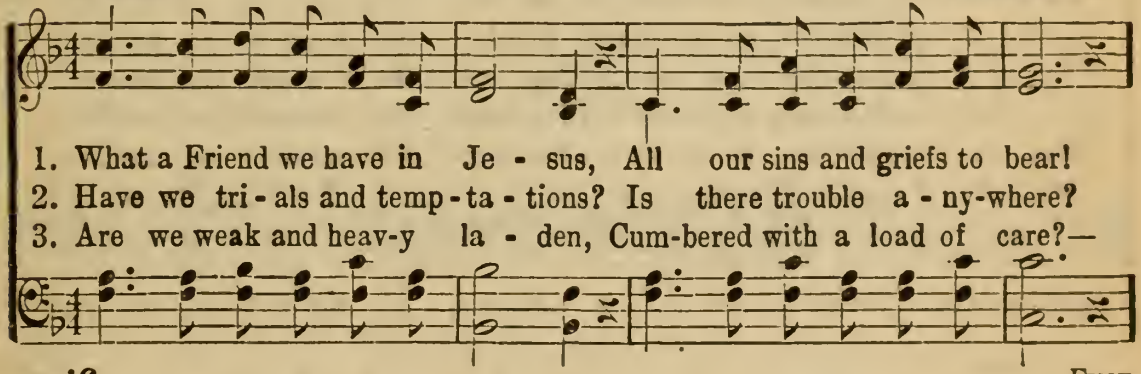

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

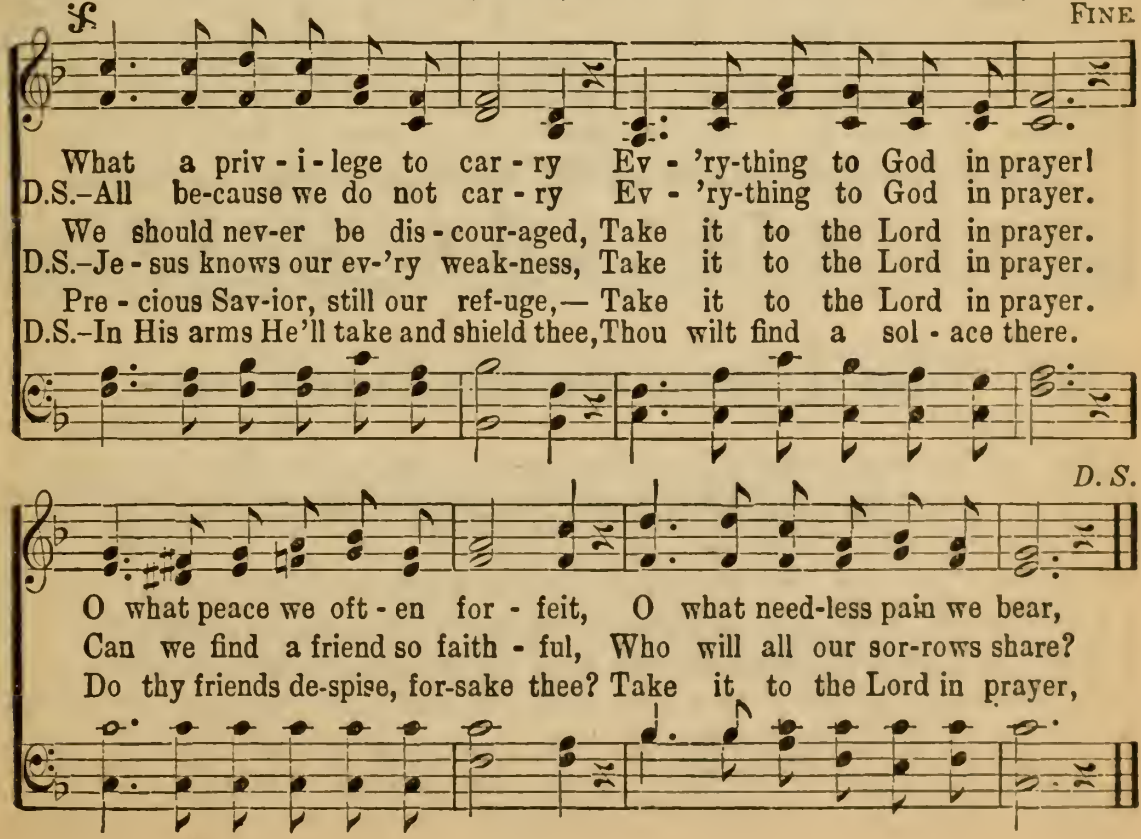
3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

*Robert Robinson.*

## 169 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

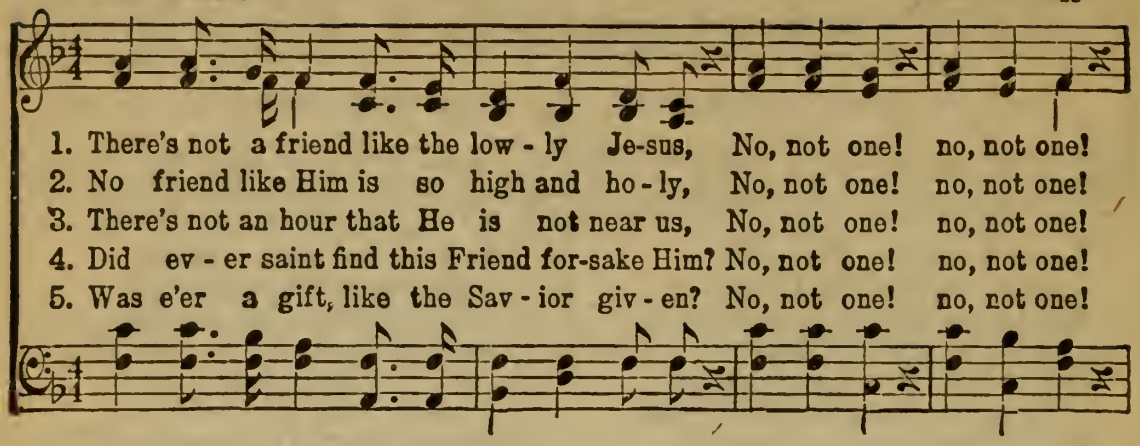


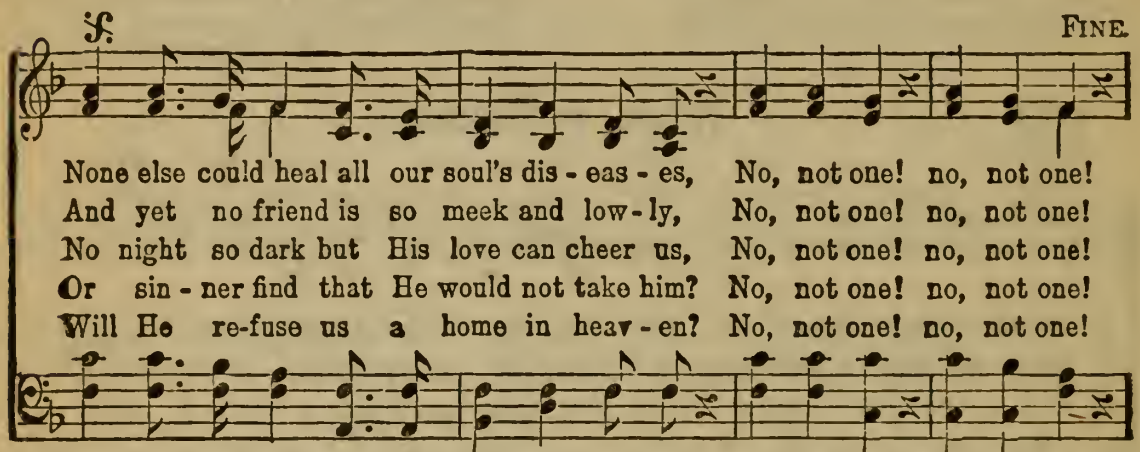
## 170 No, Not One.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.



1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake Him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift, like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

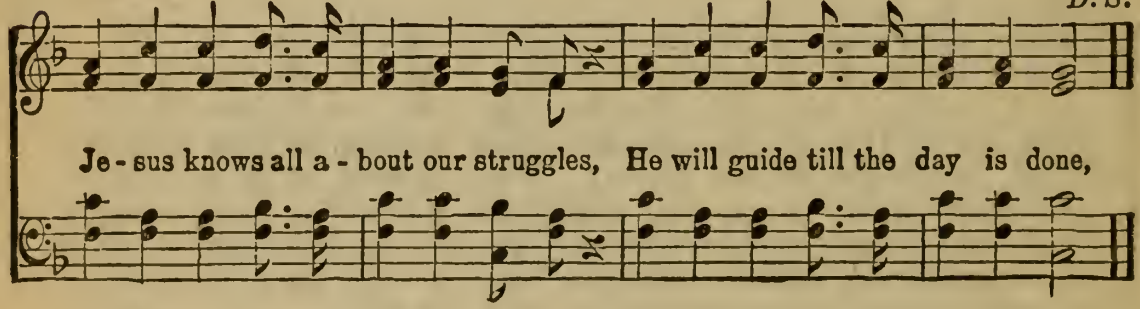


FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.–*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS.

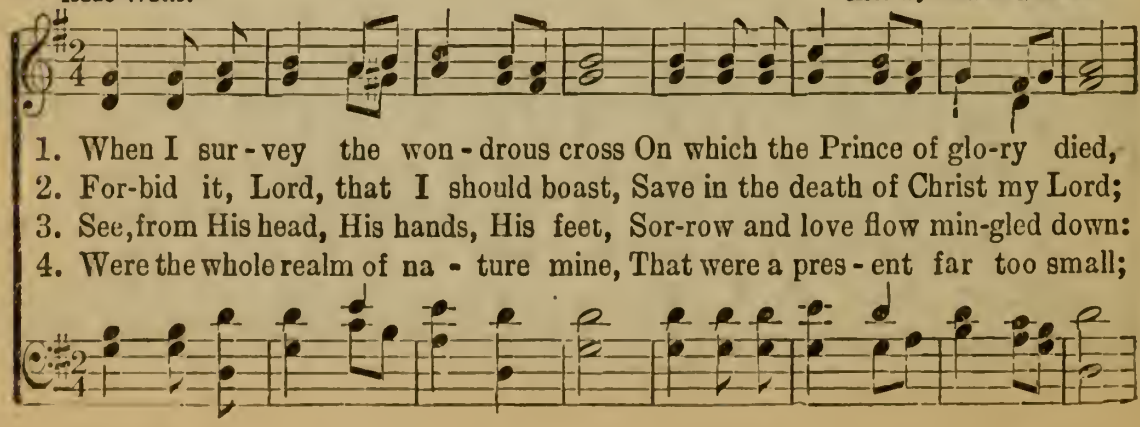


D. S.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

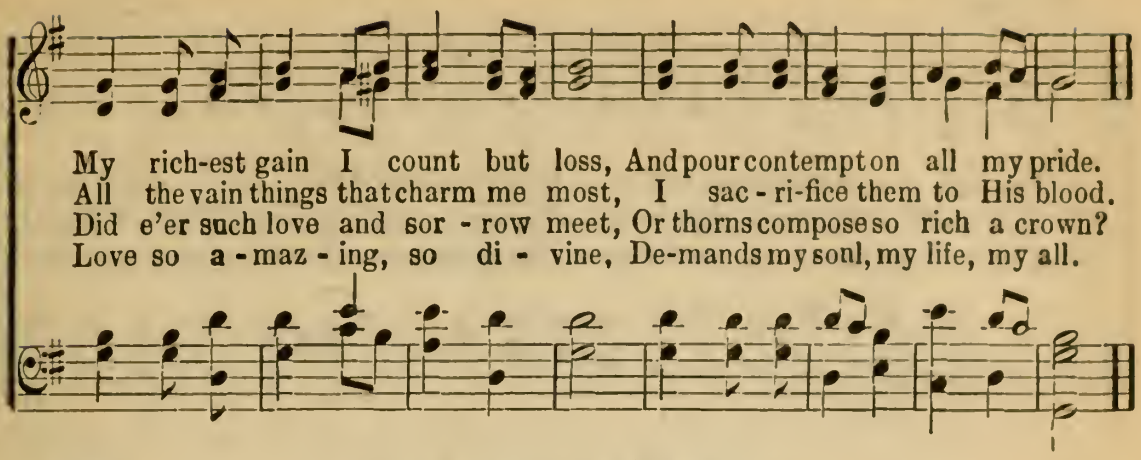
## 171 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



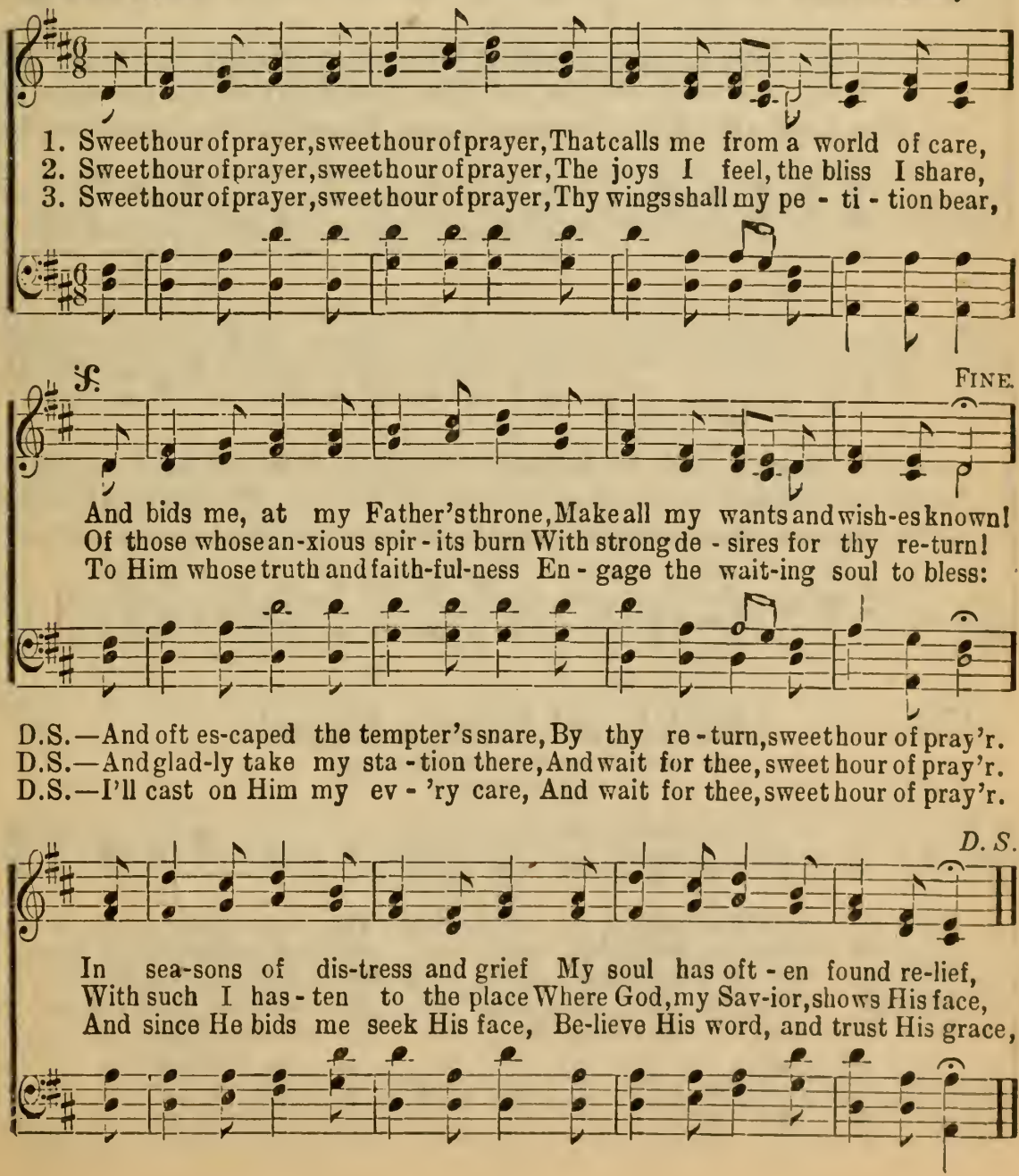
1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.



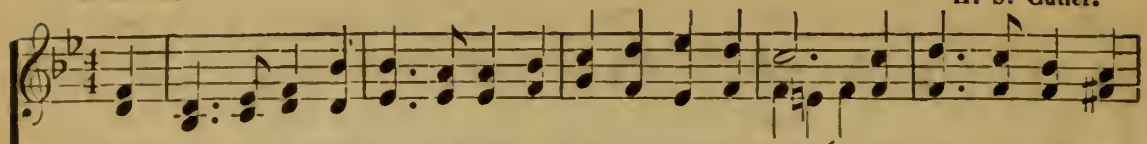

## 172 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

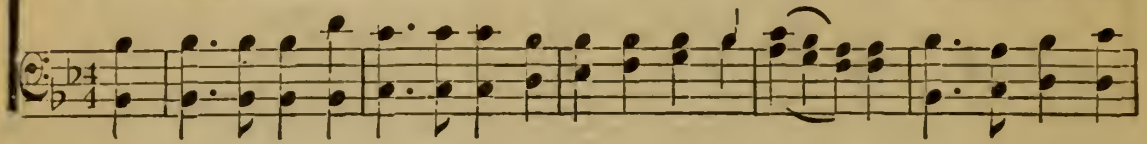


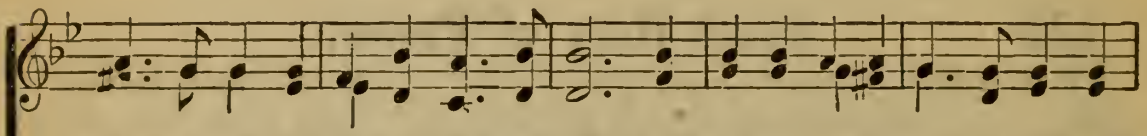
## 173 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

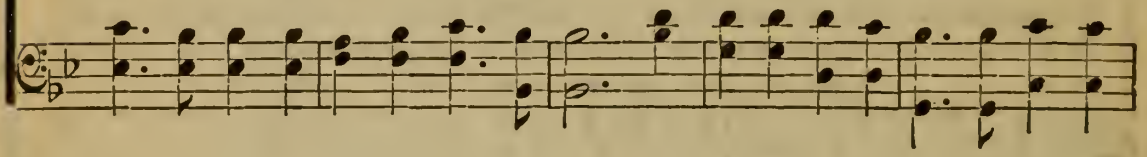


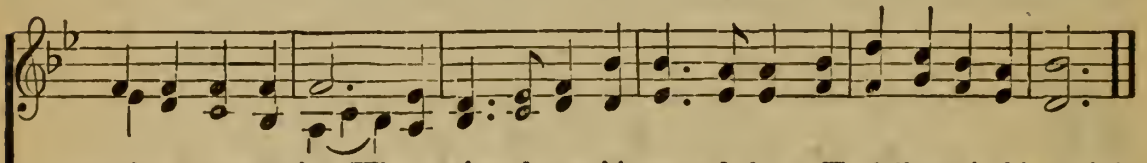
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Master
3. A noble band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints their



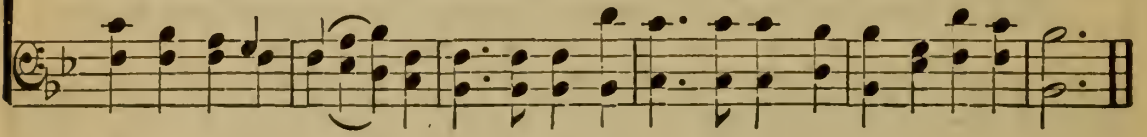


streams a-far; Who follows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, in
hope they know, And mocked the cross and flame, They met the tyrants brandished steel, The





umphant over pain, Who patient bears his cross below,–He follows in his train!
midst of mortal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong, Who follows in his train?
lion's gory mane; Then bowed their heads the stroke to feel; Who follows in their train?



## 174 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

P. P. B.

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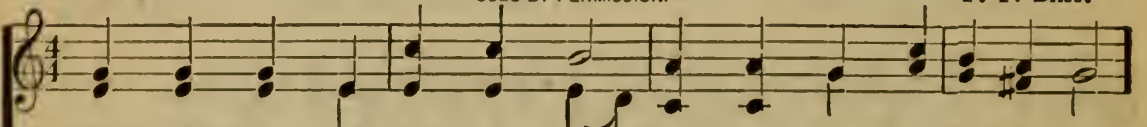
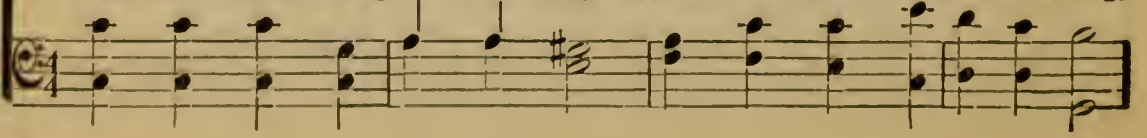
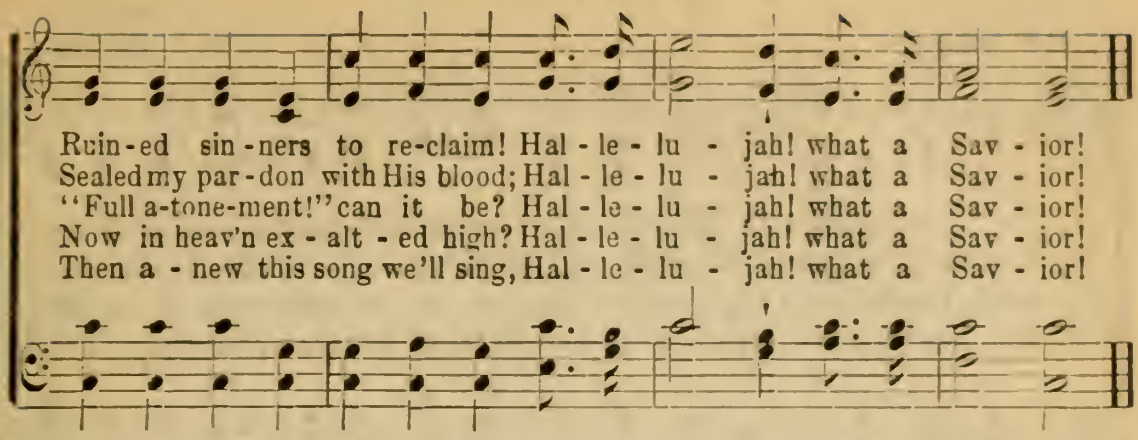
P. P. Bliss.



1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

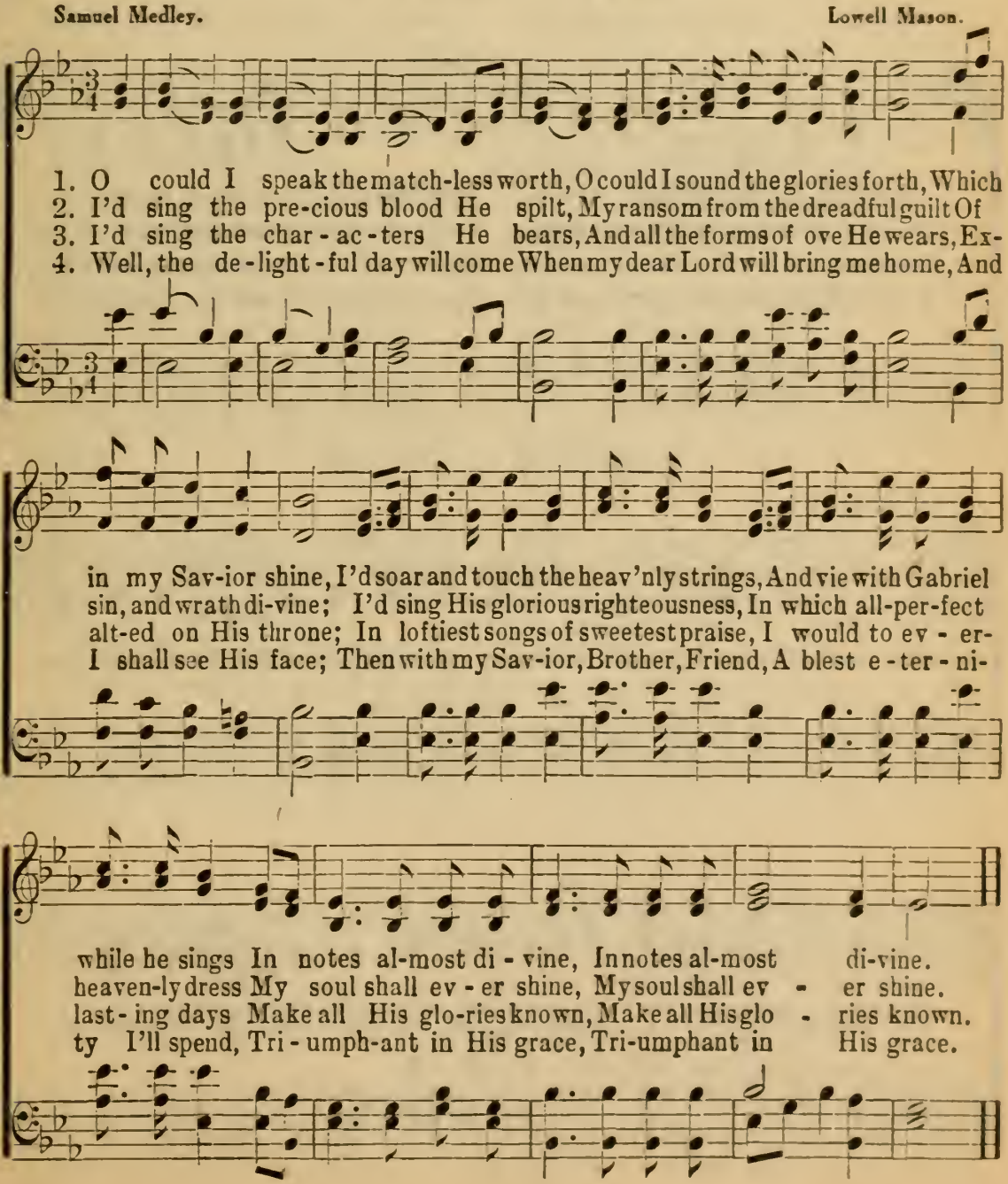


## Hallelujah! What a Savior.



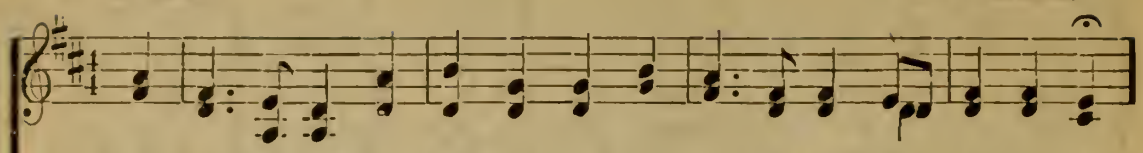

## 175 O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.

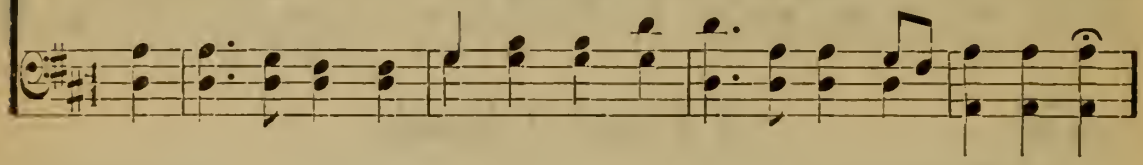


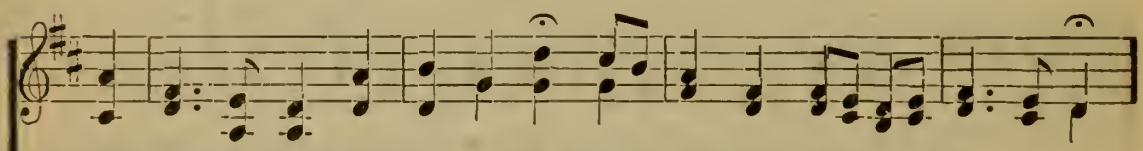
# He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

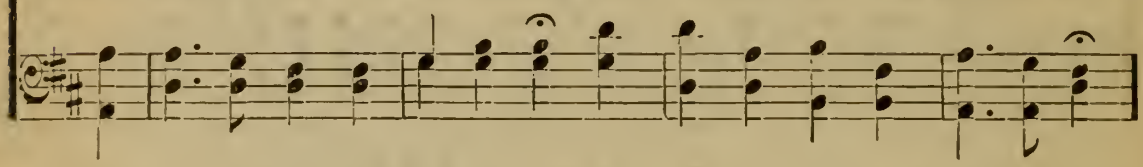


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,

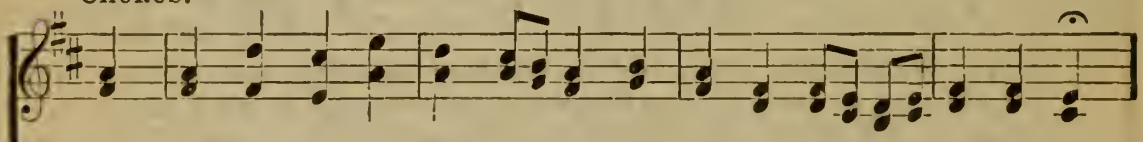




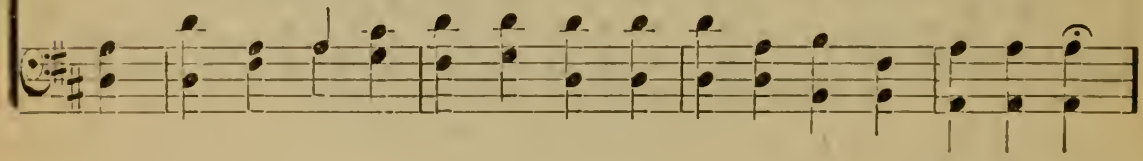
What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

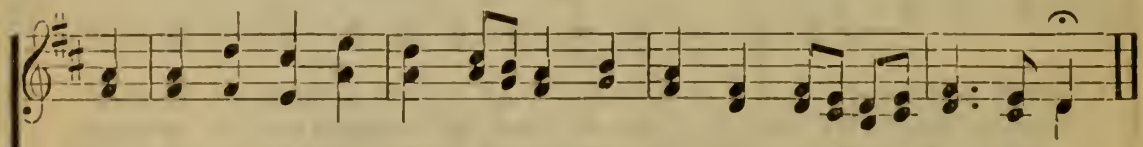


CHORUS.

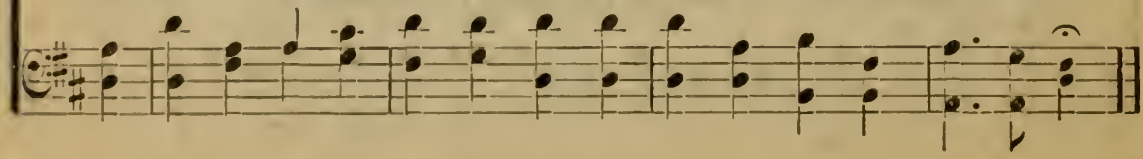


He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;





His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



## 177 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.

FINE

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
{ While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the temp-est still is high; }

D. C.—Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last,

D. C.

Hide me, Oh, my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

## 178 There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjge.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea, There's a kindness
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good; There is mer-cy

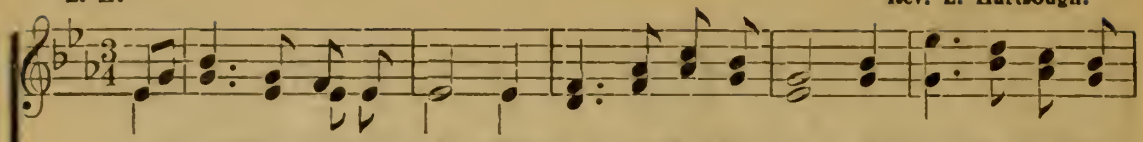
in His justice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
with the Savior, There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

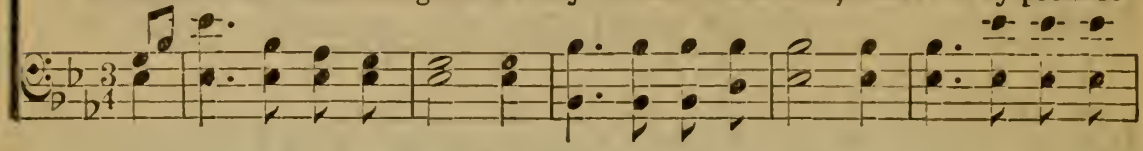
4 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

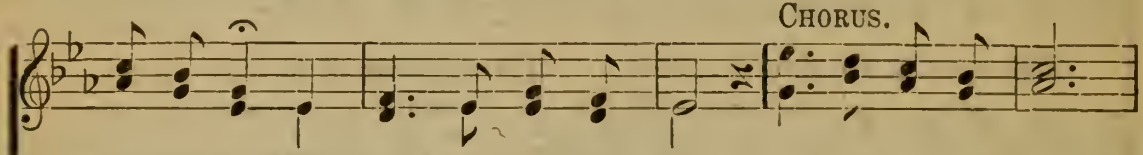
## 179 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on, To per - fect faith and love, To per-fect hope and
4. And He as - sur-ance gives To loy - al hearts and true, That ev - 'ry promise

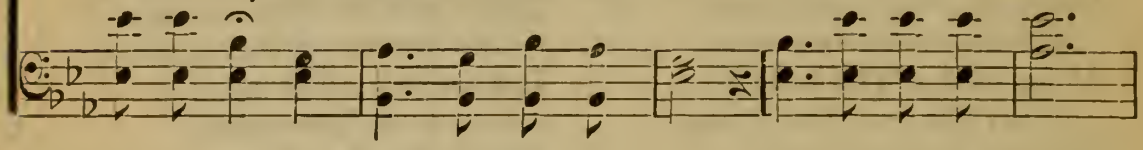


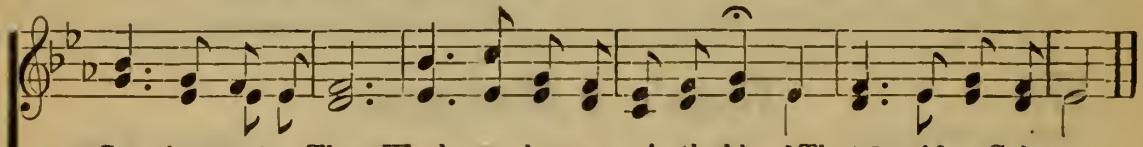


prec-ious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
peace, and trust For earth and heav'n a - bove.
is ful-filled, To those who hear and do.

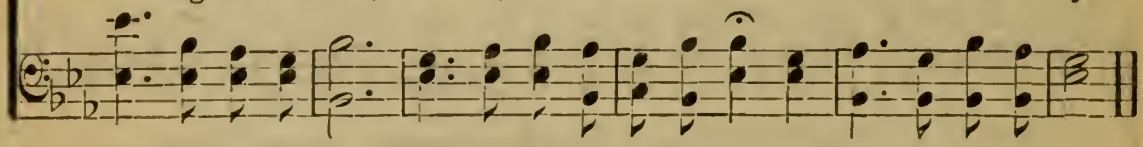
CHORUS.

I am com-ing Lord,



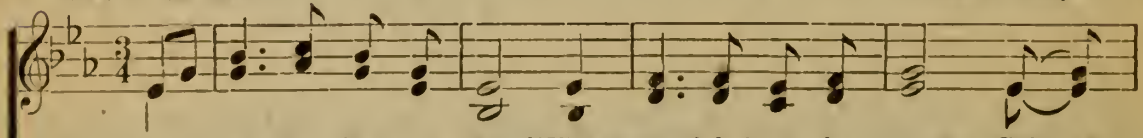


Com-ing now to Thee; Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Calvary.

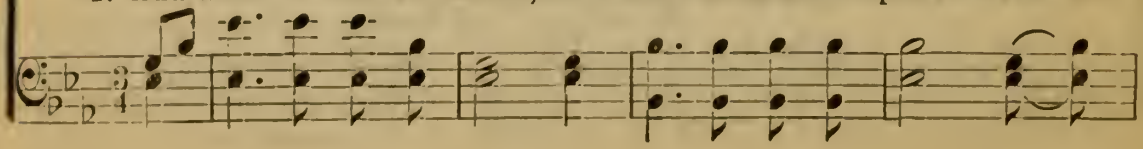


## 180 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

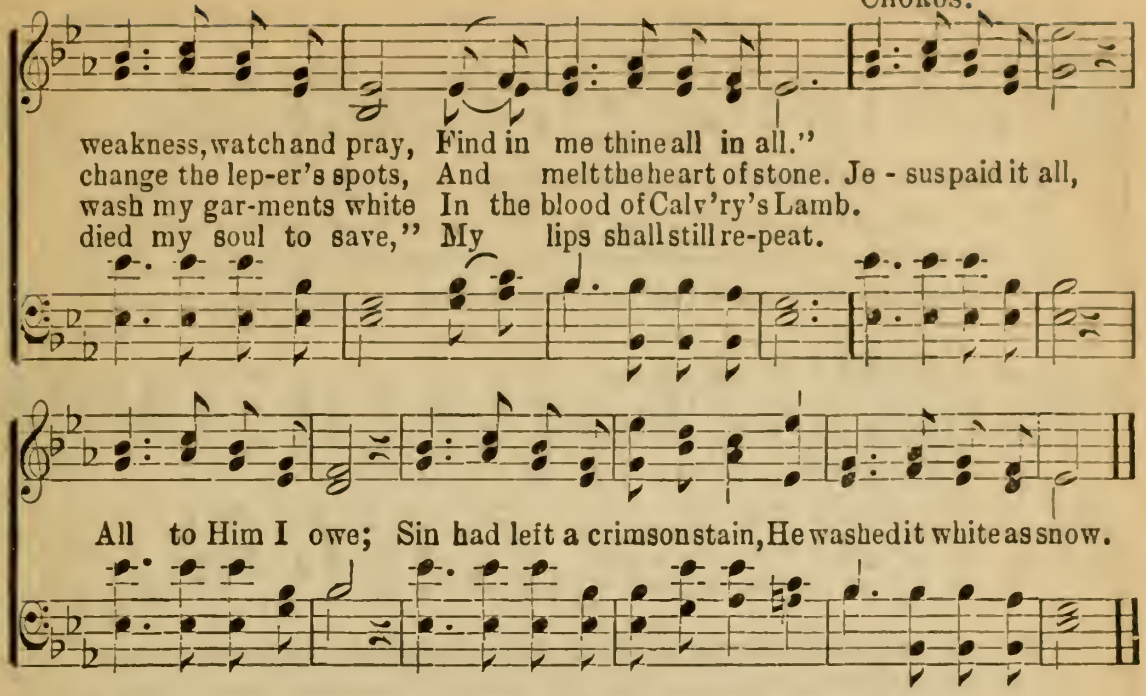


1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. And when be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete "Je - sus



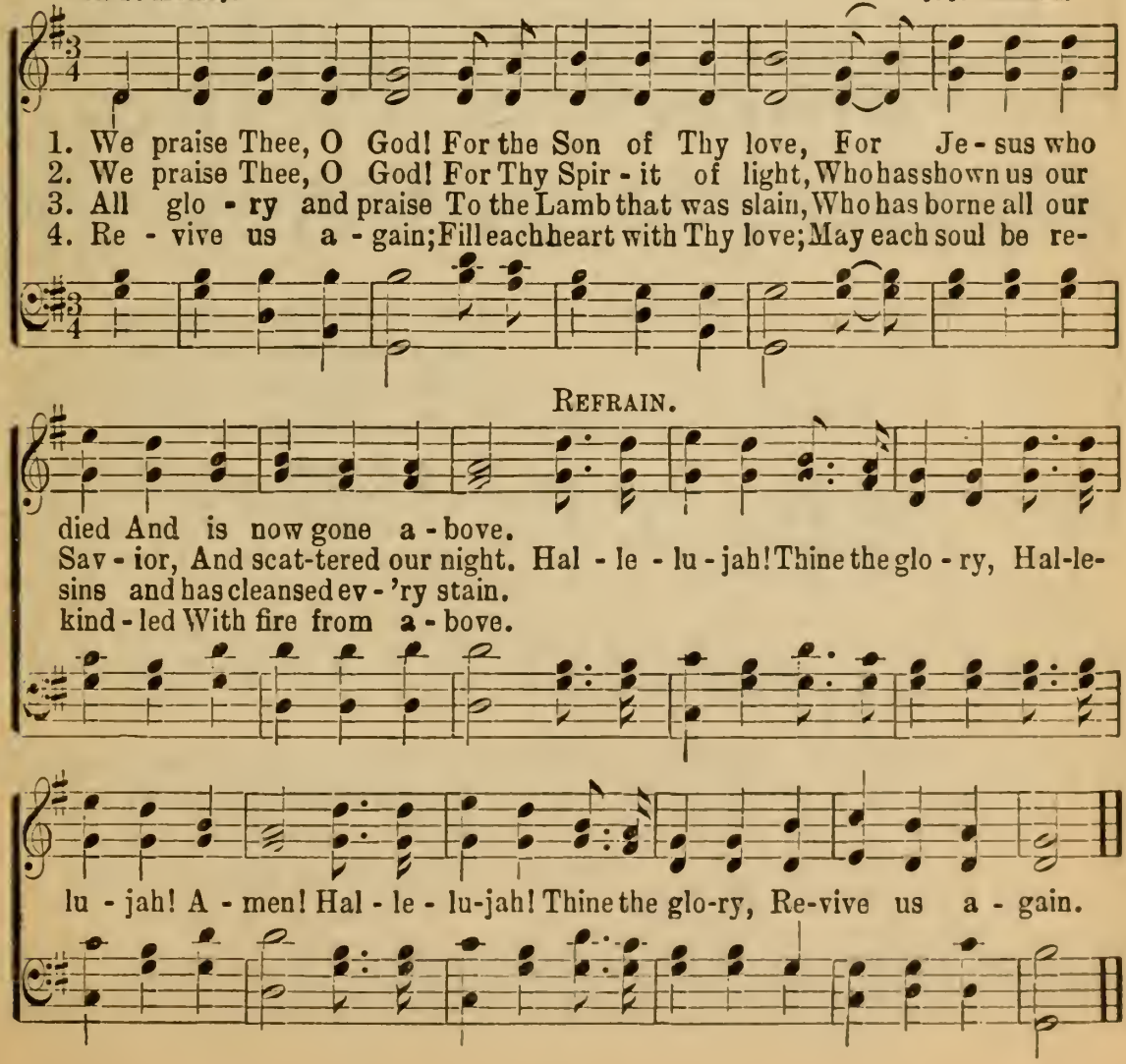
## Jesus Paid It All.

CHORUS.



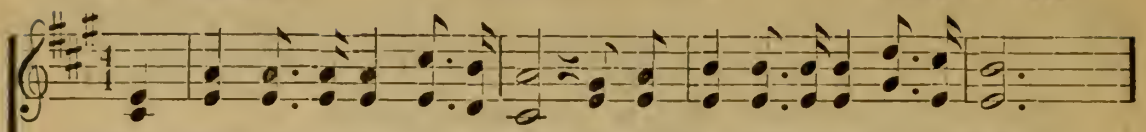

## 181 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

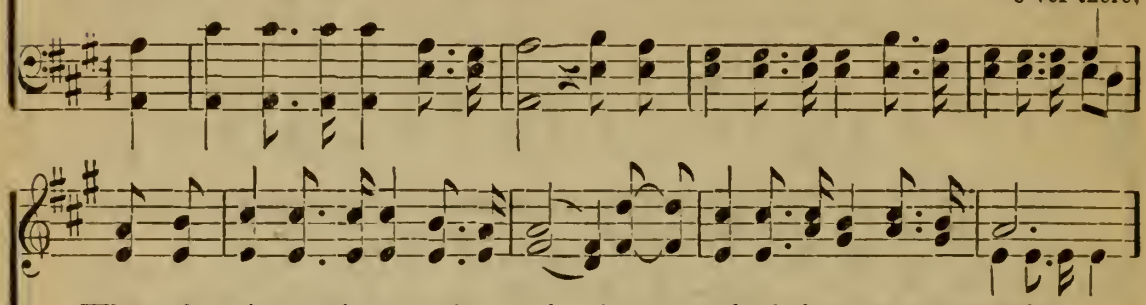


# 182 The Home Over There.

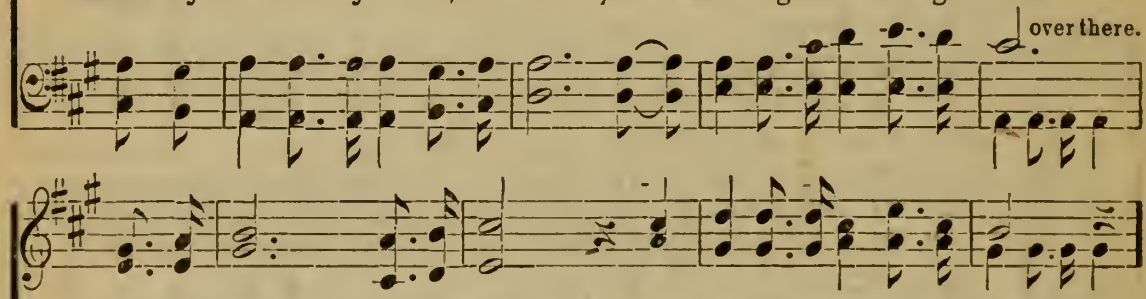
D. W. C. Huntington — T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. — Tullius C. O'Kane.



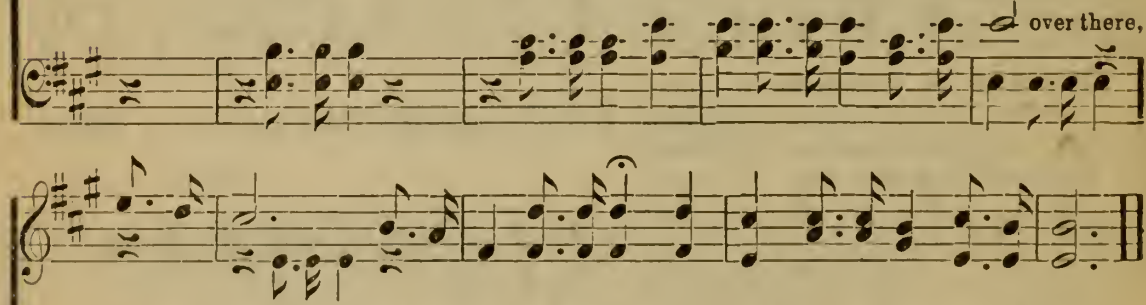
1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;



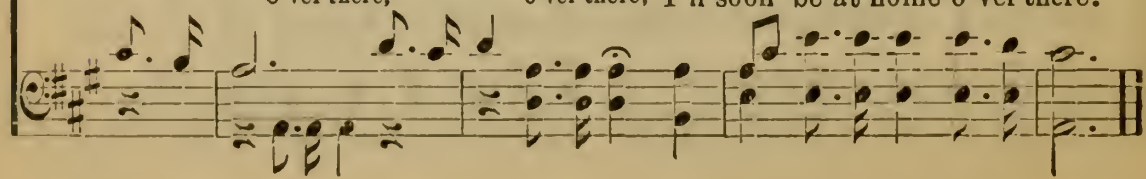

Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
Then a - way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma - ny dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.




O - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the home o-ver there,
O think of the friends over there,
My Sav - ior is, now o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there,



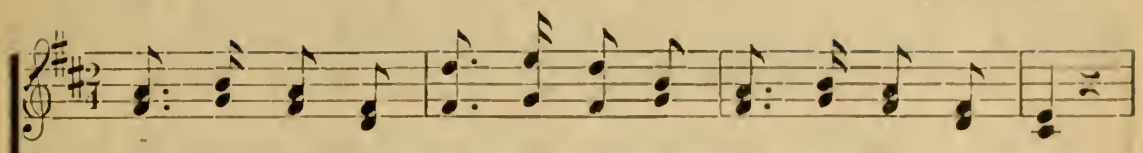

O - ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
O think of the friends o-ver there.
My Sav - ior is now o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.



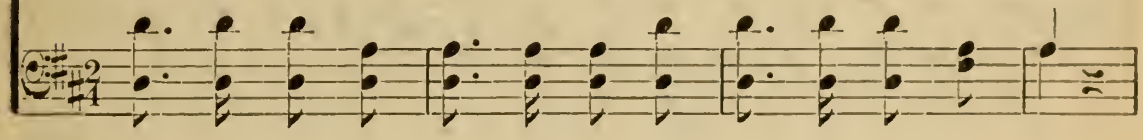
# 183 Hold the Fort.

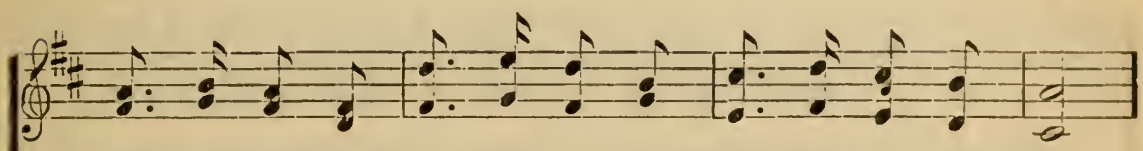
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

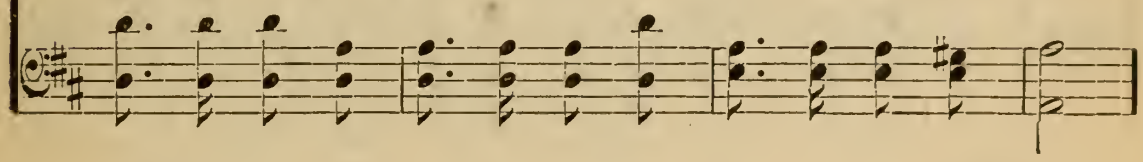


1. Ho, my com-rades, see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky!
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on;
3. See the glo-rious ban-ner wav-ing! Hear the trum-pet blow!
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near;

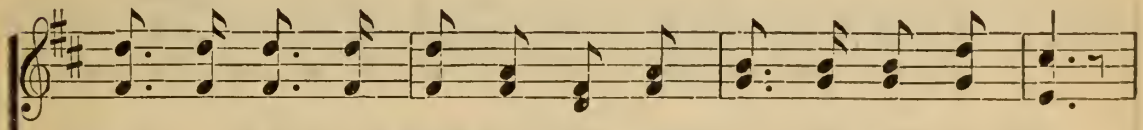




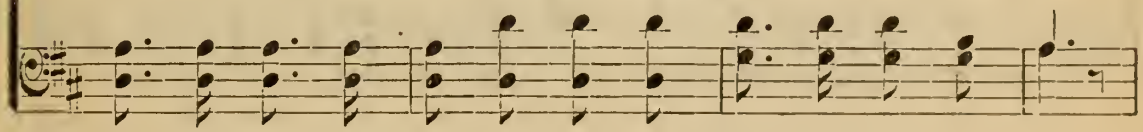
Re-in-force-ments now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
Might-y men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone.
In our Lead-er's name we'll tri-umph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
On-ward comes our great Com-mand-er, Cheer, my com-rades, cheer.

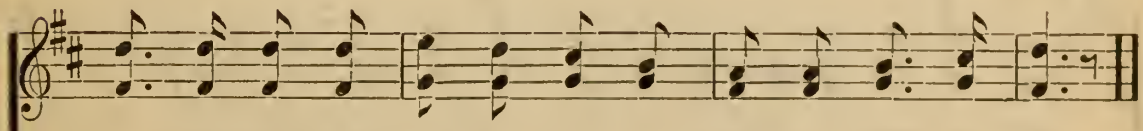


CHORUS.

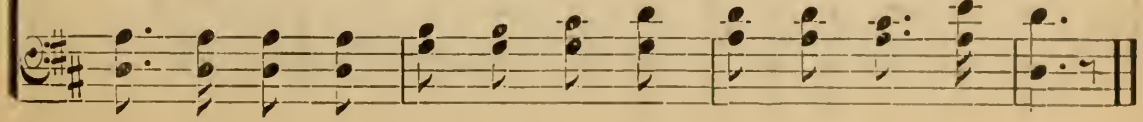


"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing," Je-sus sig-nals still;



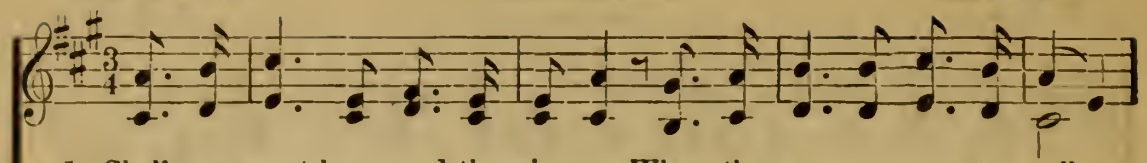


Wave the an-swer back to heav-en, "By Thy grace we will."

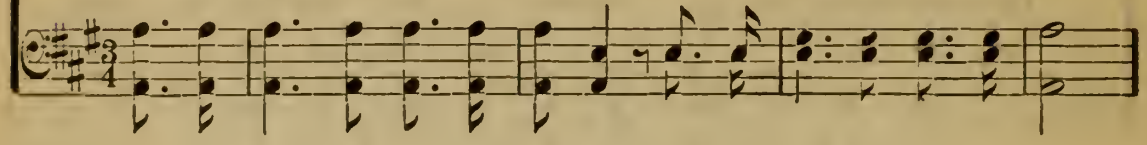


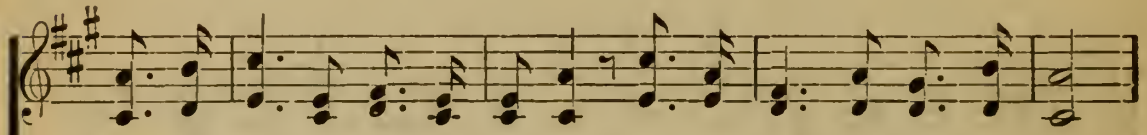
# Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION. Eliha S. Rice.

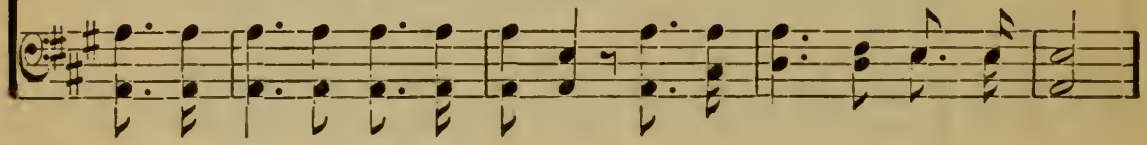


1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;
2. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine;
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav-ior, When He comes to claim His own?

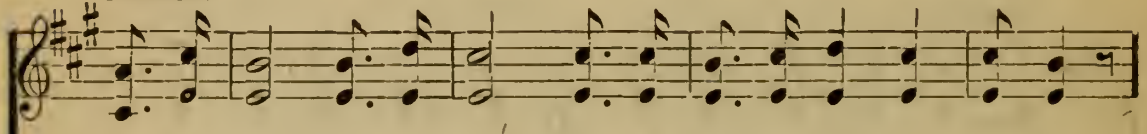




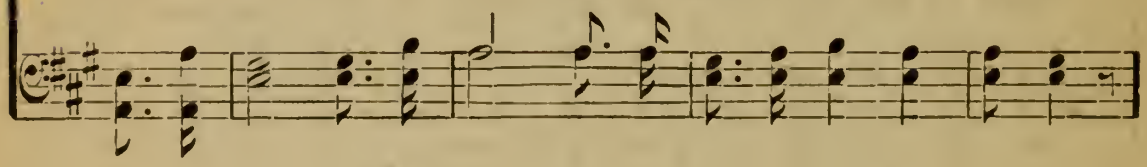
Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work - man-ship di - vine?
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

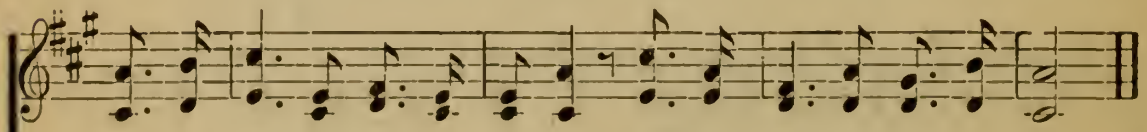


CHORUS.

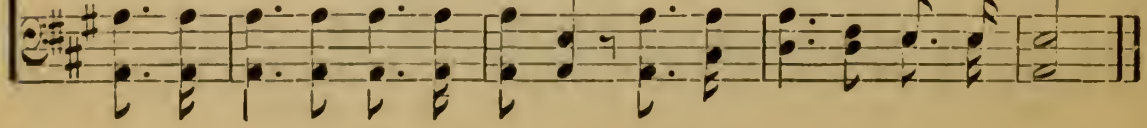


Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?





Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?



# 185 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

*Joyfully.*

1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer
3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels swell the

turn-ing from the wild; See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way,
now is re-con-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way,
glad triumph-ant strain, Tell the joy-ful tid-ing! bear it far a-way,

CHORUS.

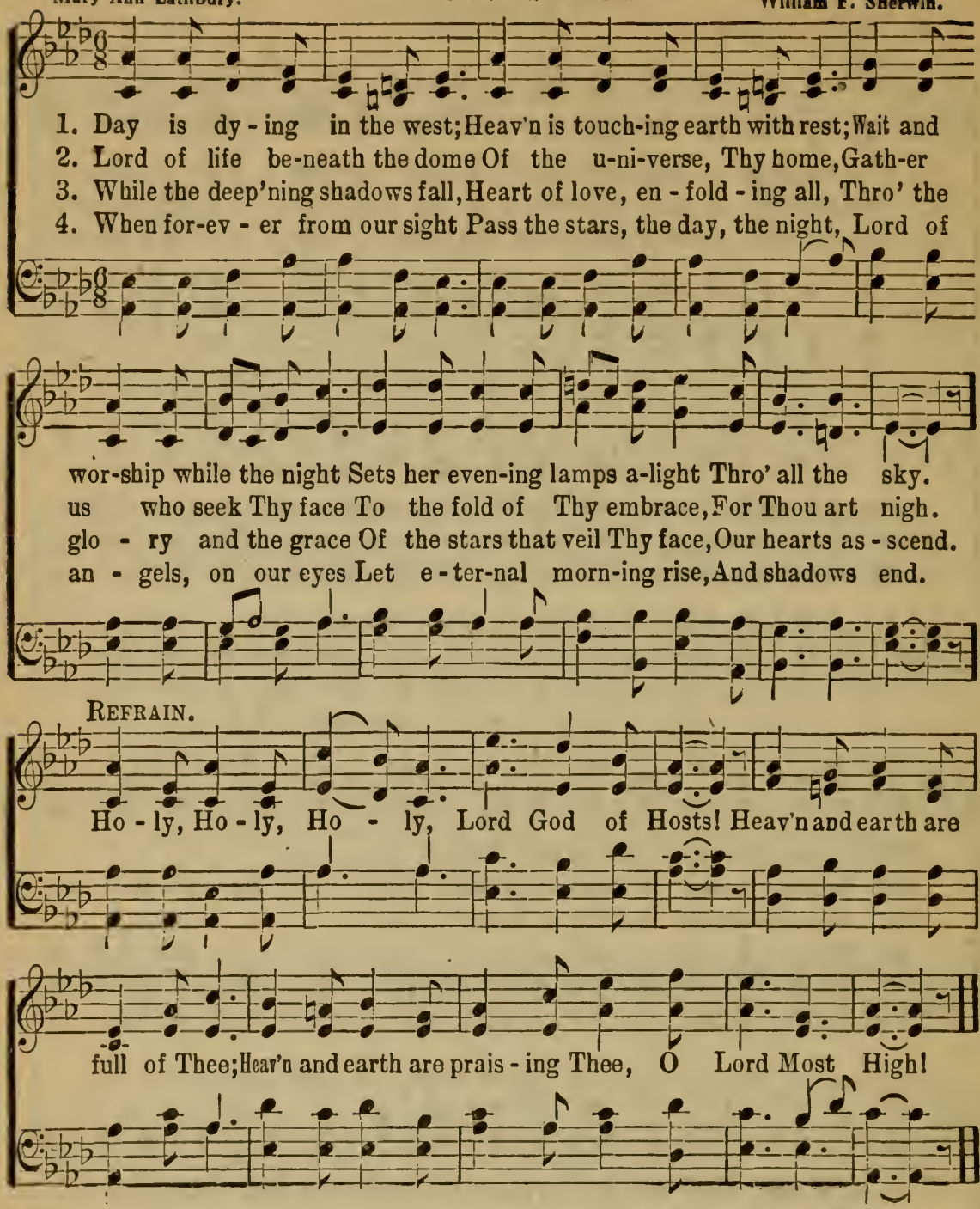
Welcom-ing His wear-y wand'ring child.
And is born a-new a ran-somed child. Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the
For a prec-ious soul is born a-gain.

an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring; 'Tis the ransom'd

ar-my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.

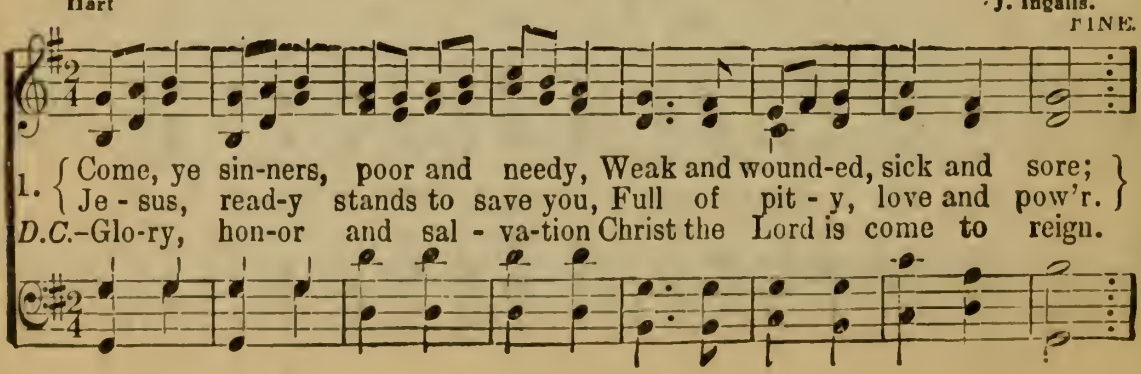
## 186 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.

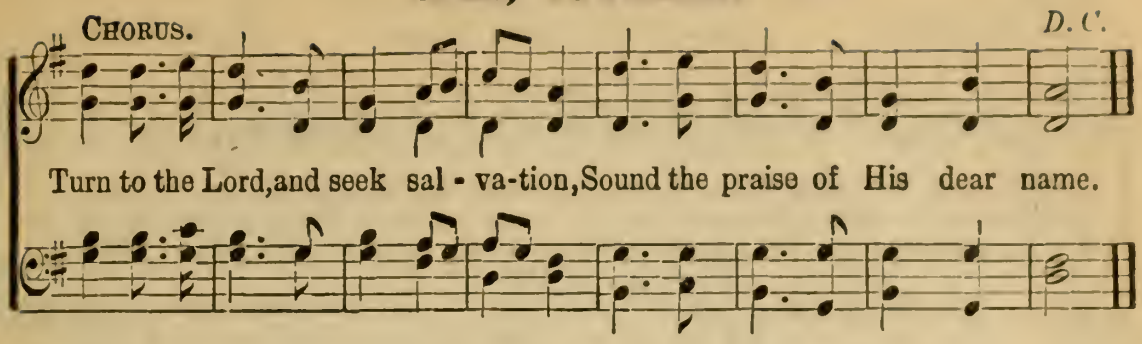



## 187 Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart J. Ingalls.



## Come, Ye Sinners.

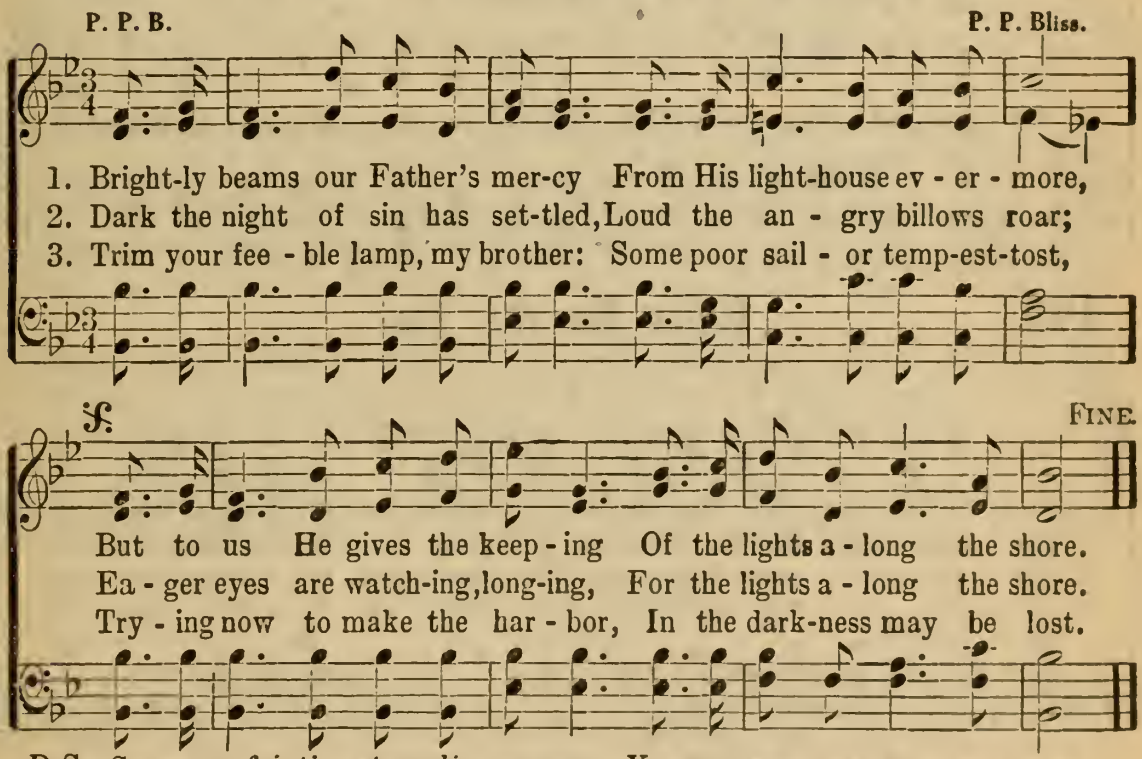


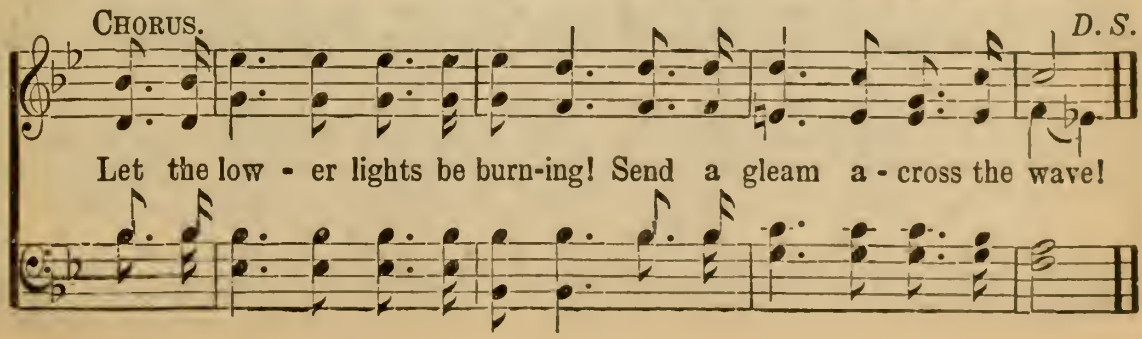

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

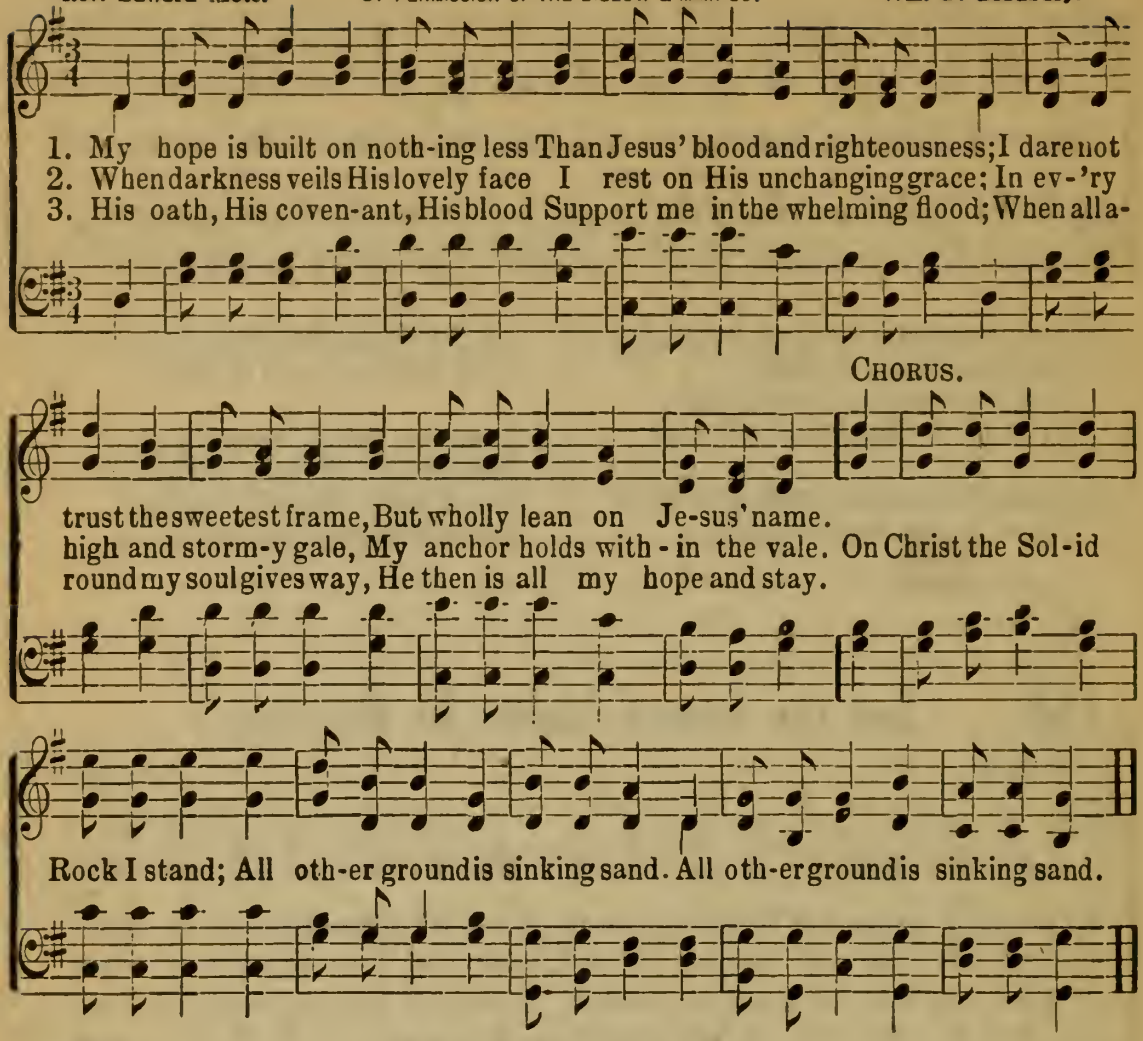
## 188 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.



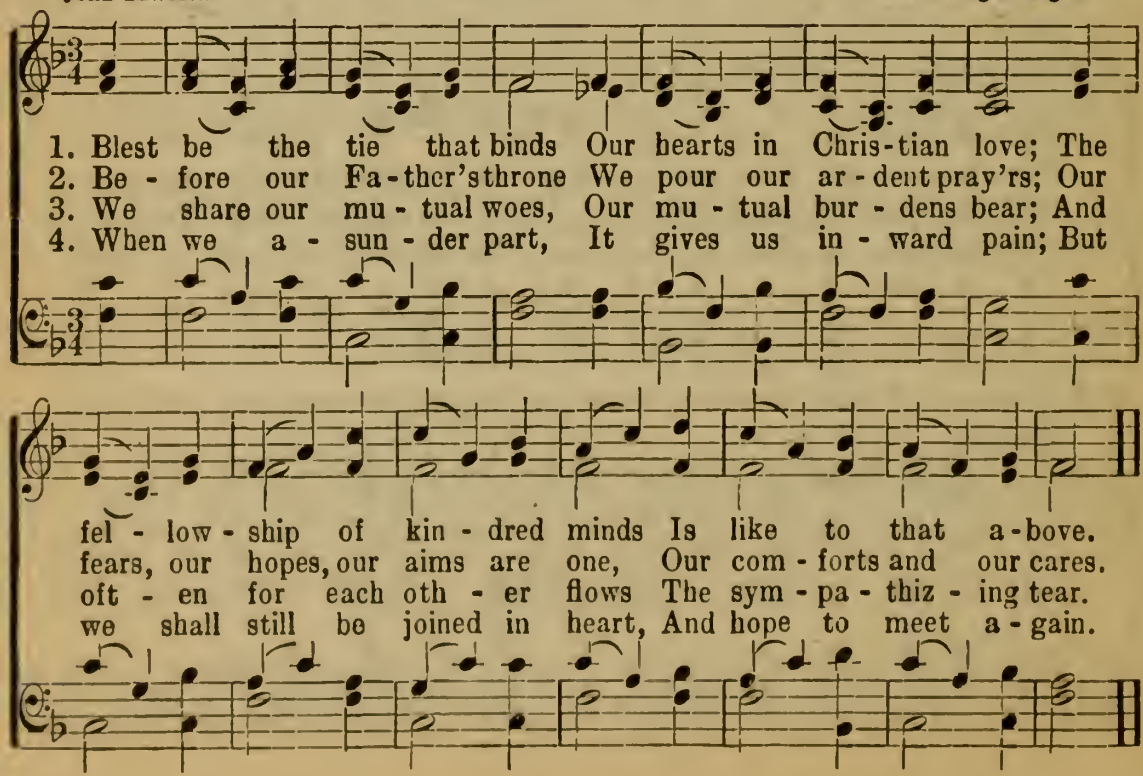
## 189 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PERMISSION OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.




## 190 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Nargeli.



## 191 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all

And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown..... Him;

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown..... Him; And crown Him Lord of all

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

## 192 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

## 193 All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

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